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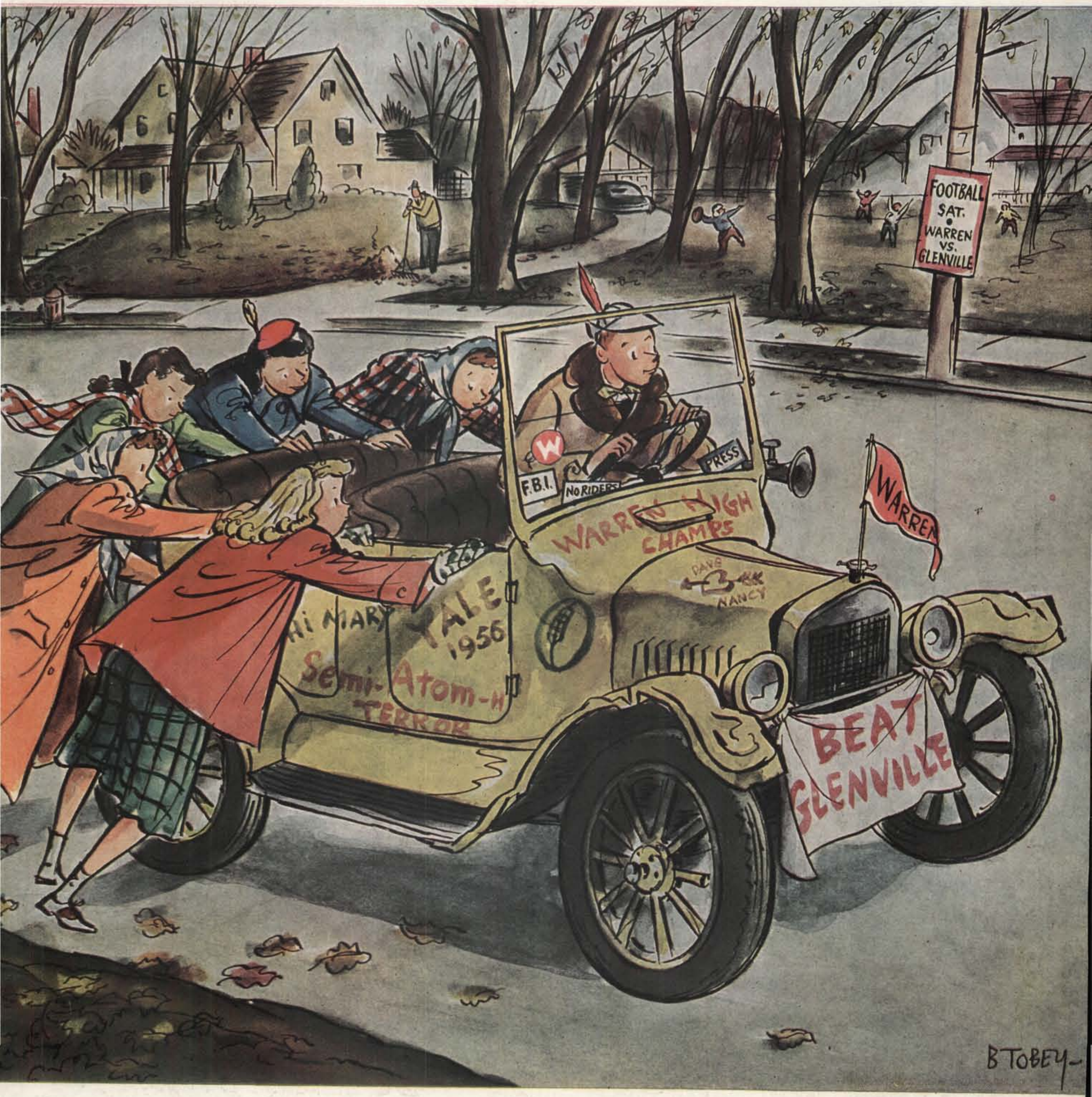
Collier's

What You Should Know About Women—Even If You're a Woman

November 24, 1951 • Fifteen Cents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Photography by Paul Radkai

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

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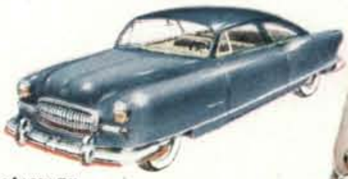

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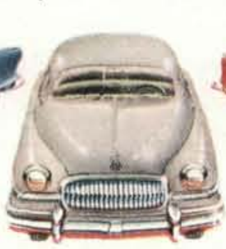

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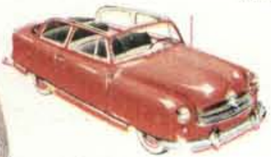

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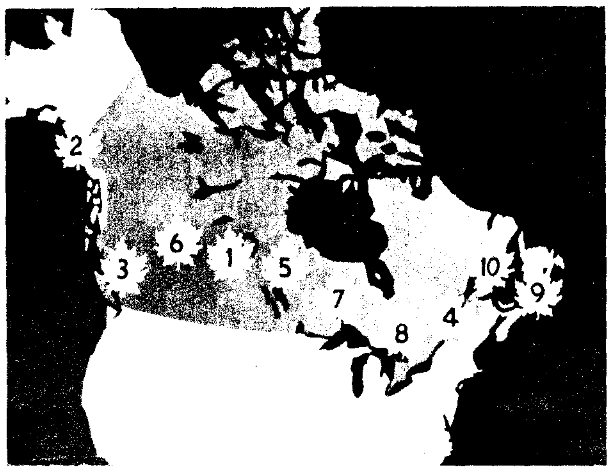

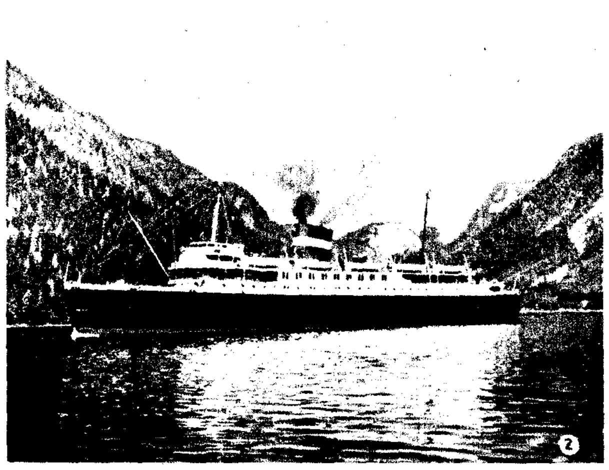

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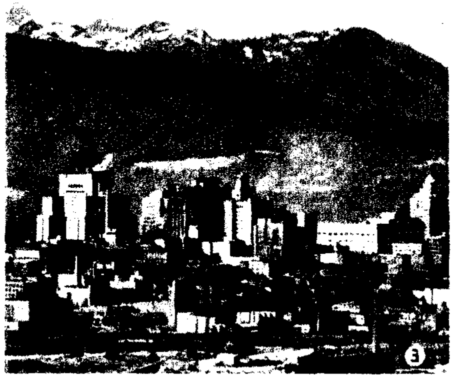

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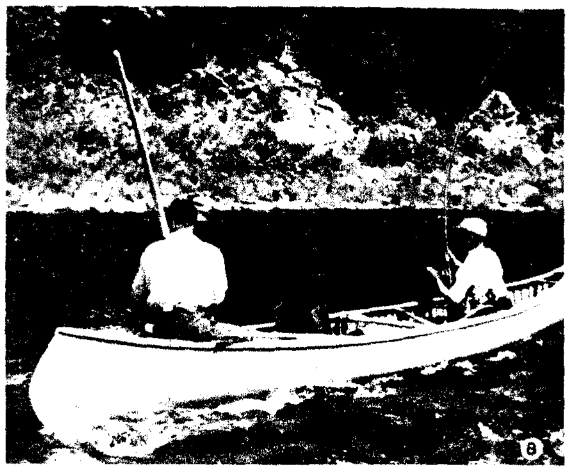

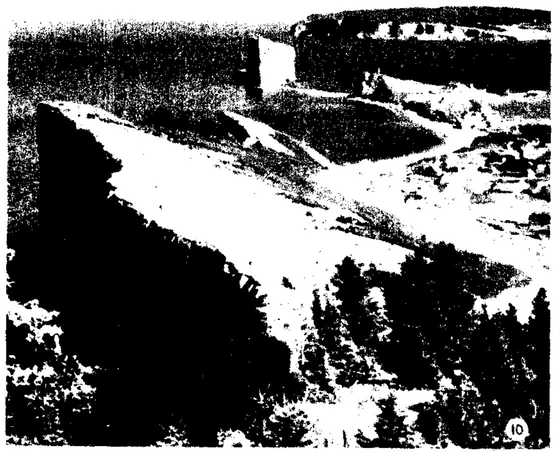

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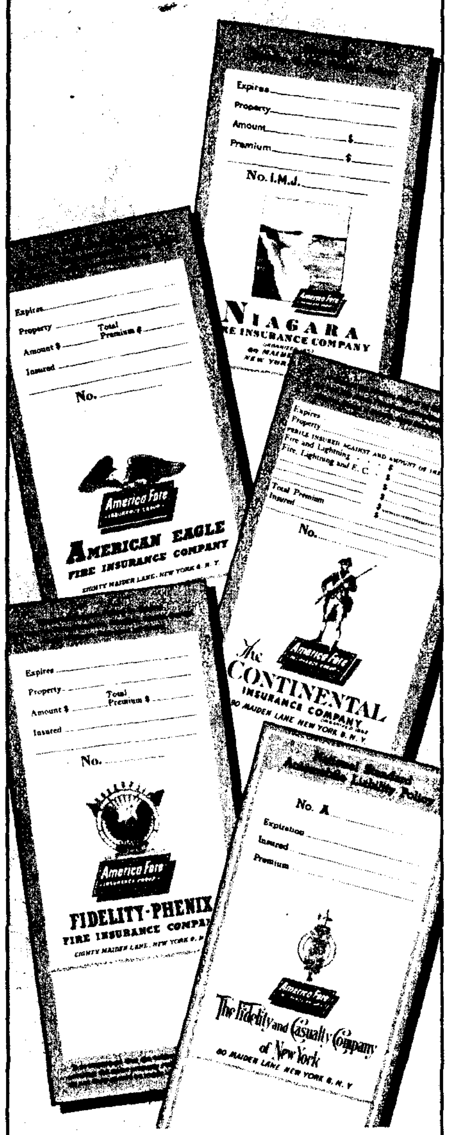
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November 24, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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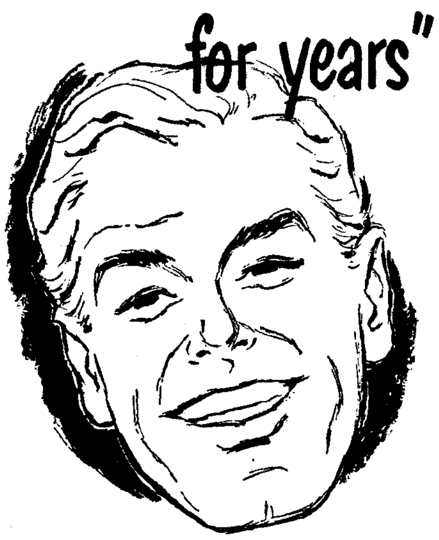

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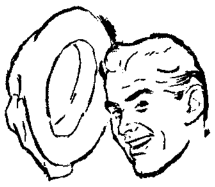


Suave puts my hair in superb condition! Look at the healthy, glowing "tone".

Handy squeeze flask. Dispenses just enough for each application. Can't break, spill. Great for travel.

The 3 drop luxury hairdressing

THE ALCOHOLIC

Alcoholism is the abnormal and uncontrollable use of alcohol to an extent seriously detrimental to physical and mental health. This condition is now recognized as an important medical and public health problem.

It has been estimated by the National Committee on Alcoholism that there are about 65,000,000 people in the United States who drink alcoholic beverages at least occasionally. It is further estimated that some 4,000,000 of these 65,000,000 people have found that the use of alcohol has constituted a more or less serious problem in their lives.

The National Committee also reports that about 750,000 of these users of alcohol have drunk uncontrollably to such an extent as to have seriously impaired their physical and mental health, as shown by the records of physicians and hospitals. Physicians label this last group definitely as true chronic alcoholics, and point out that, for instance, there are 50 percent more of them than there are known sufferers from tuberculosis.

Fortunately, medical, health, welfare, and religious agencies, industrial and other employers have taken a practical, realistic view of this problem. They are attacking it factually and without undue emotionalism. This enlightened approach offers great hope to all those who now are chronic alcoholics—as well as to those who are running the risk of becoming chronic alcoholics.

1. What is the cause of alcoholism?

Authorities have found no *one* cause for this condition. Research shows, however, that alcoholics are usually people who do not seem able to face life in a mature manner because of some underlying mental or emotional condition which the alcoholic himself may not clearly recognize. They seem to seek escape by excessive drinking—and eventually they become dependent on alcohol just to go on living.

Some authorities also believe that an alcoholic's body chemistry differs from that of normal persons, and that this difference results in an unnatural appetite for alcohol. Excessive drinking, however, is in all cases a *symptom*. Often the symptom can be removed, but it is very apt to return unless the underlying trouble is eliminated.

2. What are the dangers of alcoholism?

Both physical and mental disorders may result from excessive drinking. Nutritional disturbances frequently occur, and certain vital organs may be harmed. Eventually most alcoholics undergo distinct personality changes that add to their instability. Alcoholics are definitely "accident prone."

The industrial accident rate among excessive drinkers is from 100 to 200 percent higher than among non-alcoholics alongside whom they work. Other accident hazards are increased by the excessive use of alcohol. It also takes its toll socially in wrecked family life—and economically it is claimed to cause a loss of almost a billion dollars annually.

3. How can medical science help the alcoholic?

Although there is no specific remedy for alcoholism, much can be done to help a person stop drinking completely. The success of any form of treatment, however, depends upon the alcoholic himself who must absolutely want to break the habit. Once he has stopped, most authorities agree that the real alcoholic cannot drink again with safety.

Psychotherapy may be used to help the patient recognize his problems and how to deal with them without the use of alcohol. Certain medicines, which should be used only under the guidance of a doctor, are also available. These medicines may help to wean the patient away from drink.

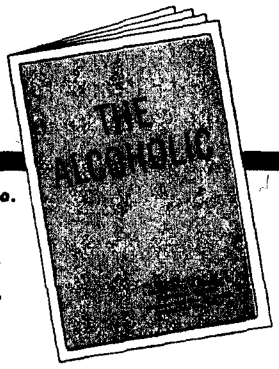
It is important, too, for the alcoholic to reestablish a routine of healthful living through proper diet, sufficient relaxation and sleep, and attention to other health measures that are usually disrupted by excessive drinking. In some cases, occupational guidance may be appropriate.

4. How can everyone help the alcoholic?

The general public—all of us—can help overcome the prejudices that have long existed about alcoholics by looking upon chronic drinkers as persons subject to serious physical and mental handicaps.

We must help them through sympathy and understanding, and aid them to obtain the type of treatment that they need. This treatment may be individual or group therapy given by the doctor, or mutual aid provided through organizations such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

We can also support and encourage the development of programs for the *scientific* study and control of this problem. In these ways, we can all do our part toward restoring thousands of men and women to healthy, happy, useful lives. Additional information on alcoholism is in Metropolitan's free booklet, 1251C, "The Alcoholic."



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The Cover

The remembrance of his first few summer vacation experiences in Vermont with an old car, plus his admiration of our teenagers' uninhibited mannerisms, plus autumn in a small town, all contributed to inspire this painting by Barney Tobey. "As to the specific situation," he says, "some motorist will come along, give the gals a break and get that jalopy to the game before the kickoff. I know I would." Guess we would, too.

Week's Mail

UN's Constructive Functions

EDITOR: Collier's is to be highly commended for the outstanding editorial A Weapon of Truth (Oct. 6th) regarding the service which the United Nations is providing as a sounding board for truth as opposed to Russia's "big lie."

If the United Nations performed no other constructive function, that alone would justify all the money which is spent for its maintenance.

It should be pointed out, however, that the functional agencies, which Russia sees fit not to help support, are doing a splendid job in combating the economic and social evils which cause Communism, Fascism and war. The United States has contributed generously to this vital work of the UN. I think it might be well to stress the fact, however, that Americans are by no means the only people who are contributing to these agencies.

If all of this fine work is not to be swept away in another global conflagration, moreover, we must move rapidly to give the UN the authority and power which it now lacks to enact, interpret and enforce world laws against aggression. This means, of course, limited federal government for the world. If we are wise, we will make the transformation of the UN along these lines a fundamental objective of our foreign policy.

PALMER VAN GUNDY, La Canada, Cal.

What "Good Old Days"?

EDITOR: Our attention was called to your editorial entitled It's Still a Good World (Oct. 6th) largely because the reader found that it so closely paralleled some remarks I made to the '51 graduating class of my alma mater, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Indiana, last June 16th.

Whenever the "good old days" are mentioned to the writer, I still wonder just what or just when the speaker has in mind. Granting that there are trends and tendencies today that give some of us real concern, nevertheless the world is still worth living in and I hope to enjoy it for quite a while.

R. F. BERGMANN, Chicago, Ill.

Gems from Arkansas

EDITOR: Mr. Booton Herndon's article America's Only Diamond Mine (Aug. 25th) has been brought to my attention. I am enclosing two reprints relative to the 27-carat diamond crystal which was found in Arkansas. This may be of interest to you as well as to Mr. Herndon. A. E. ALEXANDER, Tiffany & Co., New York, N. Y.

The reprints that Dr. Alexander refers to are of an article by him which appeared in The Gemmologist, an English publication, in which he told of Mrs. Pellie Howell finding a 27.21-carat diamond on her father's farm in Searcy, Arkansas, in 1925 or 1926. This stone is the property of Tiffany & Company. Dr. Alexander also lists the five diamonds found on the North American continent which weigh more than 20 carats. Three of these, including the largest (40.23 carats), were found in Arkansas.

Football & Dog Days

EDITOR: Congratulations on the wonderful article (Nebraska's "Mr. Touchdown," Oct. 6th) about our Bobby Reynolds and for the recognition given him on the cover of the September 15th issue.

The cover of the October 6th issue was very appropriate, for in the week that it appeared thousands of us loyal Cornhuskers had the same sad look on our faces as we sat in Memorial Stadium watching "Mr. Touchdown" sit on the side lines with a shoulder injury and the Horned Frogs from Texas Christian University overcome us with a 21-point margin.

EDGAR C. DECKER, Lincoln, Nebr.

Portrait of a loyal Cornhusker —without "Mr. Touchdown."

. . . I was very pleased with the cover on the October 6th issue, which showed the Corleys' Weimaraner.

I am enclosing a picture of my husband holding a young male Weimaraner, Pactolas Karl, who is owned by Frank Malone, of Grayson, Kentucky.

MRS. JOSEPH D. GEE, North Vernon, Ind.

Wrong Command

EDITOR: In the article This We Learned in Korea, by Brigadier General "Mike" Michaelis with Bill Davidson (Aug. 18th), Captain Robert D. Glaser was named as commanding officer of L Company, 27th Regiment. I believe if the records were checked, they would show that Captain William S. McCutcheon of St. Joseph, Missouri, was the commander of L Company, 27th Regiment, during the bitter fighting for Sobuksan, and that he was recently awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Bronze Star Medal for outstanding leadership during this battle and others, while he served as L Company commander from September to November 15, 1950.

I know my husband is proud to have been a member of the "Wolfhounds" and

(Continued on page 10)

Your face wasn't made for a razor blade . . .

BUT PAL IS A RAZOR BLADE MADE FOR YOUR FACE

PAL
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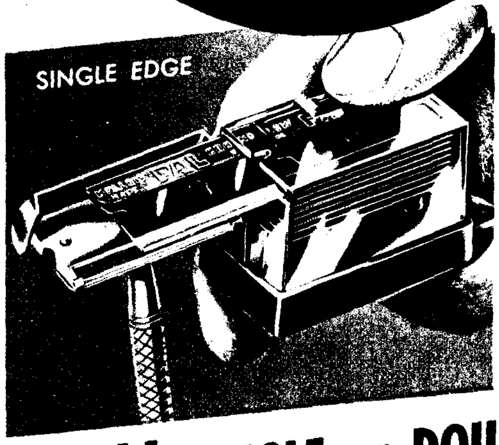
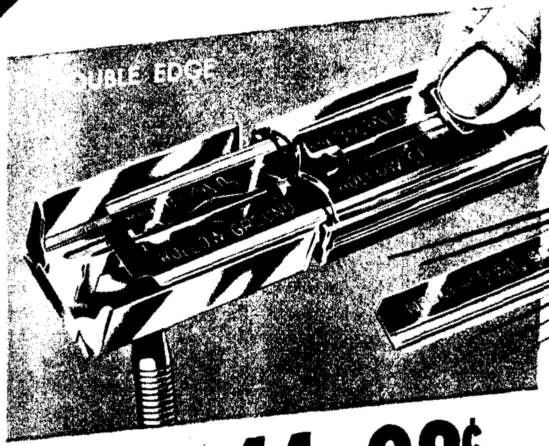
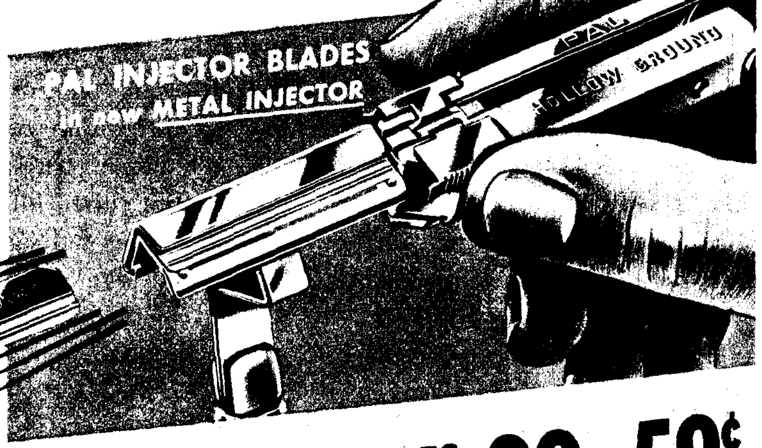

SINGLE EDGE


DOUBLE EDGE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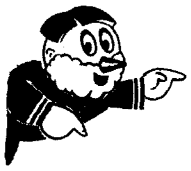

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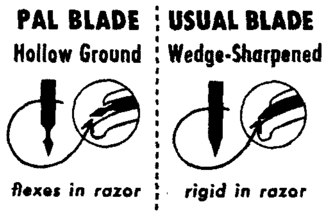
See the difference


PAL BLADE
Hollow Ground
flexes in razor
USUAL BLADE
Wedge-Sharpened
rigid in razor

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Did ever a gal have such a guy?

"That's right, flatter me, woman. I love it!"

"You rate it, honey. Not many wives get Sunday breakfast in bed."

"I'm the guy who promised to look after you for the rest of your life. Remember?"

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"Hey . . . that's enough! I was convinced you loved me before we even started down the aisle together."

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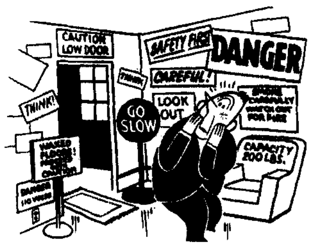
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Well, as we roll back toward the effete East, we muse about random developments along the West Coast during our all too brief sojourn there . . . A baby-sitting service, complete with taxicabs, had been set up for lady picketers in an aircraft strike . . . Los Angeles had decreed softer lights in *cocktail bars (with half former wattage).* Women in favor. Men dubious . . . Evangelist Billy Graham predicted that God would destroy the world as He did in Noah's day, if we don't mend our ways . . . A gentleman in Seattle, arrested because he refused to go home, said he was scared to.



His wife, he explained, had joined a home *safety league* and had plastered every room with warnings of the dangers therein—from electric outlets to waxed floors and unreliable chairs . . . A stalwart chef and a demure car-hop were married in front of a drive-in restaurant. The horns of 500 cars, roaring in terrible chorus, supplied the wedding music. Fifteen hundred diners munching hamburgers and hot dogs shouted congratulations . . . A lady in Salem, Oregon, announced that while she's convinced wars are inevitable, they should be fought barehanded—no guns, explosives, knives or even clubs or rocks. Just barehanded. Theory: they'd soon get very tired of punching one another and go home.

* * *

This guy sitting next to us on the train got tired of hearing the others talking about confusion in our national affairs. Guess that's why he broke into the conversation for the first time. "You gentlemen," said he, "think you're fogged up. Well, listen. I'm on my way to a brain rodeo in Denver. Stockholders Relations Institute. We are going to be addressed by 19 experts on finance, health and the state of the Union. If any of you gentlemen want to get good and confused, come with me."

* * *

Spotted a fellow passenger—Mr. Carden Dollivar, who has something to do with the petroleum industry in Corpus Christi, Texas—reading his paper and shaking his head. Noticed I was watching him and he lowered the sheet and confided: "Says here, the Chinese Reds have organized all the women over fifty. Call them the Old Women's Association. Members are supposed to meet every day and report on everything being said and done inside the family. Says here it's bound to create unrest. Nuts. What's new about it? Been going on in America for a couple of hundred years."

* * *

We've been talking to Mr. Theron McQuaide, who is known in federal courthouses from Nebraska to California as the Smiler. Mr. McQuaide used to travel for a wholesale grocery house, but he's retired now and his hobby is attending court trials. Got his nickname because, as he listens to lawyers plead, witnesses testify and judges hand down instructions and decisions, he smiles—tolerantly, skeptically and sometimes pityingly. Mr. McQuaide told us he's certain that in the United States there are thousands of retired men like himself who daily roam from courtroom to courtroom *listening to all manner of legal battles.* Among his fellow hobbyists are retired businessmen, Army, Marine Corps and Navy officers, judges, doctors, lawyers and old-age pensioners. Mr. McQuaide personally prefers federal courts, he says, because they're more dignified and educational. "Greatest show on earth—court trials," said the Smiler. "Tragedy, comedy, tears, laughter, wisdom, stupidity—everything. And all free of charge. Keeps a man in touch with his fellow man, too."

* * *

A Western depot of learning, Harbor Junior College, has added to its curriculum a course in typewriter repairing. Harbor denies that this is the first step toward building up a powerful football team.

* * *

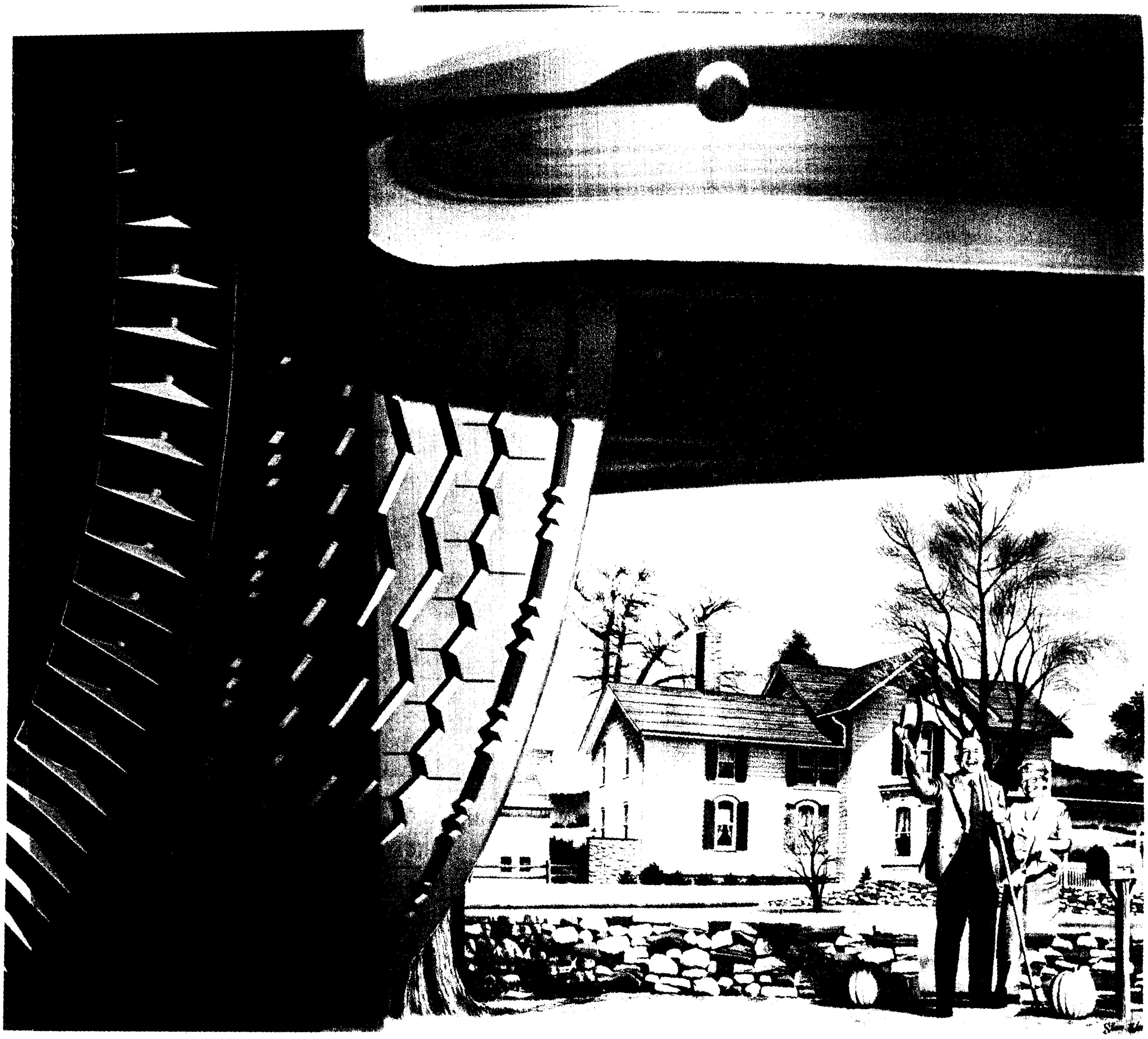
It was anything but an impressive building, but we found it in Los Angeles—three stories high. What it lacked on the outside, it made up for indoors. The first floor was a School of the Ballet. Four ladies and two men were leaping and kicking as though the floor were hot. A thin, blond young man was at the piano unconcernedly playing Aaron Copland's Appalachian Spring. On the second floor a group was learning to play the bass fiddle. Several young men and a girl were diligently zum-zumming. But the third floor was given over to a School for Whistling. Four pupils were all puckered up learning the professional refinements of the Tweedle, the Warble, the Sunrise (*sort of a diminuendo twitter*), the Baltimore Fill and the Wolf—which, incidentally, is nothing like the GI's mating call. We didn't leave the premises, however, until we had a look into the garage. That's occupied by a School for Writing. Nobody there but a young man who didn't look literary. Nor happy either. We asked him where the writers were. He shrugged—guessed they were hiding somewhere. "Everybody is scared to death of getting caught writing anything out here," he said.

LOWELL HESS

* * *

Also, recall seeing . . . A sign reading: "Chinese Hand Laundry—Television" . . . A man playing tennis, wearing not only a derby hat but a black business suit, including a vest across which was draped a heavy gold watch chain . . . *A tombstone on* which was carved the complete address of the deceased's last living residence . . . The dog sitting in front of his master's house and wearing a placard: "The Man Who Owns Me Is a Confounded Vegetarian" . . .

(*Continued on page* 10)



Thanksgiving

Down through the years, American families everywhere have learned to put their trust in Kelly Tires for safe, worry-free driving. Today's Kellys reflect all the skill, all the tire-building "know-how" that has made them an outstanding favorite for 57 years. They are made of the finest materials available today . . . designed to give extra thousands of safe, comfortable miles. Yes, you can depend on Kellys for the quality that pays off in greater mileage. And you can depend on your Kelly Dealer for the friendly service that keeps your driving worry-free through the seasons and through the years. See him soon.

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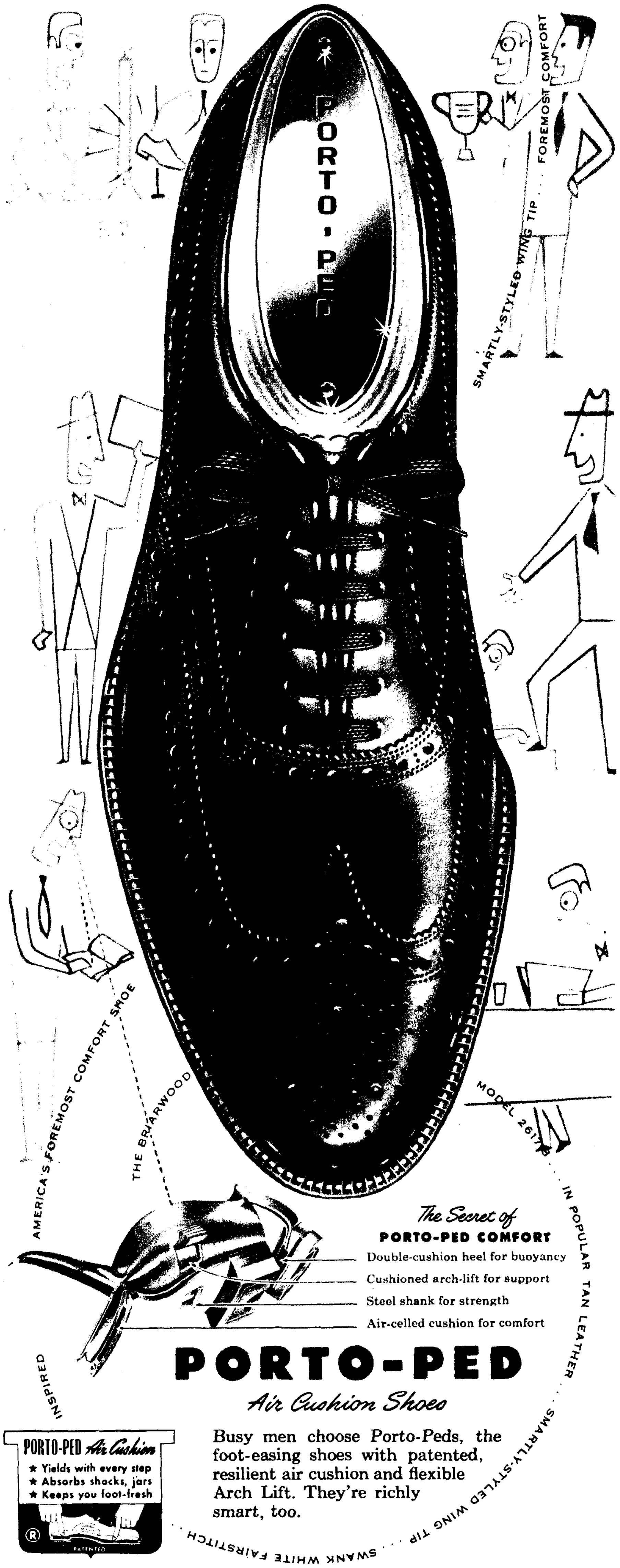
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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

to have served under such a brilliant commander as General Michaelis.

Dorothy H. McCutcheon, APO 719,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Our apologies to Captain and Mrs. McCutcheon. A recheck of the records shows that Captain Glaser was commanding officer of I Company, and that Captain McCutcheon commanded L Company during the period referred to.

More Hoover Comment

Editor: It is a matter of rejoicing that our only ex-President, Mr. Herbert Hoover, has been spared to write the revealing articles in your magazine of his life of service to the American people and to millions of the wretched and starving persons all over the world, including Russia.

The scurrilous and smearing campaign that was inaugurated during the New Deal, and others of more recent date, indicate that jealousy of his great achievements has been the source of all the contemptible attacks made upon him all these years.

God grant he may live to have the acclaim and honor due him, our finest and greatest American citizen of the century.

Anna Dewey Chapin, M.D.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I am taking the opportunity to write my first letter to you to thank you for your series of Hoover memoirs. It is very fortunate that we have a man like Hoover who goes into public life at a terrible financial loss and a thankless job to make a better society.

I have only one disappointment concerning the memoirs. I looked forward to reading Hoover's personal comments on the causes of the 1929 economic depression. I found very little subject matter on this matter. Everyone that I come into contact with seems to believe that Hoover was the main cause of the 1929 depression and the unemployment of millions of American workers. I tell these people they are stupidly mistaken. I fail to reason how one man in America has the power to cause the worst depression in American history. I would like to know the causes of the depression so I can give a good debate to these ignorant citizens.

Joseph Lo Pinto, New York, N. Y.

. . . The Hoover articles should be brought to the close attention of every leading man in the country. The installment in particular which states plainly why the United States can win wars but never win a lasting peace ought to be required reading for every congressman and state legislator.

Rosa D. Willis, Pagosa Springs, Colo.

. . . I have been reading the very interesting articles by Herbert Hoover, and am reminded that in the fall of 1938 I heard an address by Mr. Hoover at Convention Hall in Kansas City. He was introduced by the late Arthur M. Hyde, who was Secretary of Agriculture under him. I was determined to get a good seat, in fact was there when the doors opened and got a seat in the front row about 15 or 20 feet from the speaker.

His subject was Morals in Government. I said at the time it was the finest speech I ever heard and still say so. Would be very appropriate today.

Dimmitt Hoffman, Sedalia, Mo.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

The man who told us that whenever after-dinner talk begins to limp badly, he waits until there's a dead silence and says, "The intestines of a frog are always pink." This, he assures us, never fails to pick the conversation up and keep it rolling for an hour.

★ ★ ★

This is to notify Mr. Henry T. Collibeare, of Lima, Ohio, that we have read every word of his 13-page-long hand-written letter and had some trouble catching on until we got to his postscript. Mr. Collibeare is a very discouraged man. "After reading the above," says he in the postscript, "don't you think it is very strange that so many people with less sense than I have are getting along better?" We forbear, Mr. Collibeare, to answer that question.

★ ★ ★

We were not challenged to a duel in New Mexico. Had we been, we'd have snapped our fingers at the suggestion. Mrs. Lilian H. Wistrand, of Albuquerque, had handed us a copy of a New Mexico law: "If any person shall post another, or in writing or in print shall use any reproachful and contemptuous language to or concerning another for *not fighting a duel* or for not sending or accepting a challenge, he shall be fined in a sum of not less than $200 nor more than $1,000."

★ ★ ★

If you keep your eyes open while riding through Longport, New Jersey, you'll see the following sign on a parking lot: "For the guests of the hotel. If full go to Nineteenth Street." And probably get fuller.

★ ★ ★

Back home, Joe Hefter notifies us from Mexico that the Mexico City Sunday newspaper supplements go in mightily for American whodunits, translating them literally, slang and all. Recently, says Mr Hefter, the Mexican translator for El Universal was doing all right with a tingler until he got to the title—Dressed to Kill Finally, the translator solved it and the readers of his newspaper spent a thrilling Sunday afternoon reading *Vestida Para E Asesinato*. English translation: Clothed for the Assassination.

★ ★ ★

The Population Reference Bureau, a non-profit organization in Washington, D.C., has discovered that college graduates are having more babies than formerly. For example the PRB finds that 1941 grads have had 32 per cent more children than the men and women of the classes of 1936. The Bureau looks upon this with favor, saying that it's a trend toward the production of more of the intelligent citizens who are needed "to steer our country toward peace and strengthen our democracy." But, of course, we can't help wondering if it's as much a question of steering as it is a question of not rocking the boat.

★ ★ ★

Our Washington man phones that the White House's A-bomb shelter is just about ready for occupancy. Also told us some nonsense about its alternative uses. He says capital gagsters insist it will be a dandy place for Mr. Truman to retreat to next year if General Eisenhower agrees to run for the Republicans.

★ ★ ★

Heard of a lady in Vermont with a problem. "What's all this talk about using natural gas from Texas?" demands Mrs. Anna Driesbach, of Burlington. "Why can't Vermont make its own natural gas? Goodness knows taxes are high enough."

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the case of the Confused Bride

My only excuse was ignorance, I guess—but nobody had given me the facts on men's underwear. It was while I was shopping for Phil right after our honeymoon. "I need some men's knit shorts—Jockey type—" I said—and the lecture started!

The salesman's eyes popped like mushrooms. "Young lady," he growled, "you must be very inexperienced!" "What do you mean?" I asked, not knowing whether to be flattered or hurt. "NEVER ask for Jockey *type* shorts, there is no such thing," he cautioned. "Jockey is a trade-mark owned by Coopers. So to get the real thing, ask for Jockey BRAND!"

"What's the difference?" I questioned. "Just all the difference in the world," he sputtered. "Jockey BRAND Underwear fits a man snug and smooth, gives him real he-man comfort plus masculine support. Naturally, there are imitations. But there's only ONE Jockey brand!"

THE BERENSTAINS

"Will you ever forgive me?" I begged the salesman. "The point is," he pointed out, "would your husband ever forgive *you* for bringing him a substitute for comfort? Always insist on Jockey BRAND Underwear—for the sake of your happy home." Which I do now, believe me!

Shorts
Don't settle for less—FEEL LIKE A MILLION!
wear Jockey* BRAND
Underwear made only by Coopers*
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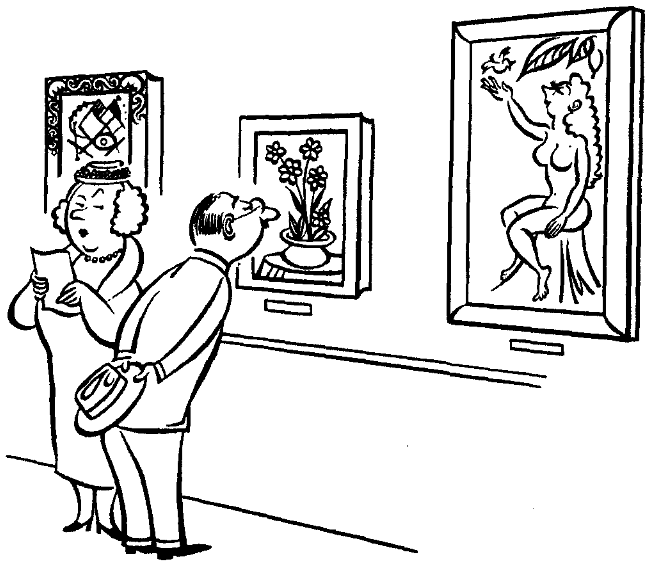
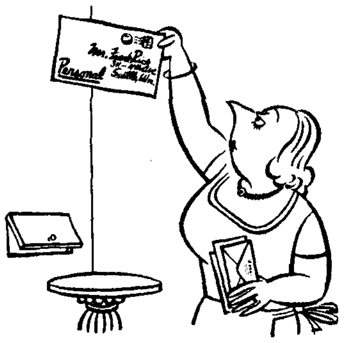
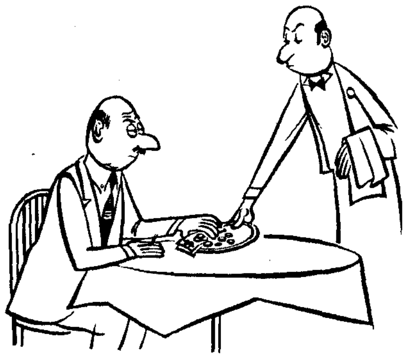
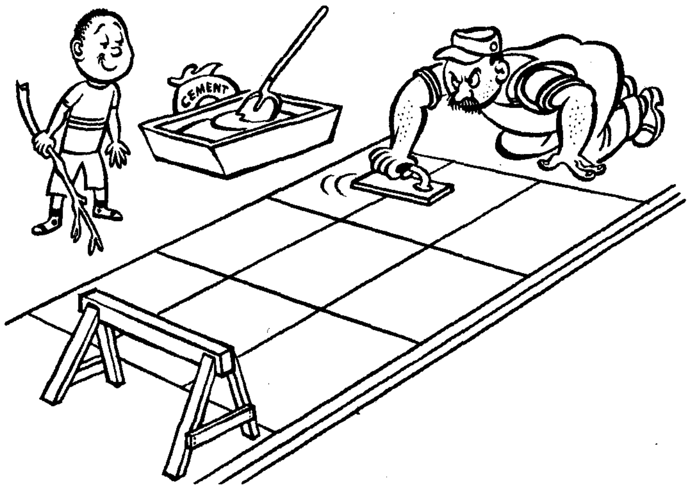
THE COLD WAR

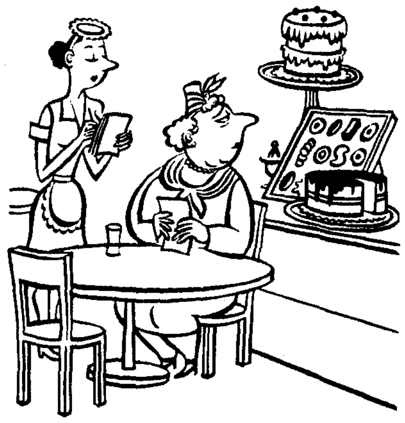
Artist Irwin Caplan presents six typical stalemates

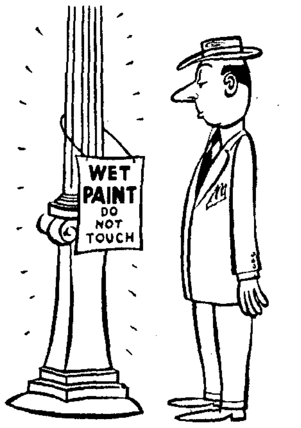


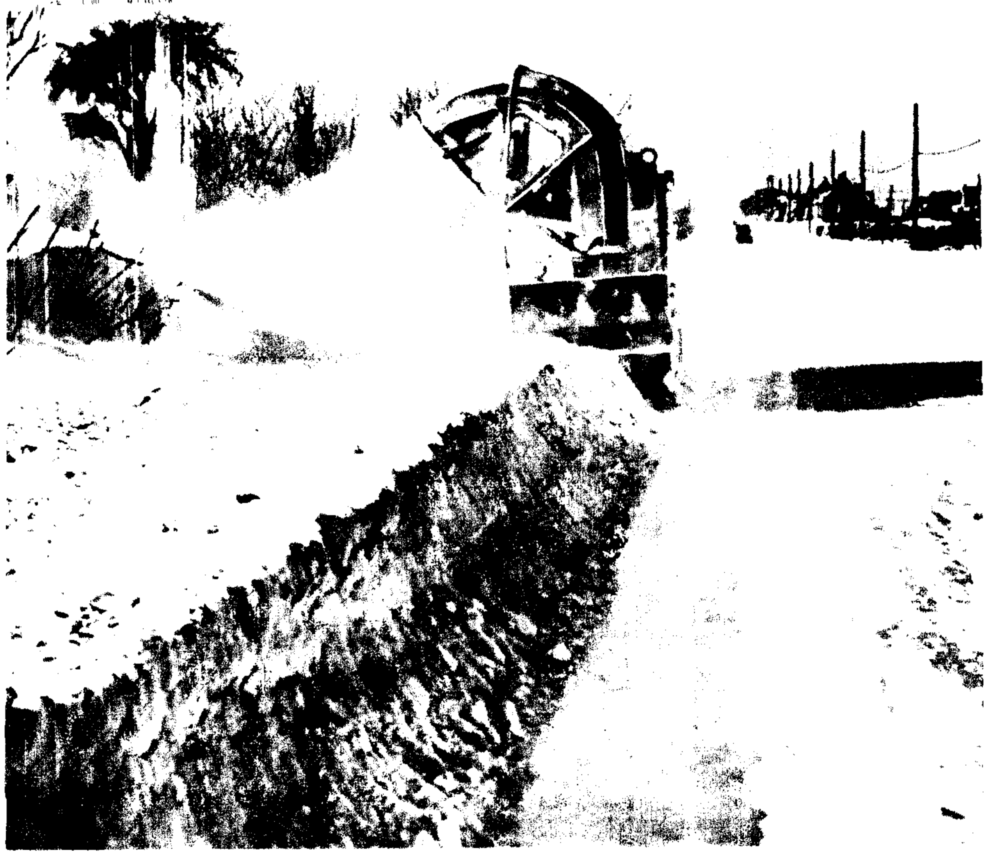




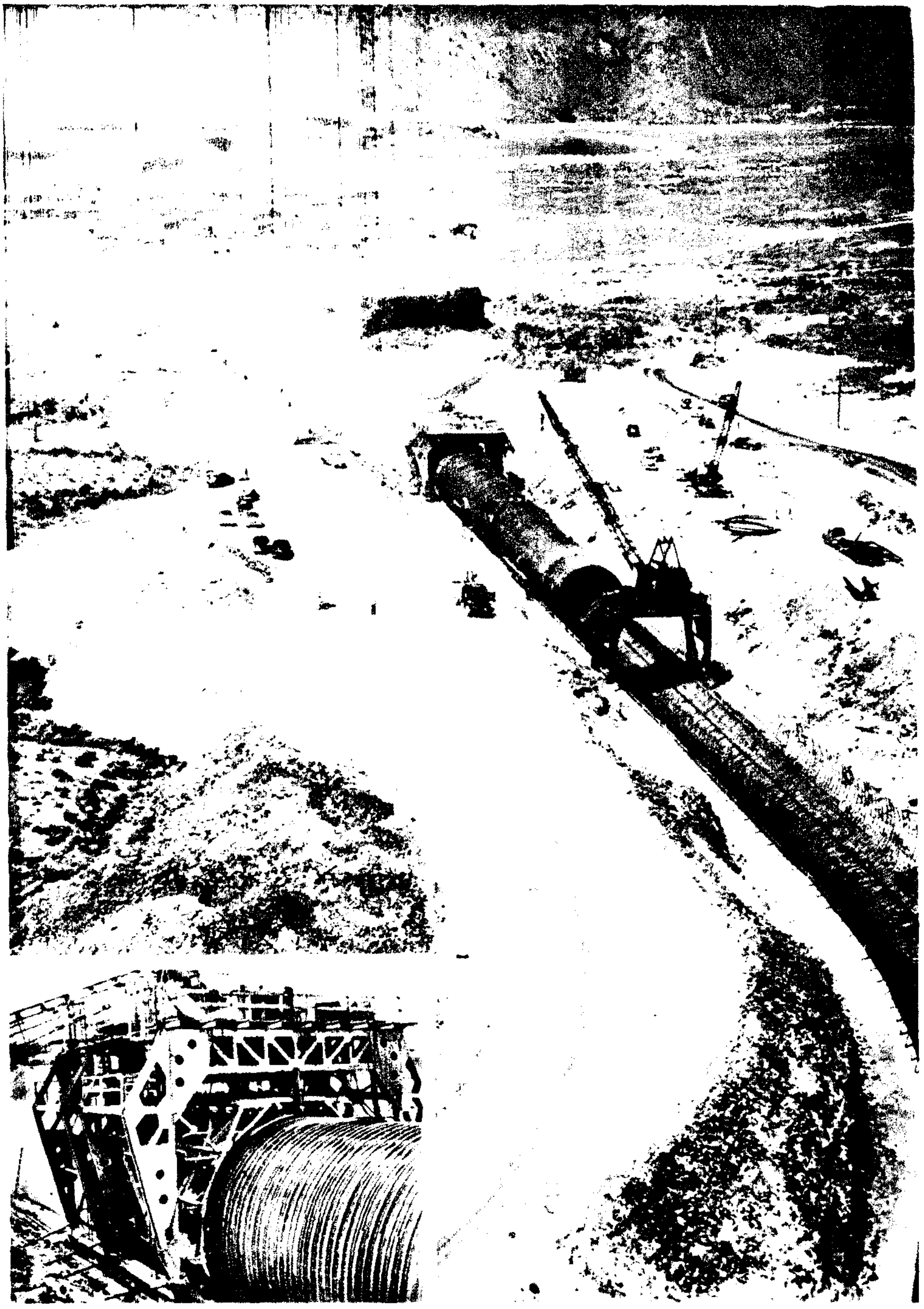





WET PAINT DO NOT TOUCH



EASY ON THE BACK. When it comes to shoveling snow, you'll agree that this machine is a great improvement over the old hand shovel. Just as U·S·S COR-TEN Steel, of which it is made, is a great improvement, for many purposes, over ordinary steel. For COR-TEN permits equipment like this to be built *lighter*, and yet to possess the great strength and rugged resistance to abrasion and corrosion essential for satisfactory performance.



SIPHON WITH A STEEL THROAT. Extending around the north end of Soap Lake in the Grand Coulee area, this huge siphon, more than 22 feet in diameter, will carry irrigation water from an elevation of 1320 feet down into a 215-foot dip in the land's profile, and up again to an elevation of 1301 feet. The siphon is steel-lined concrete pipe. The 3400 tons of steel plate used to fabricate the liner sections were supplied by U.S. Steel, while the outside traveler and form (inset), and the inside traveler and collapsible ribs, were especially fabricated by U.S. Steel.

Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

CHOPPED
SPINACH

WHEN TIN ISN'T TIN. This young man's baby food comes to him perfectly protected against contamination by sturdy, airtight "tin" cans. But those tin cans are really *steel* cans . . . about 97% steel, with a very thin coating of tin. And U.S. Steel makes thousands of tons of tin plate every year to be used in the forming of literally billions of cans that safeguard food, oil, paint, and countless other items for us.

MISSION OF MERCY. Here, a Naval medical officer is being hoisted aboard a helicopter to bring quick medical aid to an injured sailor on another ship. All-out defense requires vast quantities of steel. And U.S. Steel's capacity, far larger now than ever before, is being still further expanded to help meet both defense and everyday needs.

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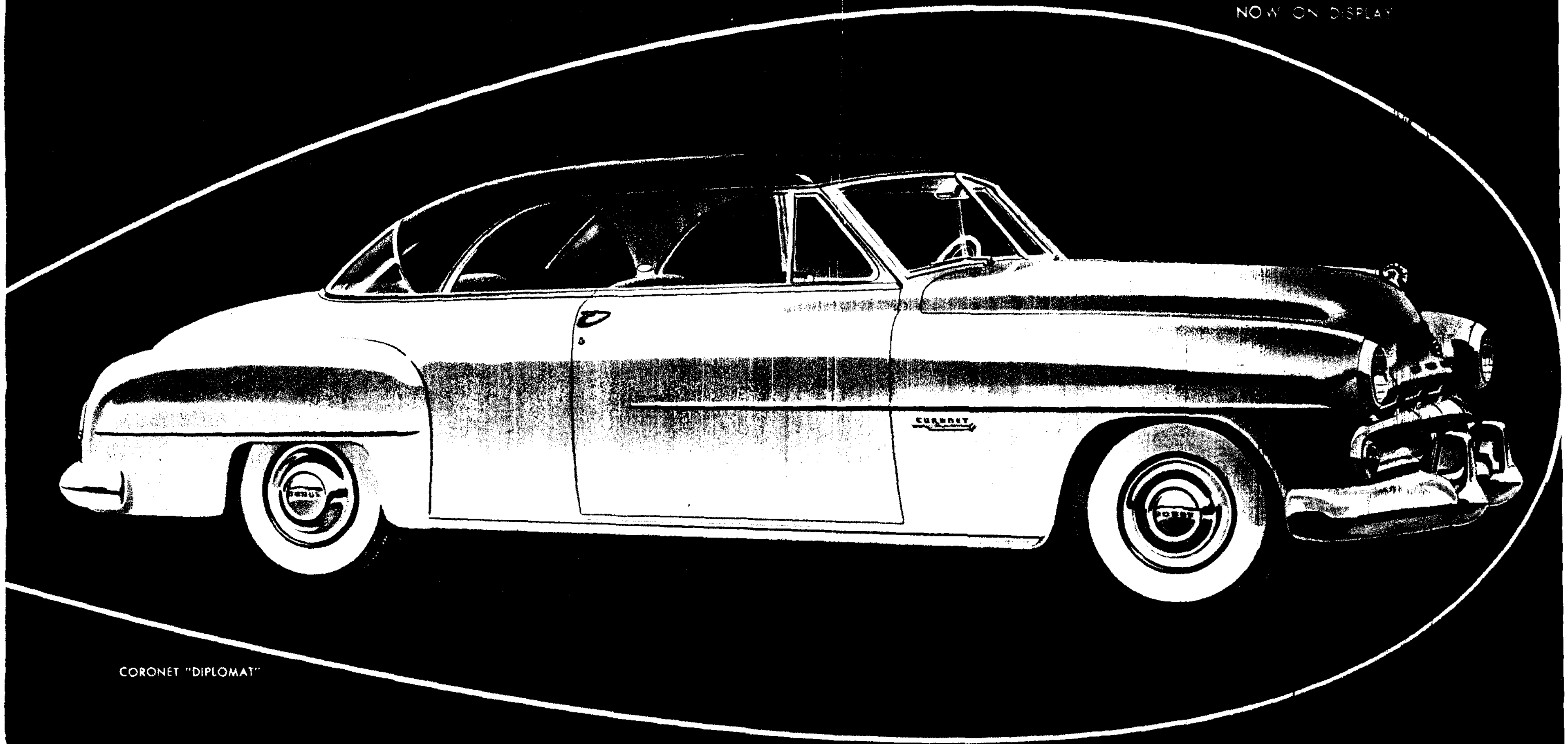

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GLAMOROUS and beautiful, this stunning new 1952 Dodge is casting its magic spell over the hearts of all who see it!

From the whispering purr of its powerful engine to its eager response to the slightest touch on the wheel, you know that here is a car willing and anxious to please.

You'll like its air of well-bred refinement . . . the tasteful appointments, upholstery and trim that reflect the true character of this great new Dodge.

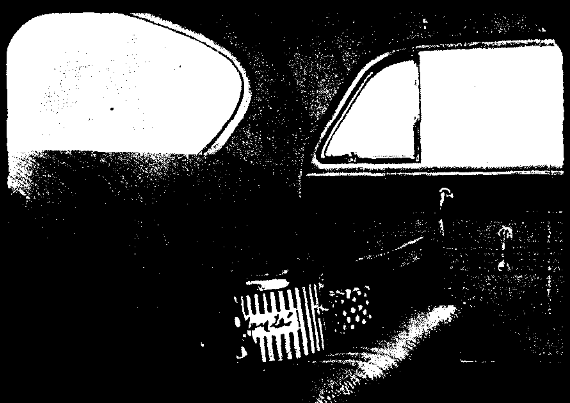
You'll like the kitten-soft way it travels . . . the way the new Oriflow Ride cradles you over roughest roads.

So if you yearn for a car that makes distant places seem near . . . one that wraps your loved ones in safety as well as luxury . . . **one that will be a friend, tried and true . . . then this new, dependable '52 Dodge is the car** for you.

Your Dodge dealer will be happy to show it to you.

Specifications and equipment subject to change without notice.

LUXURY UNLIMITED! New beauty . . . new, rich fabrics . . . smart decorator trim . . . put the mark of good taste on new Dodge interiors.



BLINDFOLD TEST proved Dodge Oriflow System gives world's smoothest ride . . . level even over roughest roads. Try it yourself!

GYRO-MATIC available on all '52 Dodge models, is America's lowest-priced automatic transmission. Makes driving easier . . . smoother!

DODGE DEPENDABILITY VALUE

Big new dependable '52 **DODGE**

Surrounded by the Okefenokee's tropical foliage, swamp man Bryant Lee has only a dog for company as he lazily drifts along an inlet

Livin' Is Easy in the OKEFENOKEE SWAMP

In the heart of the deep South there still remain 400,000 acres of lush, primitive wilderness. It's a mysterious region of woods, lakes and wildlife far removed from civilization's hazards

By WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.

DOWN in southeast Georgia, there is a blank spot on the map; an area of more than 600 square miles shows no towns, no villages, no roads and almost no natural landmarks. For a blank spot, it has caused a lot of contention. Over two centuries, visitors have described it variously as a terrifying bog, a Garden of Eden, a dismal swamp and the most blissful place on earth.

During most of that time, its name has been spelled some 50 different ways. The confusion lasted until a few years ago, when the federal government took it over and gave it an official title. It is the Okefenokee Swamp.

The Okefenokee is an irregular quadrangle, about 40 miles long from north to south, where it borders on the Georgia-Florida state line, and about 30 miles across at its widest point. Within its 400,000 acres are virgin forests, wondrous wildlife and strange subtropical waterways, overhung by Spanish moss and gloomy even at high noon.

Hundreds of bears prowl its tangled highlands and tens of thousands of alligators course silently through its marshy streams and green lagoons. There are great, ungainly cranes and graceful white-tailed deer, owls and raccoons, pack rats and snakes.

Just a few miles from the bustling town of Waycross, where more than 16,000 persons live, there are lakes and islands that have been seen by only a handful of people, whole square miles that have never known man, towering cypress trees that were saplings during the Crusades.

The Okefenokee, a place of legend and mystery and beauty, near-impassable in some spots, tangled and wild everywhere, takes its name from a corruption of the Indian word *Owaquaphenoga,* meaning "trembling earth." There are people who have farmed along its fringes all their lives; even among these folk, there are few who claim to be able to find their way safely through it.

Yet these settlers probably would be even more lost away from their swamp. For most of them, it is the only locale they know, and they have developed characteristics as distinctive as those of the great marshland itself. They are a self-sufficient, proud people, so removed from the rest of the world that an outsider, who married a local girl and moved into the fringeland, has had bitter arguments with a few old-timers, trying to convince them that the world is round. There are even some swamp dwellers who don't believe in mountains.

On the other hand, they believe some things that outsiders can't believe. The real swampers have lived on familiar terms with the wildlife of the region for so long that fact, fancy and actual experience have become woven together in an indistinguishable tapestry. As a result, in talking about the blue-tailed skink, a lizard and lesser cousin of the alligator, they'll insist that it's able to bark; or they will have you listen to the high-pitched piping of the tiny oak toad and say, "Look-a-here, that's a black snake a-hollerin'." Some of them will even tell you seriously that there are striped tigers out there in the swamp somewhere.

It's no wonder that they take such tales seriously, for some of the things that have actually occurred in the swamp are pretty incredible.

Take Uncle Walt Tatum's two "wild men."

Uncle Walt is a short, slender man with a long face and glittering gold front teeth, who owns 3,520 acres of fringeland near Swamp Road, not far from Waycross. He does some farming and turpentining, and raises scrub cattle of the "piney woods" variety that wander around loose and take care of themselves as best they can.

Well, one day about 22 years ago, Uncle Walt went into the swamp, and when he came out there were two men with him. But two such men as these, few swampers had ever seen. They were tattered and dirty and timid and strange. Uncle Walt had sighted them some time before on a hummock called Jones Island, eating palmetto buds to keep alive, but he hadn't been able to approach them. "Had to feed 'em for six weeks," he explains, "before I could get holt of 'em. Couldn't hardly see the eyes on one of 'em, hair that long.

"When I got my two wild men out, it cost me four dollars to get 'em a haircut and shave. Barber had to use mule shears. Took 'em down to the creek, gave 'em soap and a towel and told 'em to take a bath. Carried 'em down after lunch. Went to sleep and when I woke up it was dark. They was still bathing."

They were just following instructions; Uncle Walt found out that they generally followed them that way. The two men stayed on with him, helping out around the farm. John, the older of the pair, died a few months ago in his seventies; Riley is still around. "Tried to teach the boys to chop wood," Walt says. "Learned, all right, but I'd have to go out and stop 'em, or they'd chop all night."

Legends of the Lost "Wild Men"

Some good yarns have been told about how the two men got into their predicament in the swamp; one of the most widely believed is that they were lost during logging operations there early in the century. The "wild men" themselves never talked to folks much, and Uncle Walt is the only one who knows the answer. The legends are so good he hates to spoil them by telling, but, if pressed, he explains in a defeated way that the men were brothers who were left alone out in the Okefenokee when all their people died. They couldn't remember how long they were there.

It's generally agreed that John and Riley couldn't have picked a better man to get found by than Uncle Walt Tatum. Uncle Walt's name is a tip-off to his standing in a community which is so devoted to courtly formality that men who have been acquainted for years still address one another as Mister. Uncle Walt is "Uncle" to everybody.

Years ago, Walt started standing bond for people who got into trouble with the law, even for those from remote districts, men he didn't know. Of course, this is sometimes a risky procedure and Walt's money has occasionally been endangered. "Many a time," he says, "when a fellow's jumped bond, I've got his daddy and the police and run him down." But that hasn't stopped Uncle Walt from putting up the money. Over the years, he has stood bond for hundreds of men, and some people say he has never charged a cent for it.

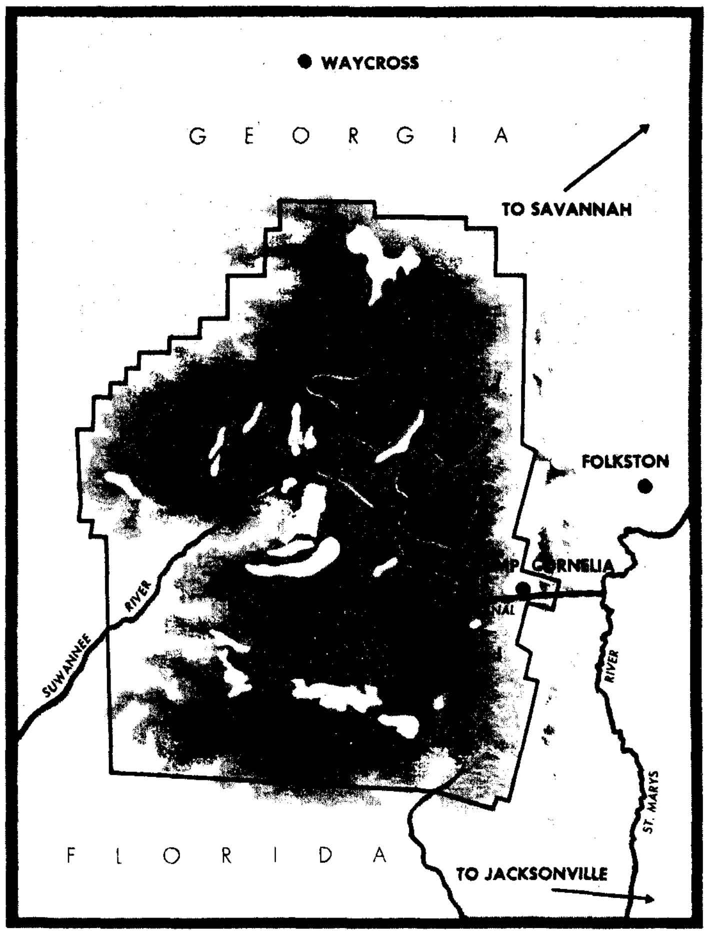
Uncle Walt was born in 1880, about three miles down the road from where he lives now. He's the third generation living on the swamp, and some of the most fabulous history of the Okefenokee is in his own family.

Walt's grandfather, Obediah Barber, is a legendary figure in the region. Obediah was born in Bulloch County near Statesboro, Georgia, in 1825, and pioneered down into the Okefenokee as a young man. By the time Obediah died at ninety-two, he had had 18 children, all of whom lived to maturity except one, accidentally shot in early childhood. "King of the Okefenokee," they called Obediah.

People still tell of one encounter he had with a bear. Obediah was down at the hogpen when the big creature came out of the swamp chasing a little pig. When Obediah tried to rescue the pig, the bear attacked him. There was a terrific battle, with Obediah and the bear going round and round a tree, and it ended with the bear dead. There are several versions of the combat, and a number of the settlers still hold that Obediah killed that bear with his naked hands.

Because Florida black bears and alligators are so numerous in the Okefenokee, much of the swamp lore centers around these two creatures. Almost any man will put down his plow and sit in the shade and talk about them, given a chance.

"When a gator bellows," Mr. John Hickox, of Braganza, said recently, sitting on his heels out in his half-plowed field, "it jars the water all around. When I hear them, I say, 'I'm goin' to the house and get up my hay. Bad weather a-comin'.'



AL TARTER

Most of the vast swamp is controlled by the U.S. Dept. of Interior and run by its Fish and Wildlife Service

"Heered people say a gator can outrun a horse on dry land; runs right up on his toes. Never seed it myself. But take a bear, he can move. Catch a hog flat-footed. But they don't necessarily *want* to move. Why, I've come on a bear out in that swamp that just stood around, clacking his teeth and looking dab at me."

Hickox told about the time he heard a hog squealing up near the house. He said the tracks showed that a bear had been driving the hog down to the swamp, herding him along. "Didn't want to kill him up near the house and cause a lot of ruckus. Or maybe didn't feel like carrying him that far.

"But they *can* carry 'em. Boys over at Monroe Cox's saw a bear pick up a hog and carry him off under one arm."

The people around the swamp love to hunt bears, but if they can't hunt them, they like equally well to play tricks on them. A favorite prank is to creep up on a bear that is eating berries in the top of a black gum tree. Get right under the tree and give a terrific yell. The bear will let loose, fall 30 or 40 feet and hit running.

They tell you that everybody knows a bear will reach up on a sapling and get turpentine on his head before he robs a bee tree; the gum keeps the bees from stinging him so much.

Some even say that a bear will tear into a slash pine the day *before* he plans to rob the hive, so the turpentine will be running good on the day of the robbery.

Practically everybody around the edges of the swamp knows a bear story of some kind. Joseph Thomas (Tom) Chesser tells one that's really a sort of joke on himself.

One morning Tom started out with his dogs to trail a bear he'd chased unsuccessfully all the day before. The dogs found the scent and the bear went into the Devil's Wood Yard, an area where trees and brush are so thick that a man has to crawl through on his hands and knees. And that's what Tom did.

"Crawled into that thicket very careful," he relates. "Never could see no bear until I seen the dogs just a few feet away. Dogs had the bear up a cypress, he looking down at them. I hammered back my old gun, hammered back both barrels, and let loose. Bear hit the mud in front of me and fought with the dogs. Licked 'em and drove 'em off. I couldn't get the empty shell out of the gun no way. Thought struck me, I'd better move.

"I throwed the gun down and went up a tree. The bear reel and fall, and every time he looked up at me, he bellowed. Finally, the bear dropped dead. I come down, cut one foot off him and throwed it in my pocket. When I met the crowd I told 'em the story.

"Didn't tell about climbing the tree."

Only One Family on Swamp Islands

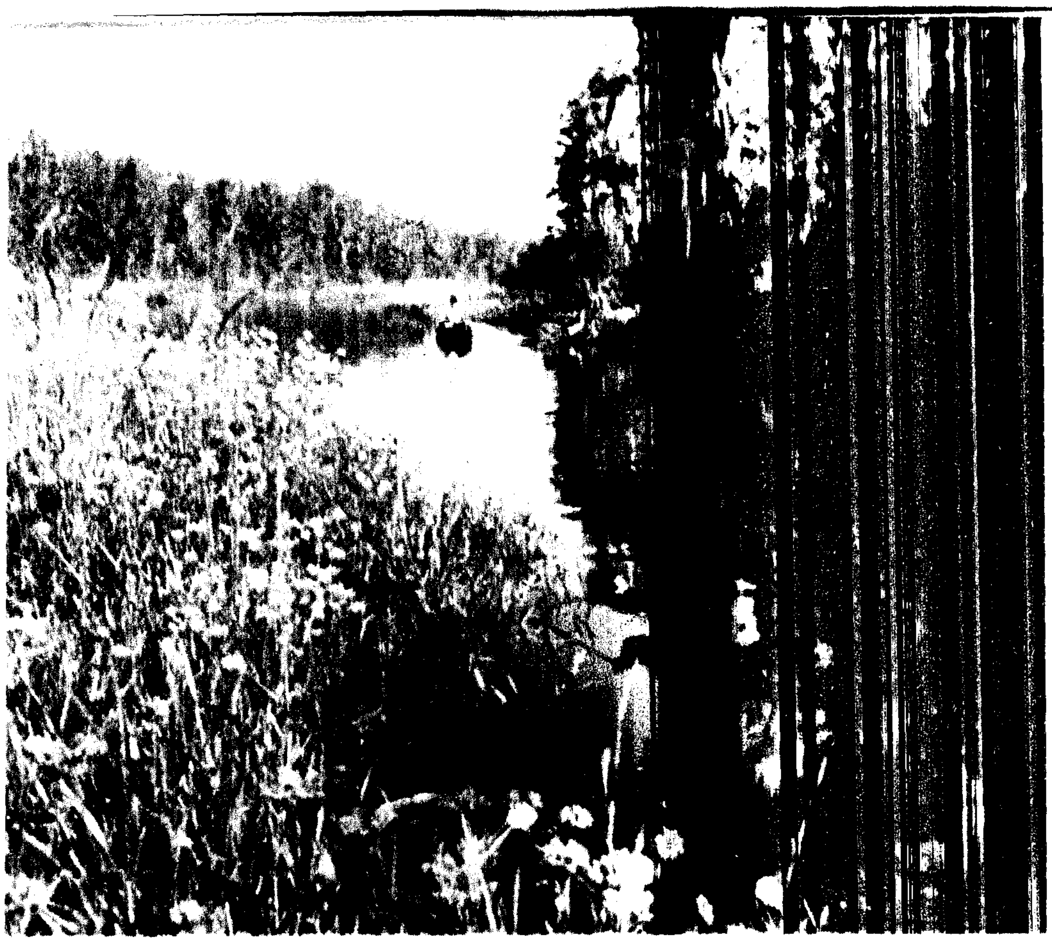
Chesser is fifty-five, but he doesn't look it. He's built lean and hard, and his face is unlined. Years ago, a number of families lived on islands in the swamp—the Cravens, the Lees and others—but today, Tom, his wife and their four boys and two girls are the only ones left. They own about 55 acres on Chesser Island on the eastern side of the Okefenokee, where grandfather W. T. Chesser settled in 1858.

As Tom's youthful appearance indicates, it's not a bad life—and certainly it's a beautiful one. The eastern half of the Okefenokee is open. There are "prairies," or great fields of water from one to three feet deep, covered with white or yellow water lilies purple bladderworts, floating heart, with its rich green pad and delicate white flower, maiden cane and the yellow "hardhead." The boat trails through the prairies are kept open by the natural flow of water or by giant alligators moving along their accustomed paths. The prairies and open marshes are bordered by winding bays of cypress, black gum, red bay and red maple. The bays in the Okefenokee are long arms of solid timber that appear to be growing on dry land, but are actually rooted through deep marsh.

Thousands of small clumps of trees and shrubs called "houses" dot the prairies, ranging in size from a few square feet to a square mile. There are "lakes," too, and islands, like the one the Chessers live on. But lakes in the Okefenokee are not necessarily bordered by dry land or the islands by water. There are hundreds of lakes in the prairies with watery banks, and there are scores of dry, sandy islands, some with pine forests, that are surrounded by cypress, fern bog and muck. Some of the islands, like the Minnies, Black Jack and Mitchells, which are several square miles in area, are almost inaccessible from the nearest open water.

The prairies and marshes weave in a bewildering labyrinth around the bays, houses and islands, and once a person who doesn't (*Continued on page* 58)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GABRIEL BENZUR



Alone in his boat, Okefenokee native Jewett Hall patrols the swamp for the Fish and Wildlife Service. He has helped end indiscriminate hunting and trapping

Bryant Lee and his wife sort out some deer's-tongue on their porch. It's a plant used to add aroma to tobacco

Tom Chesser, a patrolman and lifelong resident of the swamp, relaxes at home. Left to right: sons Les and Hughie, neighbor Betty Fulks, daughter Ruby, Tom

Patrolman Barney Cone poles his way down a lily-covered water "prairie." Much of Okefenokee is still unexplored

A trip in the Okefenokee reveals age-old cypress trees and strange waterways. But it is a healthy region, free of malaria and other tropical swamp diseases

William Edwards, until recently Okefenokee Refuge chief, and his wife play with a bear cub he took from the swamp

What You Should Know abou

Are they really the weaker sex? Why does their emotional interest vary so sharply? Are they more jealous tha

BECAUSE most men can't figure women out they say women are unpredictable and let it go at that. And women accept the charge and make the most of it. But is there such a thing as a "typical" woman? Are women the "weaker" sex? Are they emotional rather than rational? Jealous? Competitive? More given to feelings of insecurity than men are? If they are any of those things, why?

And when it comes to sex, why does the same woman waver all the way from a complete lack of interest at times, no matter how charming her husband may be, to vigorous responsiveness at other times? Are social factors stronger than her biological impulses in directing her sexual behavior?

If the interacting psychological, social and biological forces that affect their behavior were well enough understood, perhaps women would no longer be so unpredictable. Scientists who have studied men and women and their relationships have concluded that some patterns of thinking and behavior are fairly typical of women in general.

For example, men who work with women often accuse them of taking things personally and getting emotional over situations that ought to be viewed rationally and impersonally. And they're right, to this extent: If somebody makes a general statement that "people" think or do thus and so, a woman's instant reaction almost invariably is, "*I* don't," or "Yes, that's true. I do." (And the first thought of most women who read this will be, "What do you mean—women take things personally? *I* don't take things too personally.")

Two psychologists, Winifred Johnson and Lewis Terman of Stanford University, spent many months carefully studying and evaluating all scientific findings by psychologists, sociologists and biologists on the subject of psychological sex differences. They report that their survey of more than 40 of the best research studies showed that, "Women are consistently more intimately and intensely personal than men. They are strongly interested in persons and spend more time and thought on people and personalities than men do . . . Excellent studies of young children show that girls very

JOHN BLACK

Dr. Judson T. Landis and Mrs. Landis talking with students in his University of California course on marriage problems. The coeds are, from left to right, Ginny Boyle, Nancy Hicking and Jane Wadlow. His professorship of family sociology was established last fall

Vomen *–EVEN IF YOU'RE A WOMAN*

en? More competitive? Rational?

By Dr. JUDSON T. LANDIS and MARY G. LANDIS

early are more interested in relationships with others, while boys are more interested in material things."

If this is true, then other facets of feminine behavior begin to be more easily understood. If personal relationships are of major importance to women, then their conversation will tend to deal with people more than with things. (And the girls *will* gossip when they get together.) Since their personal relationships get greater emphasis than other things in life, women will tend to be possessive toward the men in their lives. And they may be catty toward other women—evidence that they are not quite sure of their own standing with their associates, either men or women, and are trying to protect their own interests by undermining potential competitors.

This intensely personal attitude that women take toward life is responsible at least in part for the explosive in-law situations found in many American families. When a girl marries, she likes to believe she is taking over as the only woman in the man's life. But she is usually made aware quickly that the other woman, her husband's mother, was there first and has no intention of withdrawing *her* very personal interest in him. Sometimes there are sisters, too, who have looked upon brother Bill as a valuable personal possession.

Take, for example, the case of a couple we shall call Lynn and Tom, who had been married six months and were living in Tom's home town. A friend who found Lynn in tears one day got this explanation: "We were going to buy a new rug and Tom went by his mother's and talked it over with *her* yesterday! He seems to think her ideas are so good! Now that he's talked it over with her, he knows exactly what kind of a rug he wants, and I'm furious. I'll keep the floors bare before I'll have that rug."

Or, there's the typical story of Jane, who broke several dishes in the space of a few minutes one morning and explained candidly, "Well, they were my best dishes, but breaking them wasn't exactly an accident. I admit I did some slamming around. But I was so mad! Bill's mother sent over another baked dish for our lunch. About once a week she does that, and Bill goes for it as if he hadn't had a square meal for a week. I feel like telling her to cook for her own husband and let me cook for mine!"

These wives' reactions toward their mothers-in-law were fairly typical of some of the complaints that showed up among 544 married couples, in a study we conducted with the help of associates at Michigan State College. Couples who were in the early years of their marriage co-operated by supplying information anonymously about the different phases of married life that had required them to work at the task of adjusting to each other.

In making the study, one of our objectives was to learn—if possible—who really is at fault when families have in-law trouble. The findings pretty definitely exonerated the men. Of all the couples or individuals reporting in-law trouble, brothers-in-law were blamed in only 6 per cent of the cases and fathers-in-law in 11 per cent of the cases. But sisters-in-law were blamed in 13 per cent of all cases and mothers-in-law in 50 per cent.

In 20 per cent more of the cases, a combination of family members got the blame; so that, altogether, the women in the family were assigned the responsibility for the great majority of in-law quarrels. And the women scribbled on the questionnaires such comments as, "His mother still thinks he belongs to her" . . . "His sister is as old as I am, but she still tries to get by with being his 'baby sister' " . . . And the like.

As practicing sociologists since 1929, Dr. Judson T. Landis and his wife, Mary, qualify as nationally prominent experts on woman and her role in family life.

Dr. Landis, who holds graduate degrees from the University of Michigan and from Louisiana State University, is the University of California's first Associate Professor of Family Sociology—a position created at Berkeley last fall to offer students college preparation for marriage. He now has some 300 students divided into two marriage education classes: one for freshmen and sophomores, the other for juniors and seniors.

Mrs. Landis met her husband when they were undergraduates at Greenville (Illinois) College. After their marriage in 1930, she joined him for a time in public-school teaching, but now confines her collaboration to out-of-the-classroom writing and research. Building a Successful Marriage, the first of their five books, is a text that is being used in more than 200 colleges and universities.

The Landises are both forty-five years old, and the parents of teen-age children, Judson Richard and Janet Faith. Of this article and their continuing efforts to understand marriage and its problems better, they said: "Marriages are complicated because men and women try to force each other to fit unrealistic patterns. If women and men can learn to understand and accept themselves and each other as they are, rather than as they think they ought to be, they can live more happily together."

—The Editors

A man, standing at a safe distance, might say, "So what? Of course, a husband's mother and sister go on liking him. They don't suddenly turn against him just because he married. What's his wife complaining about?"

Well, the only answer to that is—women are women. They take things personally and get emotional over situations that might not even register with a man.

But there is more to why women are greatly concerned with personal relationships. There are factors basic in life and society that give women good reason to be possessive, jealous and competitive—sometimes even tricky.

For one thing, there are not enough marriageable men to go around. Our system of marriage assumes that there will be a suitable man for every woman, but statistics show that this is not the case. Actually, according to the estimate of the Census Bureau in 1949, in the United States there were 83 males in the 25- to 34-year-old age group for every 100 females in the age groups those men would normally marry. Or to put it another way, there were a half million more young marriageable women than there were young marriageable men. As people get older, the proportion gets worse; after middle age, there are two marriageable women to every marriageable man.

Since numbers discriminate against women in the marriage market, men can get away with appropriating for themselves certain traits and characteristics, and assigning others to women. And the male assigns to himself aggressiveness and dominance, and assumes that women, the opposite sex, must have the reverse of these traits.

Women are faced with a choice of either *being* submissive and weak, or giving the appearance of being so; because men find it very upsetting to discover in women the traits they have assigned to themselves. Women are thus forced to subterfuges. It takes a lot of ingenuity for a girl to figure out how to chase and catch a boy successfully, while giving the impression of being chased; and once learned, this skill is bound to carry over into other situations in her life. Having learned to get what she wants by subtlety or by deviousness, she learns to attack her competitors indirectly, by innuendo and suggestion—sometimes called cattiness.

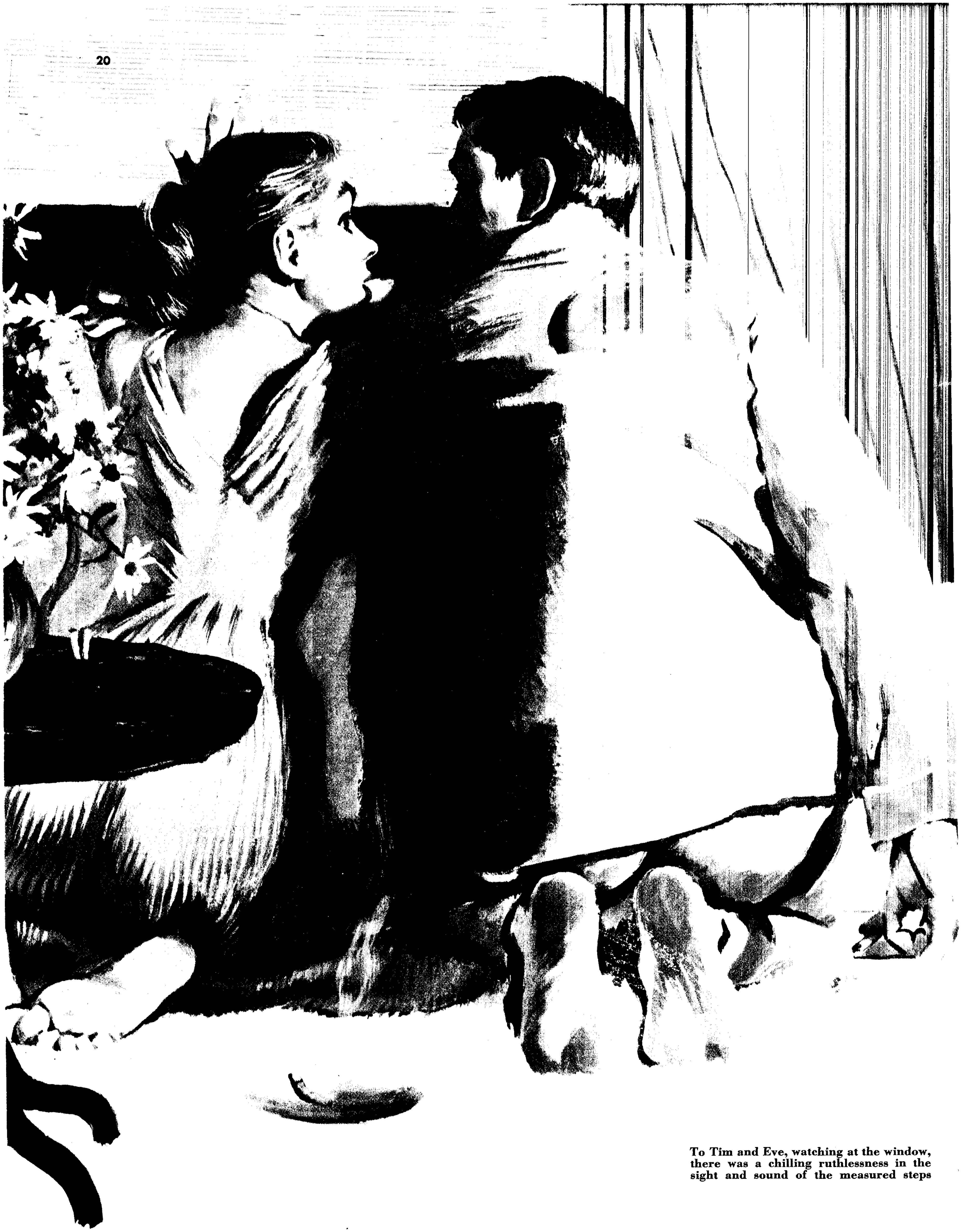
The question comes, then: Why do women bend themselves to adjust to such pressures in life? Is the privilege of being a wife worth it?

The answer is that in spite of today's acceptance of the equality of men and women, and of democracy in their relationships, some facts of nature cannot be changed. Women still give birth to the children, and need support and protection while they are doing it. For women, biologically and socially, the pressure is toward self-expression through motherhood. Even the most career-minded of women are inclined to suffer from some sense of inadequacy if they don't have at least one child. Further, every woman wants the feeling of security that goes with having exclusive possession of a devoted husband, whether or not she has children. Her economic status and the social level at which she will move depend in large part upon the husband she gets.

The need for security, emotional as well as economic, is very strong in women. It is a basic reason why women want to marry. We don't hear much today about the clinging-vine type of woman. She is supposed to be extinct. Nevertheless, there is some of the clinging vine in every woman, and necessarily so. Because she simply is not so muscular as the male, she tends to compensate by seeking masculine protection.

In addition to physical factors, there are social forces which continually pressure a woman. Women are intuitively and acutely aware of what is expected of them in the world; men are still supposed to be achievers. College girls expressed it well in a study conducted by Dr. Mirra Komarovsky, a sociologist at Barnard College, who has done significant research dealing with roles of women in modern life. One coed said, "When a girl asks me what marks I got last term, I answer, 'Not so good, only one A.' When a boy asks the same question, I say very brightly with a note of surprise, 'Imagine! I got an A!' " Another girl confessed, "I was always fearful lest I say too much in class and answer questions that the boys I dated couldn't answer."

Girls logically conclude that the most acceptable, and therefore the easiest, thing to do is to avoid upsetting nature and *(Continued on page 68)*



To Tim and Eve, watching at the window, there was a chilling ruthlessness in the sight and sound of the measured steps

Sounds in the NIGHT

By JACK FINNEY

It's three in the morning, when most good citizens are asleep, and that clown Timberlake Ryan has to start looking for excitement. He finds it, too—without stirring from his apartment

MOVING very cautiously and in utter silence, Timberlake Ryan slid an arm out from under the covers toward the bed table, wondering if he had left his cigarettes there. His hand found the top of the table and he paused, motionless, listening to Eve's quiet, regular breathing beside him. Then, as he was about to resume his search, Eve spoke.

"You asleep?" she said quietly.

He neither moved nor answered. Slowly, regularly, he inhaled and exhaled several times. Then he sighed and muttered an unintelligible sound; his voice thick, and low in his throat, he said something that sounded like "Cataleeb."

For a moment the bedroom was silent; then, very softly, Eve whispered, "What?"

Timberlake Ryan didn't answer. For two full breaths he lay motionless; then he moaned softly, twisting his head on the pillow. "No," he said distinctly, protestingly. Then, his voice a deep growl, his lips slack, forming the sounds with his tongue only, he repeated, "Cataleeb."

"Tim," Eve whispered. She paused, listening; then, her voice a little worried, she said, "You all right?"

Drawing a deep breath, the sound sighing through his throat, Tim arched his back, his legs stirring restlessly. "I can't," he moaned, and now the sound he had been muttering became intelligible as words: "Can't tell Eve," he muttered. Again he lay silent, his breathing becoming deeper, as though he were drifting back into sound sleep.

"Tim." Her voice was louder now. "What's the matter, Tim?"

He answered immediately, still muttering, his voice was a dead monotone, but the words were clear and distinct. "Can't. Can't tell Eve. Never understand. Should never gotten mixed up with you." He paused, then added, "Eve wonderful wife to me. Never want hurt her. Shouldn't got mixed up with you." Grinning in the darkness, he waited for Eve to respond.

But she did not answer, and as the moments passed, her breathing gradually became deep and regular.

Very carefully, Tim propped himself up on an elbow. Moving slowly and cautiously, he leaned over Eve, listening, his ear close to her lips.

"Big slob," she muttered. "Wish he'd get mixed up somebody else. Get rid of him. Best years my life."

Tim slipped a hand under the light blanket and pinched Eve, suddenly, sharply. "Ow!" she cried, scrambling out of reach, and Tim snapped on his bedside light and lay grinning at her. He was a spare, black-haired man with a lean, tan face. "Just had a terrible nightmare," he said. "A beautiful gorgeous show girl, utterly repulsive to me in every way, was trying—"

"What's the matter?" Eve sat up, tossing her head to distribute her yellow hair over her neck and shoulders. "Can't you sleep, either?" She frowned, rubbing the spot where he'd pinched her. "Damn it, I'll bet you raised a blister."

"Nope; I'm wide awake." He took a pack of cigarettes from the table, handed one to Eve, took one himself, then lighted them both, and lay back.

"It was the coffee; we never learn." Eve sat forward to prop her pillow against the head of the bed, then she glanced at the clock on the bureau, and frowned. Far off, in the East River, a boat whistle growled, deep and mournful, and Eve shivered, hunching her shoulders. "Whenever I hear that sound late at night, I always think it's foggy out—thick, yellow, London fog."

"It's a nice clear night, practically balmy."

"I know, but it *sounds* foggy. Dark, lonely. Mysterious figures skulking in doorways."

They smoked quietly, then, and the street and city outside were utterly silent except for the occasional click of the traffic light five stories below. Perhaps a minute passed, then suddenly, shockingly—from directly under their windows, it seemed—a voice bellowed, astonishingly loud in the still night air. Drawing the words out in a long, hoarse shout, a man cried, "Hey-y-y, Nick!" The deep-throated roar had a vacant, mindless quality, which Tim identified. "A drunk," he said.

Shaking her head in annoyance, Eve said, "See what I mean? Now, what in the world is he yelling about?"

Smiling, Tim shook his head. "You'll never know. It's like all the shouts, screams, shots and explosions you hear late at night in a city. You never find out what caused them or what happened afterward, and if you look out the window there's never anything there. It's part of the mystery, charm and frustration of New York."

Once again, but down the street now, farther away, the hoarse, empty shout sounded: "Hey-y-y, Nick!"

"I'm glad we're in here," Eve said.

"What's the least amount of money"—Tim's dark eyebrows raised in sudden interest—"that you'd take to get dressed and walk down to the river?"

"Right now?"

"Yeah."

"All alone?" Eve frowned.

"Yep."

"A million dollars."

LEANING over the edge of the bed, Tim brought up one of his slippers from the floor. "Oh, come on, now, you'd do it for less than that." Setting his slipper on the table beside him, he tapped ashes into it. "You'd certainly do it for a hundred thousand dollars. One hundred thousand crisp dollar bills. Even wilted bills. Why, the interest, alone—"

"Okay, a hundred thousand, but not a cent less. It's dark and late, and it's foggy, no matter what you say. Honestly, I'd be scared stiff." Leaning across Tim, she tapped ashes into his slipper.

He kissed her shoulder. "Well, you'll never get it; not in today's market. Too many competent people around who'd beat your price. I'd do it for five hundred. Or less. Clear to the Battery. Hopping on one leg. Barefooted."

"You would? Really?"

"Certainly. It'd only take an hour. And it'd buy you a mink stole."

"Fine; get dressed." Eve smiled, inhaling on her cigarette.

"Or we could take a trip; go to the World's Fair, or something."

"Is there a World's Fair on now?"

"No, but there's no five hundred dollars either, so don't let that spoil your plans."

"I'm just as glad. I'd be worried sick till you got home again."

"Why?" Tim turned his head to look questioningly at Eve.

"I don't know; I just would."

He shrugged. "True, the night is filled with a thousand dangers, but for a jujitsu expert—"

"You couldn't even spell it."

"Well, that hardly matters to a former heavyweight champion of the U.S. Nav—"

"You wouldn't be a likely contender in the Sea Scouts."

"Say, what the hell's going *on* here?" Tim sat up suddenly, and his voice was astonished. "Why, all of a sudden, in the middle of the night, am I subjected to this torrent of abuse and slander?"

Eve grinned sardonically, her lower lip outthrust to exhale a jet of cigarette smoke.

TIM threw back the covers and swung his feet to the floor. "Okay. Just for that I'm going to get dressed and make my way to the vilest of New York's water-front dens. Elbowing my way to the bar, I will deliberately order a sloe gin fizz." He turned to look at Eve.

"So?"

With his feet, he found a slipper on the floor and put it on. "I'll also wear pince-nez, and carry a volume of Shelley's poems. Bound in limp leather." Taking his other slipper from the bed table, Tim shook the ashes down into the toe, and leaned forward to put it on. "Tasting my drink critically, I'll draw a snowy handkerchief from a sleeve, touch it gracefully to my lips, open my book, and begin to read." Tim stood up and walked toward the bedroom door.

"Then what?" Eve said interestedly, watching him. "You clean out the joint singlehanded?"

"Of course not. Weeks later my battered body will be washed up on the mud flats of New Jersey, and it'll serve you right." He snapped on the hall light and started out the door. "Come on. You going to lie around in bed all night?"

A few minutes later, her hair quickly combed and gathered up at the back with a narrow ribbon, Eve walked into the living room. All the lamps were lighted, and the room—with the windows shiny-black against the night—had a snug, enclosed, comfortable feeling. The radio was on, tuned pleasantly low to an all-night program of dance music, and Tim sat back in a corner of the davenport, one foot up on the coffee table. He gestured at the table, and Eve saw two freshly mixed highballs side by side. "Happy Guy Fawkes Day," Tim said.

"Tim, what in the world? You've got to *work* tomorrow."

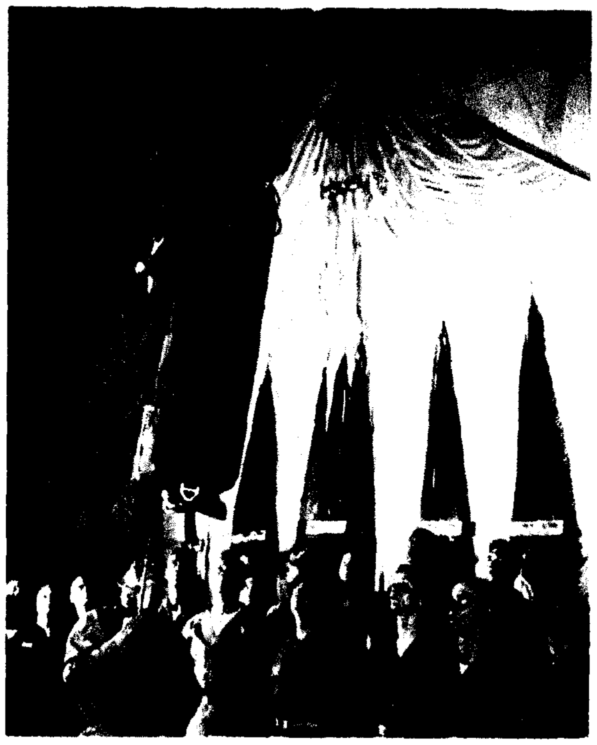
He grinned, leaning forward to pick up his drink. "We can't sleep, so why not make the best of it?" He sat back comfortably, lifting both feet to the coffee table, and ashes sifted down from one slipper onto his bare ankle. He kicked off the slippers. "Matter of fact, I'm thinking of giving up sleep entirely. Life is too short, a few brief years, hardly a moment in the life of a giant redwood tree. So obviously, to waste a third of your brief life in sleep is just rank stupidity."

Eve smiled. "You won't think so in the morning." She sat down on the edge of the davenport, her back straight, her posture a refusal to admit that they would be there for more than a moment.

"Maybe, but meanwhile the night is ours." He saluted her with his glass.

Eve pursed her mouth disapprovingly, but she picked up her drink and sat back. A good orchestra was playing Stardust, slowly and lovingly, with a steady pulsing beat, (*Continued on page* 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



At Fort Benning paratroopers' school, students are shown how to hang in chute with equipment

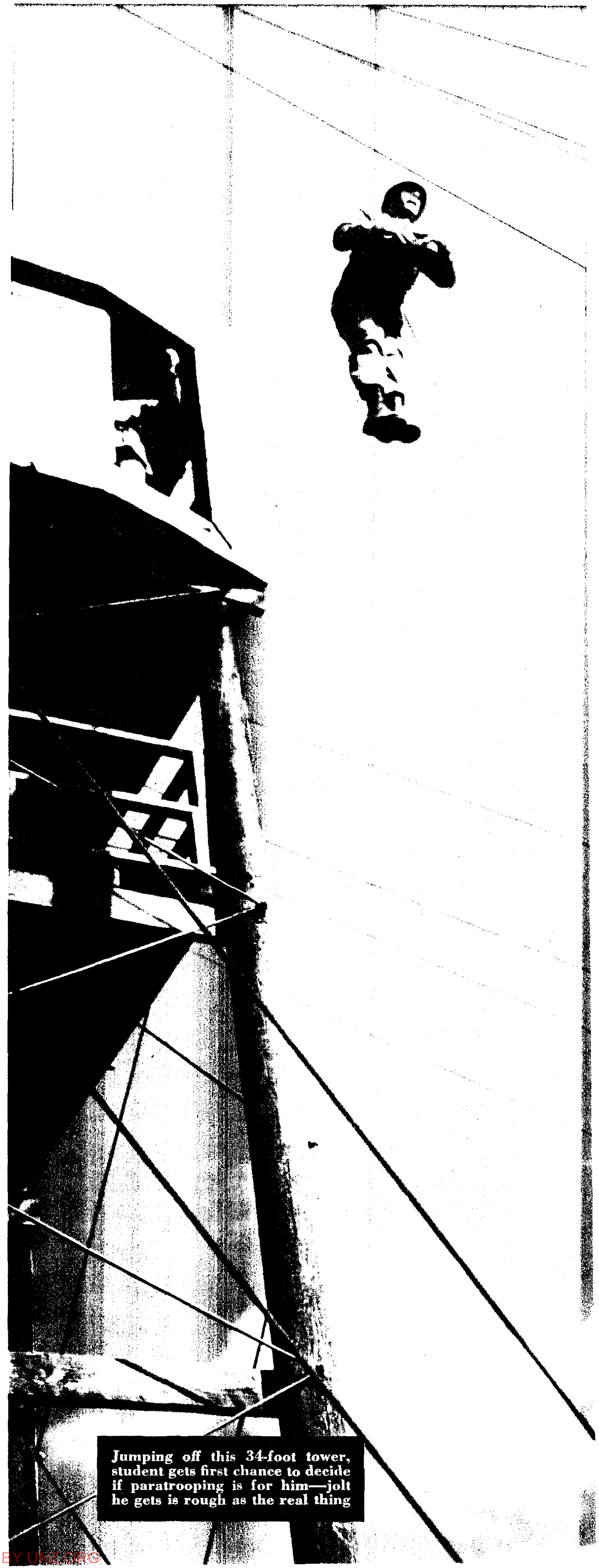
Building That PARATROOP PUNCH

ON JULY 9, 1943, the U.S. Army launched its first large-scale airborne operation. That memorable day, the 82d Airborne Division, commanded by Major General Matthew B. Ridgway, landed in Sicily to prove conclusively that the best method of routing an entrenched enemy is to drop behind him and clout him where he isn't looking. Today, American paratroopers fighting for UN Commander Ridgway in Korea are working wonders in the clout-and-rout line. They learn the business in the Basic Airborne Course of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Here, in three weeks, foot soldiers are convinced that to get from an airplane to an objective, the easiest way is to jump out.

The conviction is built up over a series of step-by-step classes, which start simply with lessons in getting out of aircraft doors, and executing the seven basic jump commands: *get ready, stand up, hook up, check equipment, sound off, stand in the door* and *go*. Next, airborne scholars, by jumping off a four-foot-high platform, learn how to hit the ground without breaking themselves up. They are then hung in stationary harnesses and shown how to pilot parachutes by pulling the strings. After that come three gradually intensified tower jumps: (1) from 34 feet on a chuteless harness; (2) from 250 feet on a cable-controlled parachute; (3) from 250 feet on a prereleased chute which drops the student into free flight. Toughest part of the program is the last step: five jumps from moving planes at various heights and under varying jumping conditions.

Even for the most rugged trainee, the first "live" jump is like a taste of suicide. But you don't get airborne if you have jelly in your spine, and these men never learn how to be frightened. If anything's going to happen, it's going to happen to the enemy—and it's going to come out of the skies—swift, deadly and surprising as a stroke of lightning, delivered by the airborne troops of the U.S.A.

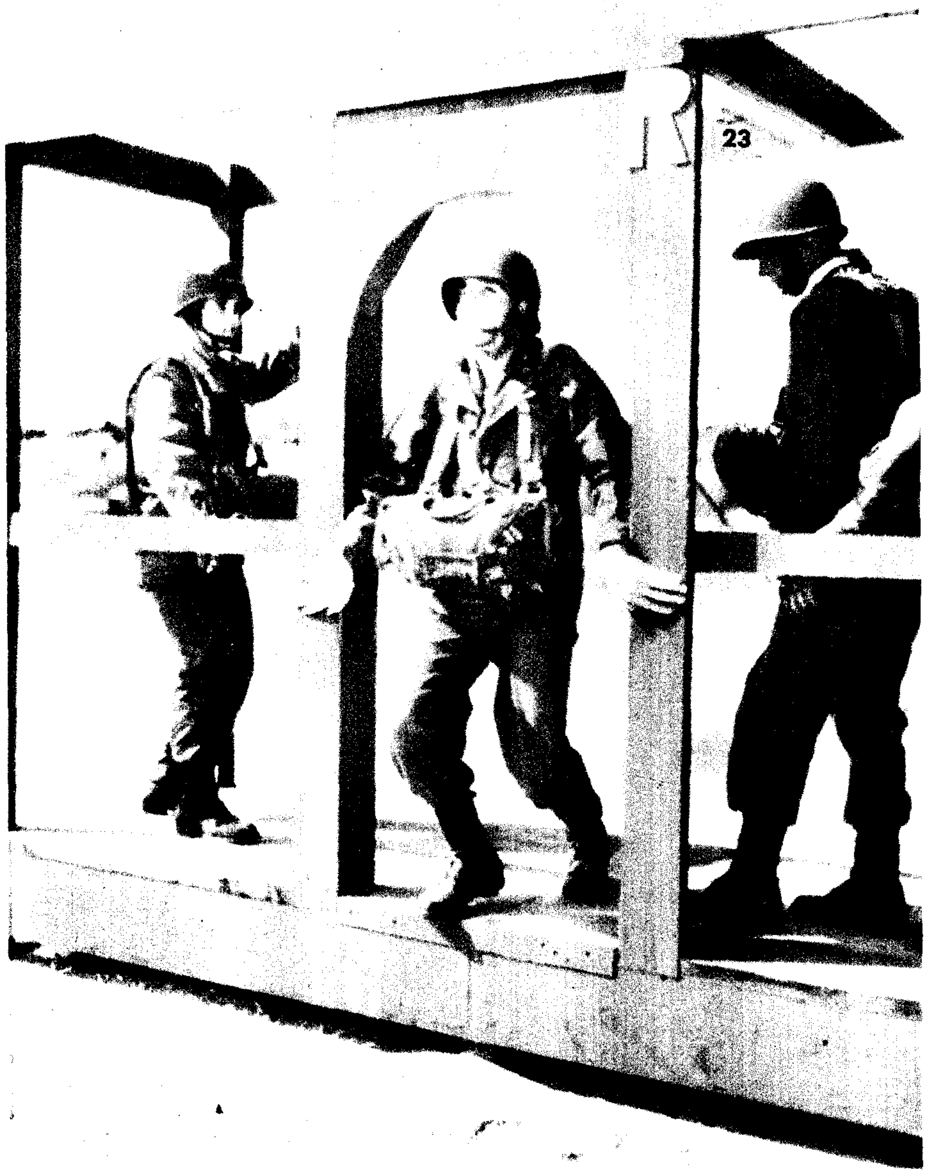
SEY CHASSLER



Jumping off this 34-foot tower, student gets first chance to decide if paratrooping is for him—jolt he gets is rough as the real thing

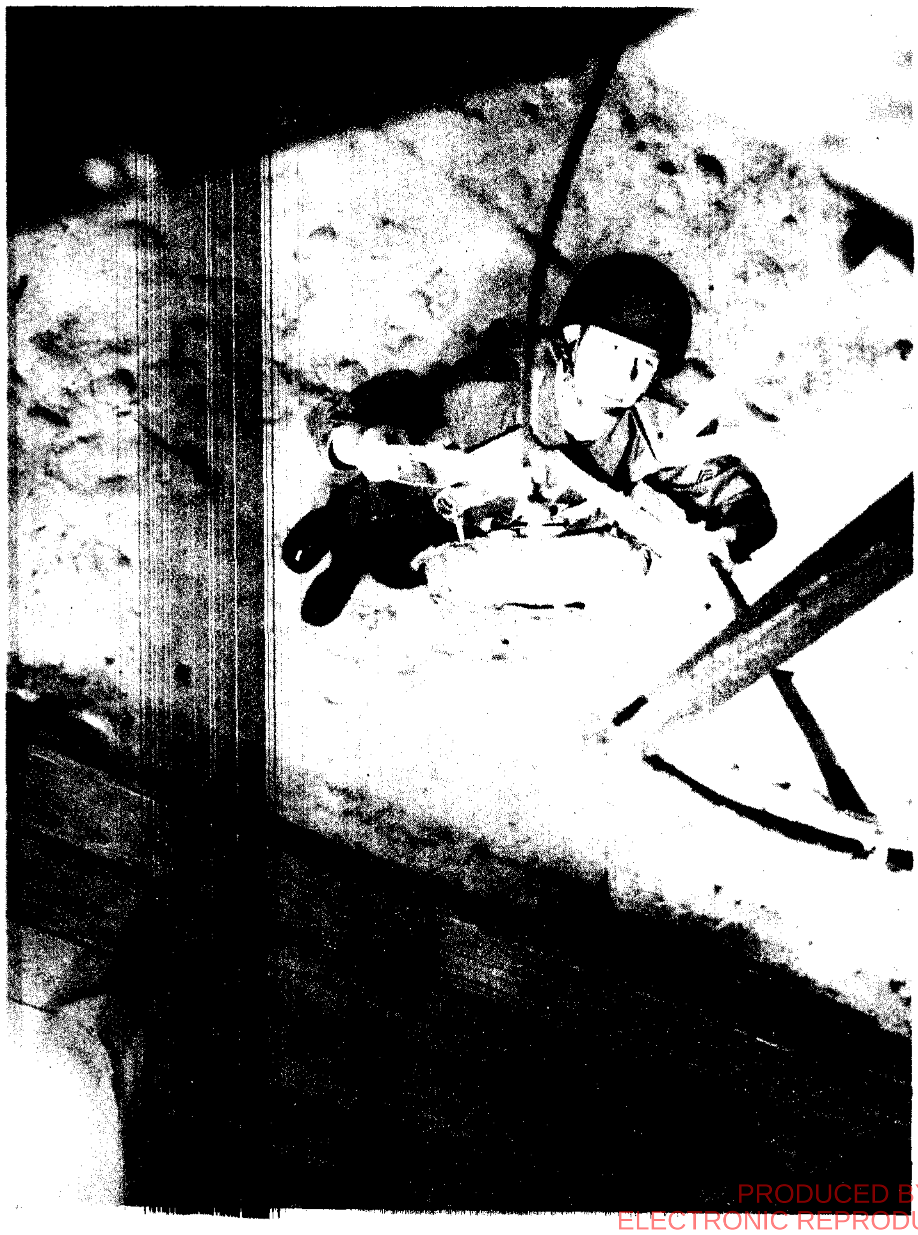
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIERS BY HUGH BRODERICK

Toughness is first prerequisite for paratroopers. Roadwork builds legs: for shoulders and arms the men use spare time doing pull-ups and push-ups

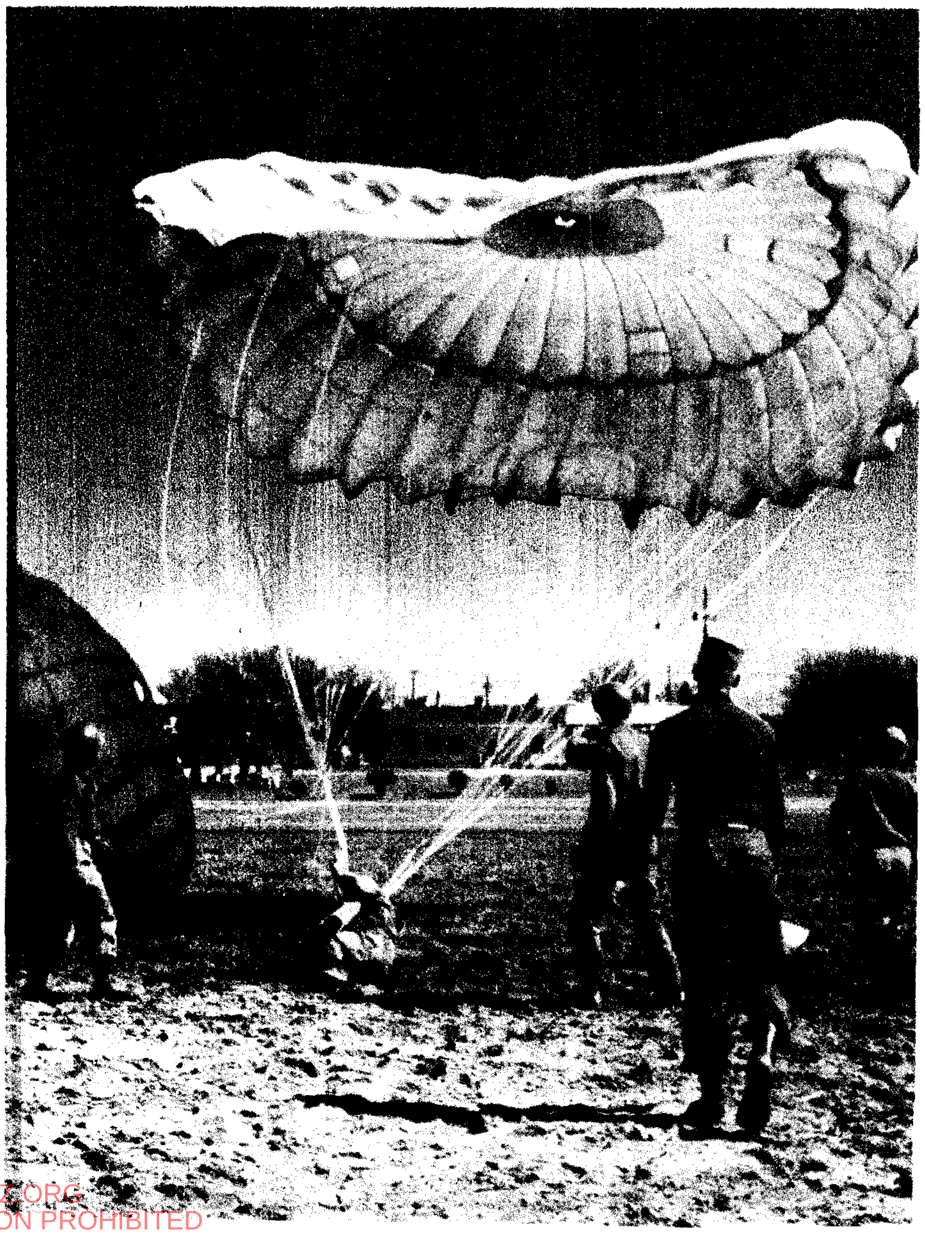


Jump command "Stand in the door" is practiced on dummy plane exit. On "Go!" student pushes with hands, springs out

"Suspended agony" is what trainees call this rig—a stationary harness in which men learn how to control parachutes by manipulating riser strings



Landing is most important part of jump. Here an instructor shows how to collapse chute before it drags him over ground



RECLINING FIGURE

Paul Weldon had something important to tell Blaise—something that might be a clue to Simon's murder. But Weldon didn't get to tell anybody anything. He was much too dead for that

By MARCO PAGE

The Story: When ELLIS BLAISE, a young art dealer, was hired by Los Angeles millionaire LUCAS EDGERTON to sell some paintings from his fabulous collection, he found himself caught in a web of intrigue. A lot of people seemed to be pretty worried about the impending sale: Lucas' son, SIMON, who was suspected of having stolen and sold paintings from the collection; JONAS ASTORG, an unscrupulous art dealer; and KENNETH LURIE, who owned a Los Angeles gallery and was engaged in selling fake "Renoirs" made by a drunken painter named PAUL WELDON.

When Blaise got from MIRIAM WAYNE, Edgerton's secretary, the index cards listing the paintings to be sold, Simon stole them and took them to Astorg and Lurie, who seemed reassured. Astorg, however, was still uneasy. Blaise was told by Edgerton's pretty niece, CASSY, that Simon had once sold a stolen painting to a crooked dealer named HUGH NORDEN. Norden denied being involved in any recent thefts. That night, Simon was murdered.

The next day, LIEUTENANT IVES of the Homicide Bureau started an investigation. The police searched for Norden, but he had disappeared. Edgerton took an inventory of his collection, and found that nine paintings were missing. And Blaise started to snoop around on his own, and went to see MOLLY DANN, a model who posed for Weldon and had been Simon's girl. Molly gave him a "Renoir" drawing, which Simon had given her. She thought Simon had stolen it from his father's collection. But Blaise realized it was a fake, and he showed it to Astorg and Lurie, who evinced considerable interest in buying it. He also showed it at Edgerton's house—to DR. WESLEY CORUM, an art critic; and to VICTOR GRANDI, the custodian of the collection. Blaise told them it was probably a practice drawing for a forgery of a Renoir painting. He intended to turn the sketch over to Lieutenant Ives, but before he could, he was slugged and robbed of it. The man who slugged him was Lurie's chauffeur, SULLY, who later delivered the sketch to Lurie. Astorg, who had been collaborating with Lurie in disposing of paintings he thought were stolen, was beginning to be suspicious of his partner, and was pressing Lurie to buy back a painting he had sold to a collector named Ordmann, and even threatened to tell the police that Lurie had been with Simon on the night of the murder. Blaise suspected that Miriam must have helped Simon, and that the paintings were stolen simply to sidetrack investigation of the forgery. He talked to movie producer ANDREW KULLMAN, who told him Simon had once offered him a Renoir in payment of a debt; Kullman, thinking it had been stolen, had declined it. Blaise told him it was probably a forgery, but ROGER VERNET, a refugee art expert, had authenticated it.

Blaise visited in Kullman's house. Astorg and Lurie were present, and Blaise told them the "Renoir" drawing he had showed them was a forgery. As the party was breaking up, Weldon, reeling drunk, arrived. An argument began, and Lurie knocked him cold, then ordered his chauffeur, Sully, to drive him and the unconscious Weldon home to Weldon's studio.

IV

CONSCIOUSNESS came filtering back to Paul Weldon, bits of detail leaping into focus so that he knew he was on the couch in his studio. His head ached, and his mouth and jaw hurt; and, as he groped for the cause of these assorted throbbings, he saw the grim countenance of Lurie's chauffeur, Sully.

"Hiya, boy," was Sully's friendly greeting.

Weldon sat up, and the pains danced in his head. "Did you beat me up?" he demanded.

Sully looked pained. "Sure, I popped you one or two," he said, "but they were mercy punches. So you'd lay still, and take it easy."

"Thanks," Weldon said bitterly. He swung his feet off the couch and staggered toward the bathroom. He stood in the bedroom doorway for a moment, then dashed inside with a shrill cry of alarm. Stretching luxuriously, Sully followed.

Weldon was on his knees beside the circular night table. The lamp had been removed, and the concealed compartment was open.

"Mr. Lurie took the stuff you had there," Sully said.

Weldon turned, still on his knees. "Why?"

Sully drawled, "He said you wasn't trustworthy."

"I want to see him," Weldon said hotly.

"You'll see him. Believe me, you'll see him."

"He took my money. I don't care about the paints and the other stuff, but he took my money. I want it."

"Just relax," Sully said.

"Get out of the way, Sully."

The chauffeur smiled. "Take it easy. If the boss took your dough, he's probably keepin' it safe, or"—he laughed—"maybe he fined you for disorderly conduct." He didn't even move as Weldon swung at him but blocked the blow carelessly with his forearm. Then, with the clinical detachment of a doctor administering an anesthetic, he struck one blow that jolted Weldon's head back. The painter crumpled.

Sully picked him up, dropped him on the day bed, and fished for a cigarette. By the time he had lighted it and taken a few puffs, Weldon's eyes were open.

"Got the fight out of your system?"

Weldon nodded weakly.

"Good boy," Sully said. "You ain't the fightin' type."

Weldon nodded again. He pulled himself to the side of the bed, sitting up with his feet on the floor.

"Here," Sully said, offering him the cigarette.

As Weldon took the cigarette, it fell from his trembling fingers to the carpet. In his fuzzy state he didn't even seem to realize he'd dropped it.

"For God's sake!" Sully muttered. "You'll have the joint on fire." He dropped to his knees, his head down to look for the cigarette, and then Weldon's right foot lashed out, the heel of his heavy shoe catching Sully on the temple. The chauffeur brought his head up, his expression one of intense pain at such a betrayal, and Weldon kicked him again. Sully toppled over and lay still.

Weldon picked up the cigarette and took a puff he seemed to enjoy immensely. . . .

Given something to go on, Lieutenant Ives was a very efficient and methodical man. The hunt for Hugh Norden had fanned out to the adjoining states, and there wasn't much Ives could do but hope. Norden was alive—he knew that much. Norden was no longer wearing his heavy, prismatic glasses; a flier to neighboring towns had revealed that, under another name, he had been fitted for contact lenses within the year. Ives was able to bring the description up to date and to provide a new picture, but, barring luck and accidents, he had to sit back and wait.

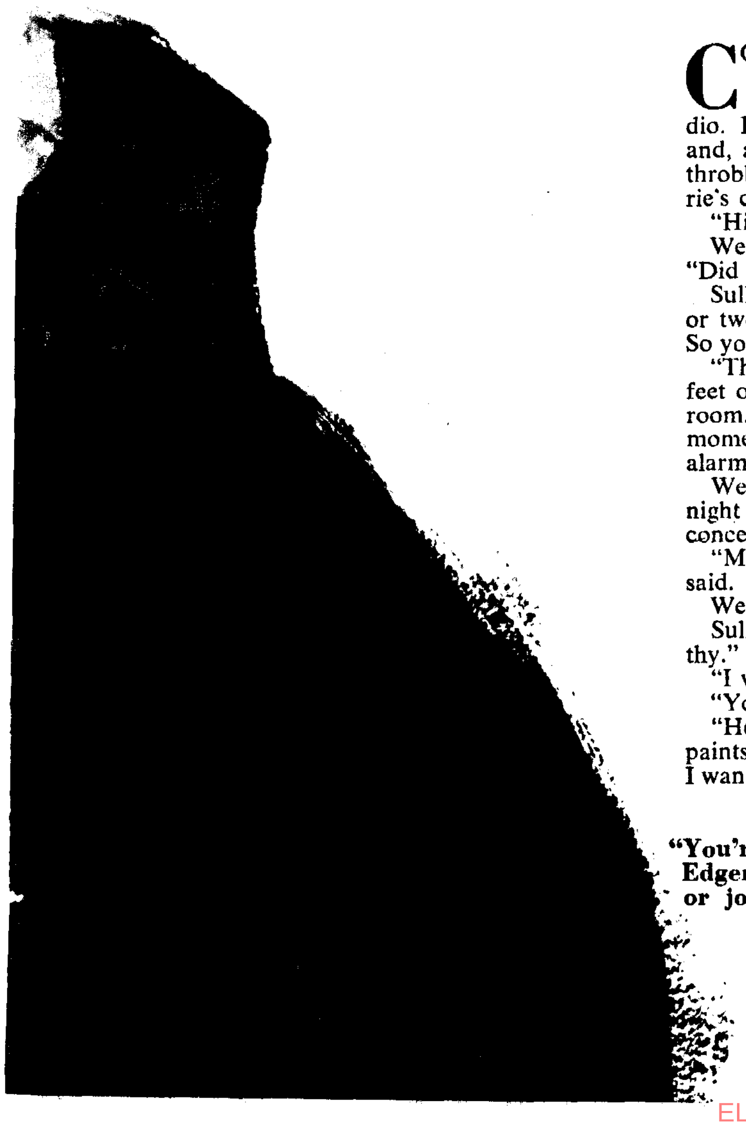
The nine missing paintings were also tangibles. Armed with descriptions of them, Lieutenant Ives was making certain that none had yet changed hands.

His own aide, Sergeant Bonner, was methodically canvassing dealers and collectors in the Los Angeles area. Like every other avenue Ives had traveled in the case, this one was rapidly coming to a dead end.

Bonner's regular call came in, and Ives picked the telephone up apathetically.

"Bonner talking," the sergeant said. "I'm down at Mazurin's. It's a little art gallery on Seventh Street. Mazurin does framing for Paul Weldon. He says he heard the news about Simon Edgerton on one of the all-night radio programs, sometime between four thirty and five in the morning. He telephoned Weldon because he knew Weldon and the Edgerton boy knew each other. Weldon wasn't home. Mazurin says he tried him twice again, up to six in the morning—never got him."

Ives was standing up. *(Continued on page 80)*



"You're wallowing in the taxpayers' money," Edgerton was raging, "sitting in your office or joy-riding on the beach. I want action!"

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

Is This the Man to

JOHN MENDICINO

Governor Walter J. Kohler, Jr.

"McCarthyism" will be a national issue in '52, and the governor's face . . .

OUT in the western Pacific one winter's day early in 1945, a Japanese kamikaze suicide plane exploded suddenly on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier USS Hancock. All lights went out amid screams of pain and general confusion. By the time fire-control crews had the situation in hand, they counted more than 125 men killed and wounded. One horror-struck eyewitness, who had been in the immediate area of the crash but came through without a scratch, was a heavy-browed, square-shouldered, handsome young air intelligence lieutenant named Walter Jodok Kohler, Jr.

The lieutenant stared at the violent death all about him and slowly pondered a big question: "Why are men willing to die for their country in battle and then in peacetime let situations develop which lead to more strife and more carnage?" And the answer that kept running through his head was a resolve: "If I get back safely, I'm going to do something about it!" Five years later, in November, 1950, Walter Kohler began doing something about it by running for and becoming governor of Wisconsin. So far, in his first year in politics, he has parlayed a galloping idealism and purpose into a sizzling record as governor and Midwest philosopher, and his path seems to be leading toward the Senate seat of Joseph R. McCarthy.

All this is a pretty big order for an easygoing man whose wartime pledge would not have been taken seriously even by his best friends, had they heard it. That he should fulfill this self-imposed task and wind up as a widely popular man in Wisconsin in 1951 would have been labeled a preposterous prospect. To them he was just another suave rich man's son who became a millionaire by osmosis. He was born and raised amid the clangor of his family's immensely profitable plumbing-appliances plant at Kohler, Wisconsin, a town named after his family; and with the exception of an Eastern education and a European holiday, his life had been welded methodically to the Kohler Company.

Today, however, they know him as a forty-seven-year-old, confident, independent powerhouse who has displayed surprising energies to become president of another large manufacturing firm, the Vollrath Company of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and to step into his state's top job on his first try in politics.

Certainly the issue of "McCarthyism" is of tremendous national importance. The Wisconsin senator's seat is up for popular vote in 1952. And while Democrats in general gnash their teeth in frustration at the Republican legislator's controversial methods of checking Communist infiltration into government with splatter-shot accusations, Kohler's face keeps cropping up in any crystal-ball projection of McCarthy's future.

"If I got a gentleman like Kohler to oppose McCarthy instead of a wild-eyed guy, it would be a tough campaign," Senator McCarthy told me recently, referring to himself in the third person as he does habitually. "Yes," he said ruefully, "Governor Kohler would be a very good candidate if he runs against McCarthy."

This opinion is shared by many Wisconsin newspapermen.

"As of today, this newcomer Kohler is probably the only man in the state who could beat McCarthy," says William T. Evjue, editor of the anti-McCarthy Madison Capital Times.

Some Wisconsin newsmen claim that at various times McCarthy has thought of Kohler as an innocuous ally, as a political dilettante frightened by the grimy limelight of politics, and as a bored millionaire trying to occupy his time with a little do-goodism. But today, they say, McCarthy is finally growing uncomfortable with the realization that Kohler may be the man to turn him out of his Senate seat.

In discussing a Kohler proposal to meet with Democratic leaders in June, 1951, for an off-the-record talk about McCarthy, the senator said, "As a fellow Republican, I can't understand why he would do such a thing, unless it's because he's just a businessman without any political experience."

In making that comment, the senator evidently overlooked the fact that Wisconsin has an open primary, in which registered Democrats may vote in the Republican primary, and vice versa. And many Democrats are not reticent in expressing the hope that they will have the opportunity of voting for Kohler against McCarthy. Indeed, they will have little other chance of expressing their choice, since Kohler's appeal has all but wrecked the Democratic party in Wisconsin. With nobody of their own to run against McCarthy, Kohler would be their one chance to defeat him. And McCarthy's defeat is their big goal.

It is likely that Kohler would have to make his bid in the primary in mid-September, 1952. Even after the knockdown fight Kohler could be depended upon to make in the Republican state convention in June, most Wisconsin political observers believe that McCarthy could keep control of a majority of the delegates to win the party's endorsement. With it, of course, would go the financial backing of the Republican party; but even that shouldn't be too big a handicap for Kohler. Endorsement by the Republican state convention does not rule other Republican candidates out of the Wisconsin primary. It is desirable to have that endorsement, but a man could win nomination and election without it.

Kohler is a man of quiet, gentle dignity, and his relaxed appearance often deludes opponents. Actually, he is a man of iron will and determination. Some of his associates say the governor's resolve in the matter of McCarthy is already forming. In fact, one of the men in the governor's office revealed that "at one time Kohler believed McCarthy would prove to be either a great American or one of the worst scoundrels in national politics. But he refused to pass judgment on McCarthy before the senator's sensational charges—against many government officials, both big and little, regarding their alleged Communist sympathies or connections—were examined. Today," the aide concluded laconically, "I'd say the governor doesn't think that McCarthy is a great American."

There are strong evidences of Kohler's intentions. Upon his return from a three-week European trip early this fall, he made a frank statement; asked point-blank if he would run for the G.O.P. senatorial nomination, he told reporters, "I have been considering the matter for some time now."

Not long ago he remarked to a friend that his

Beat McCarthy?

By ALFRED STEINBERG

HARRIS & EWING

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy

. . . always crops up in any crystal-ball projection of the senator's future

wife would prefer a house in Georgetown, D.C., to the governor's mansion in Madison. And in a private conversation with the governor, the writer was convinced that Kohler believes it might well be his duty to oppose McCarthy in 1952 to end the distrust in the loyalty of federal administrators engendered by McCarthy's insinuations. This conviction was further strengthened by the outspoken opinions of many political leaders on both sides of the fence, as well as informed newspapermen.

"All that Kohler needs is a kamikaze explosion like the one that set him off when he was aboard the aircraft carrier," says Willard R. Smith, Madison correspondent of the Milwaukee Journal. This almost happened in June, at the last Republican state convention. Two delegates who rose to protest against a resolution praising McCarthy were booed down. When Kohler heard about it, he angrily condemned the action as "disgraceful" and it was then that he invited Wisconsin Democratic leaders to an off-the-record discussion of McCarthyism.

He also issued a public statement which read in part: "Had I been present, I would have taken the floor to insist upon the rights of properly accredited delegates to present their views fully and without interruption." While this was, on the surface, a protest in behalf of free speech, combined with all other factors it can be interpreted as a public hint of Kohler's anti-McCarthyism.

Perhaps Governor Kohler may best be personified as the type who never gets a traffic ticket or cusses out a golf ball. He is a philosophic man who, nevertheless, abides by strict rules of personal conduct. Yet in his first year of public life, he has shot into political prominence by violating almost every rule professional politicians hold dear.

For example, there is his insistence on using the Republican party as a sort of general headquarters for independent voters. It is his idea that the party doesn't have a ghost of a chance unless it caters to the independents who, he says, make up the great mass of Americans. And he is willing to be the Pied Piper of the independents.

"The independent voters are sick and tired of the destructive criticism, Claghornism and tub thumping which has been their lot from the Republican party for the past five Presidential elections," he warned Republican leaders recently. "What the independent voter wants is a detailed, progressive program and some assurance of action for his vote."

Apparently, Kohler knows what he is talking about, in Wisconsin, anyway. Politicos agree he won the governorship in 1950 by concentrating his big guns on the independent voters. First, he insisted that vague generalizations in the Republican platform be rewritten into a hard-fisted document promising, among other things, reapportionment, or revising of the state's legislative districts; stepped-up programs on veterans' housing, free vaccination of dairy cattle, farm-to-market highways, and increased facilities for research and enrollment in the state university; and noninstitutional care for the aged, with licensing and inspection of rest homes. Then he traveled 20,000 miles within Wisconsin to campaign on specific issues.

And after winning the election, he went after the state legislature like a sharp-toothed bulldog, worrying the members to effect his program. From 9 A.M. until about 8 P.M., the long conference table in his office was usually crowded with politicians. First he told them directly what he wanted; then he sat back and listened to their objections while chewing on the ends of his horn-rimmed glasses. Relentlessly, day after day, he insisted firmly and persuasively that they pass the entire Republican platform, plus his personal campaign promises. In the end, they enacted into law every provision of the Republican platform. And of Kohler's own 55 bills, he came away with a whopping total of 47.

This sort of performance finds even Democratic newspapers throughout Wisconsin carrying words of praise for the Republican governor. A complaining Democratic leader summed up matters the other day. "Governor Kohler doesn't leave us anywhere to go," he grumbled.

Only scattered old-guard politicos on the local scene remain unreconciled to what they describe as Kohler's crusading bosh about so-called independent voters. This only amuses the governor, because he recognizes himself as the unlikeliest of crusaders.

Kohler is an urbane man of average size, with a roundish photogenic face, graying hair, blue eyes, an open friendly smile and natural charm. He still acts surprised when strangers recognize him on the streets. His voice is soft, he laughs easily, and his walking pace is habitually almost a trot. When he leads the way, he often loses those following. Someone once described him as looking "like a Yale man 25 years later," which is exactly what he is, having graduated with the class of 1925.

He was once a flying enthusiast and a college wrestler and boxer, but his only form of physical relaxation today is an occasional game of golf, which he seldom shoots under 100. He thrives on a heavy workload. At one point in the crucial weeks of the legislative session, his doctor noted a rise in his blood pressure and ordered him to nap every day following lunch. Kohler, instead, ignored this advice and stepped up his working pace. A month later the doctor again examined Kohler and remarked that his blood pressure was back to normal.

"That nap is doing you good," he told the governor, with an air of satisfaction.

Folks who meet Kohler generally like him. Neither his manner nor his methods reflect a private income that runs into six figures each year. (In addition to his earnings from the Vollrath Company, he still draws more than $80,000 annually in dividends from his Kohler interests, though he no longer is actively connected with the family firm.) His open expression and ready handshake quickly convince people that he is a man of sensitive understanding.

Holder of one of the best-known family names in Wisconsin—his father was also governor from 1929 to 1931—Kohler is neither austere nor even conventional about the way he operates politically. It is hard to say why, as the son of a former stalwart Republican governor, he bears so many telltale marks of the amateur politician. But from the start of his short but amazingly successful public career, he has exhibited *(Continued on page 74)*

A Thin Whisper of Smoke

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON

To Tucker, the Ingermans were a part of the valley, like the chestnut grove or the creek or his father's house. And if they were sent to the poorhouse, something in the valley would die

JUST before they heard the ominous approach of the deputy sheriff's car, Tucker and Teaberry were cleaning out one side of the corncrib and earnestly discussing the color of their souls.

The corncrib stood between the barn and the blacksmith shop, beyond the walnut tree outside the south gate of the big maple-shaded yard. It consisted of two separate slatted cribs with the machinery shed between. One crib was still full, but the other had been gradually emptied of everything except a layer of loose kernels, and Father had told Tucker, who was ten that summer, to take the small scoop and sack them up for chicken feed.

Tucker stood with the filled scoop in his hands, not emptying it into the sack being held open by Teaberry, the nine-year-old daughter of Ginnie, the cook.

"How do you know?" he demanded, looking at her intently.

"Ah jess knows, thass all." She said it with an unyielding conviction.

"All right then," he insisted, "how do you know so big?"

"Ah whitewarshed it."

"Did what?"

"Whitewarshed it."

"You!" he said, emptying the scoop. "You never did any such thing."

She nodded her head four slow times in solemn, emphatic avowal.

Tucker laid down the scoop, gathered up a handful of kernels, and began flipping them thoughtfully between the slats to a mixed flock of chickens and turkeys that were dodging about in a squawking free-for-all in the shadow of the crib.

Teaberry came over with a handful of grain of her own and joined him.

"That's the biggest, whoppin'est lie you ever told!" he said. "Nobody in the whole world ever whitewashed their soul."

"Ah did," she said.

They were touching on a subject very close to Tucker's heart. Before he was born, his brother Noel had died and his soul had gone to heaven to join Grandfather McCantland, who had been a general in the Confederate army. Often Tucker wondered about the size, shape and color of souls. He had once thought that soul-color was determined by the color of the skin: a white person had a white soul, an Indian a red one, Teaberry a chocolate-hued one, and so forth. He had consulted his elders but had found only disagreement. He had finally worked out a theory of his own that all souls were a sort of uniform gray, like the mist that rose from the river after a night of rain and before the sun had come out again.

"How?" he asked.

"Mama say Ah'm nine years old now an' when Preacher come this fall she goina git me baptized an' Ah'm goina be white on Jedgment Day."

"Well, then what?"

"That night Ah seen mah soul hangin' on the wall. Ah runs out to the dairy an' grabs the whitewarsh bresh and runs back an' whitewarshes it—"

"The long-handle or the short-handle?"

"Never had no handle. Was shape like a pear."

An old sow came charging out of the barnyard and chased the fowls away and then grunted around in perplexity because she could find nothing for her greedy jaws. She crawled under the crib and fell over, still grunting; the fowls started cautiously reassembling in the flare of sunshine.

"I mean did you have to use the long-handle brush to reach it?"

"Long-handle, Ah guess."

"You *guess?* Whatta you mean—you *guess?* Do you know or don't you?"

"Never really run out there—"

"Well, you just got through sayin' you did."

"Never really had to go nowhurs. Jess laid there an' seen it happen an' it turn white an' come an' crawl back inside me an' say: 'Go sleep. You's saved.' "

Tucker was impressed. He had experienced things just like that. He often put himself to sleep by listening to sad and beautiful music that came from somewhere within himself and was plainer than the song of the whippoorwill. And frequently as he lay listening he saw somebody like Stonewall Jackson or Grandfather McCantland riding along in dark space and he himself, in a manner, got up out of bed and up out of himself, and did all kinds of wonderful things in the Civil War.

Just then both Tucker and Teaberry heard the car go into low gear to take the hill coming up above the Hacking. Both looked out the same crack in the corncrib and watched as the car stopped at the meadow gate and Charlie Palmer, the deputy sheriff from Craig's Ford, got out and opened the gate. And through Tucker there flashed an immediate and trembling alarm.

He had a deep and abiding love for this valley in which he had been born. From the chestnut orchard on the high hill he could see the substantial white bulk of his home, the huge red barn, the broad fields with the creek winding down between them, the young corn, the ripening wheat, the alfalfa and white clover. He could see the cattle lying in the shade under the locust trees beyond the house, and, standing about the barn ramp, half a dozen valuable horses and colts. As far as he could see in both directions, from mountaintop to mountaintop, most of what he saw was Father's land, and the sight and knowledge gave him a strong, surging feeling, for which he had no words.

TEABERRY had the fixed impression that they were going to hear Charlie Palmer's gun go off. Tucker knew better than that; in a vague way he understood how deep the roots of the episode extended into the very core of the valley, into the soil and hillsides and the right of people to a way of life —*any* way of life. By then he was crawling along under the tall peonies beyond the lilac bushes in the front yard, Teaberry crawling at his heels. Inching through the peony-shade in the direction of the front gate, he imagined he did have a glimpse of the bone-handled butt of the revolver sticking out of a holster strapped to Charlie Palmer's right leg but then he realized he had seen nothing more than the buckle of Charlie Palmer's four-inch belt because the gun was lying on the front seat of the car.

Crawling on his hands and knees, already breathing with a little difficulty, Tucker saw Charlie Palmer as a man and symbol of authority, identifying him with such intruders as the summer campers from Colonial Springs, whom he did not like. Father said the city people were trying to buy up half the land along the river for their lodges and that one of these days the valley would look like Main Street. Father would not sell them a foot of land and Tucker did not like to see them walking across a field, or doing what Father called fishing the river dry, or even going along the road. They did not seem to understand that the valley was not only a place but a private and personal world. In the deepest part of his heart, he believed that the valley and all things within it had *always been.* Each house and cabin, each rock and blade of grass was exactly where it belonged. And the disturbance of anything in the valley was a kind of death.

Father was standing inside the yard, with one hand resting on top of the square gatepost. His canvas hat was shoved back and his face was flushed far beyond a normal flush from the day's heat. Charlie Palmer was leaning across the fence, his blue shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and once he hunched over and spat with clean, quick circumspection, as if he were trying to conceal the fact that he chewed tobacco.

AT FIRST Tucker could not hear what was being said at the gate, on account of Teaberry. She was crawling along behind him, holding onto his left ankle and switching his leg with milkweed, and whispering, "Yawl git up outa here an' stop chawin' on them pe-o-ny leaves like a goat. You want that depty shurf to take yawl into that jail like he goin' to do them Ingermans?"

She imagined she was his guardian now, a role she acted almost habitually because each Sunday morning Father jokingly left under his breakfast plate seven pennies as her salary.

"It's a damned outrage," Father was saying. "My father deeded old man Ingerman that acre over there fifty years ago. The old man cut him four cords of white oak."

"Can't hep it, Craig," Charlie Palmer said in his fast, rattling speech that rarely seemed to address anyone directly. "You know they been warned. They ain't paid taxes sence Noah's flood and one of 'em's been beggin'—"

"I'm trying to get those taxes straightened out," Father said.

Charlie Palmer laid his left forearm along the tips of the fence spikes, not putting any weight on it because once he had shot himself through the palm with his own gun and the hand had healed rigid and he favored it. "Can't hep it," he said. "Got to do my job. Got the court papers right there on the front seat."

"What kinda papers he got?" Teaberry said. "Funny papers?"

They were the only kind of papers she knew anything about; she knew of those because Tucker read the comic strips in the Colonial Springs News-Leader to her each day. Tucker himself did not know what kind of papers were on the seat of the car. If they were papers that had writing on them, it would do Charlie Palmer no good to take them across the river and show them to the Ingermans—the four grown brothers and sisters—because none of them could read a word. But he knew in his heart they were not funny papers.

"Who swore out the complaints?" Father asked.

"Can't say about that, Craig," Charlie Palmer rattled into the air. "Understand some of the campers took it up. They jest mailed the papers out to me to serve."

"Some slick lawyer in (*Continued on page* 40)

There was no answer and there was no sound after the knock died away except a crow cawing in the field. "They better git on outa there," Teaberry said. "He goina shoot sure"

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Adventures of a Young Doctor, No. IV

Wuddy Houseboat Tam

By A. J. CRONIN

In this chapter from his forthcoming autobiography, Dr. Cronin tells of a widow with a stern, proud spirit, who was competent in business and determined in love

WHEN the autumn run of salmon came into the loch, my fisherman's pulse beat faster. Dr. Cameron well knew my ruling passion and in this season gave me many an afternoon off—from kindness of heart, no doubt, yet perhaps also because he was very partial to a slice of boiled grilse.

It was on one of these excursions that I made the acquaintance of a strange character known on the lochside as Houseboat Tam, and thereafter I seldom went fishing without calling on him. If I failed to do so, then Tam, like as not, would call on me, swimming up silently behind my dinghy and bursting triumphantly into view with a loud laugh or a friendly halloo. He would stay for a moment, treading water, smiling, exchanging a word or two of news; then down would go his wet, black head, and he would glide away, striking through the water like a seal to where his old houseboat lay moored in Sandy Bay. It was here that Tam Douglas lived his solitary life, though to call Tam's houseboat a home was flattery of the first degree.

In her early days, the boat had been a coal scow, plying between Levenford and Overton on the Forth and Clyde Canal. With the finish of the barge trade, she had lain for years in the mud of the estuary. In the course of time, a ramshackle superstructure had been added to her hull, and, with a lick of paint on her sodden timbers, she was tugged up to the loch in the hope that she might be sold for a fishing bothy.

But no one wanted the old tub. Sun-blistered, rain-battered, she lay deserted, forgotten, and alone in the cove named Sandy Bay. She harmonized with her background; she had the look of a strange, unwanted creature that has found safe anchorage at last.

It was then that she was taken by Tom Douglas—that was Tam's proper name. Some said Tom had got her for a pound, others for a wager he would swim across the loch—for even then Tom was a marvelous swimmer—yet it was equally probable that Tom had simply boarded the old hulk and made her his own. Nobody cared very much, and it was all so long ago no one had a note of it. The fact is that Tom was not an institution in those days. He was just a young fellow come to the loch to recover from a serious, and, indeed, a most mysterious illness.

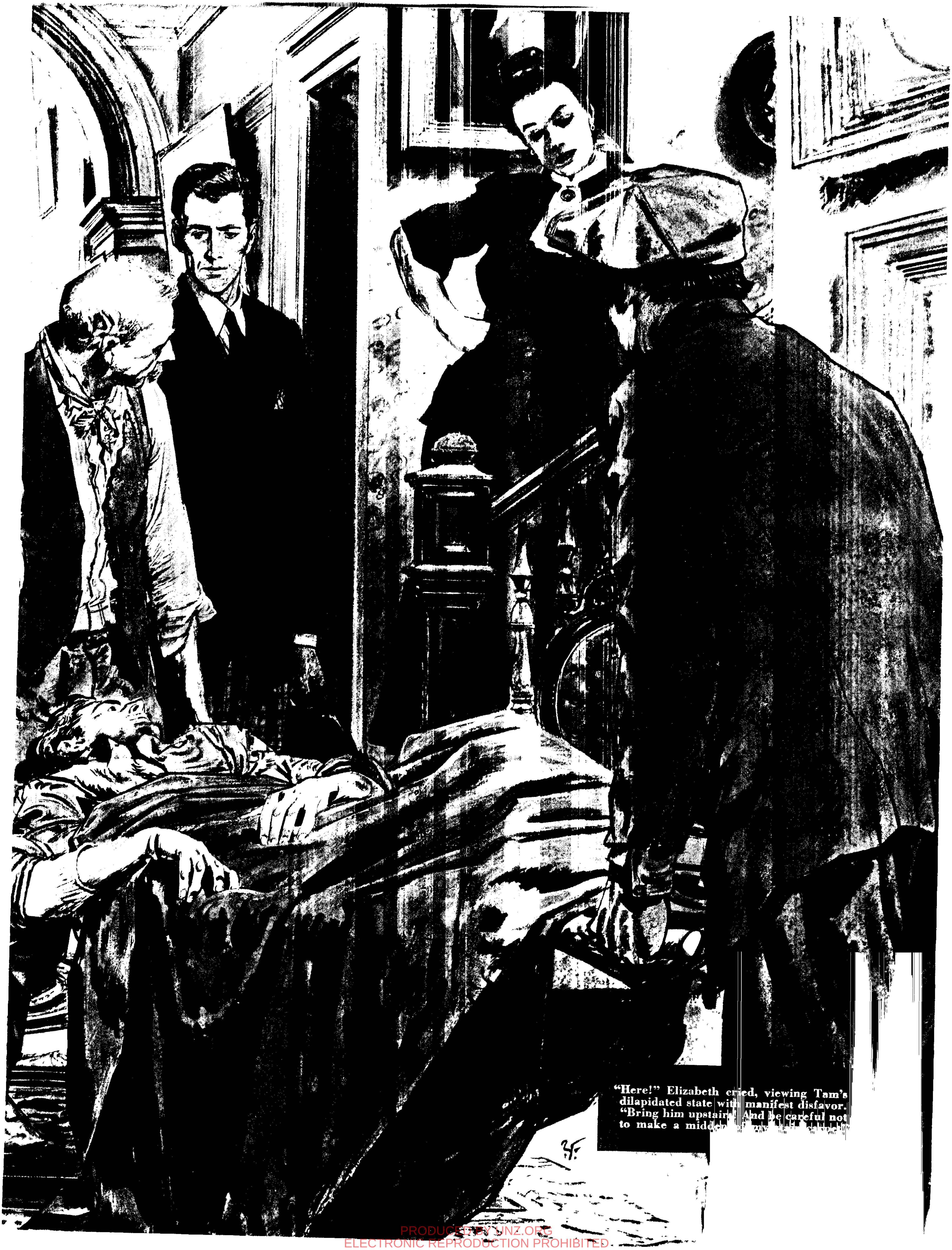
A student, was he? No one knew. And what had been the matter with him? Brain fever, some declared, contracted through overstudy for a bursary examination. But the knowing ones implied that Tom must have been "that way" from his birth. For, to speak plainly, Tom was a little queer; simple, you understand. He was quiet and friendly; not a soul had one word against him. He was just fey, or, as they say in these parts, plain wuddy. You might come on him, for instance, standing all by himself under a rowan tree, not gathering the rowans for jelly, like an ordinary body, but talking to the tree. Talking to the tree, no less! Or again, about the gloaming, you might find him on the loch shore, listening to the lapping of the waves upon the shingle, and smiling to himself as though he found it oddly beautiful. As if a man had never heard the sound of waves before!

He came from a place in Fife, near Kirkcaldy. But he had no folks that anyone heard tell of.

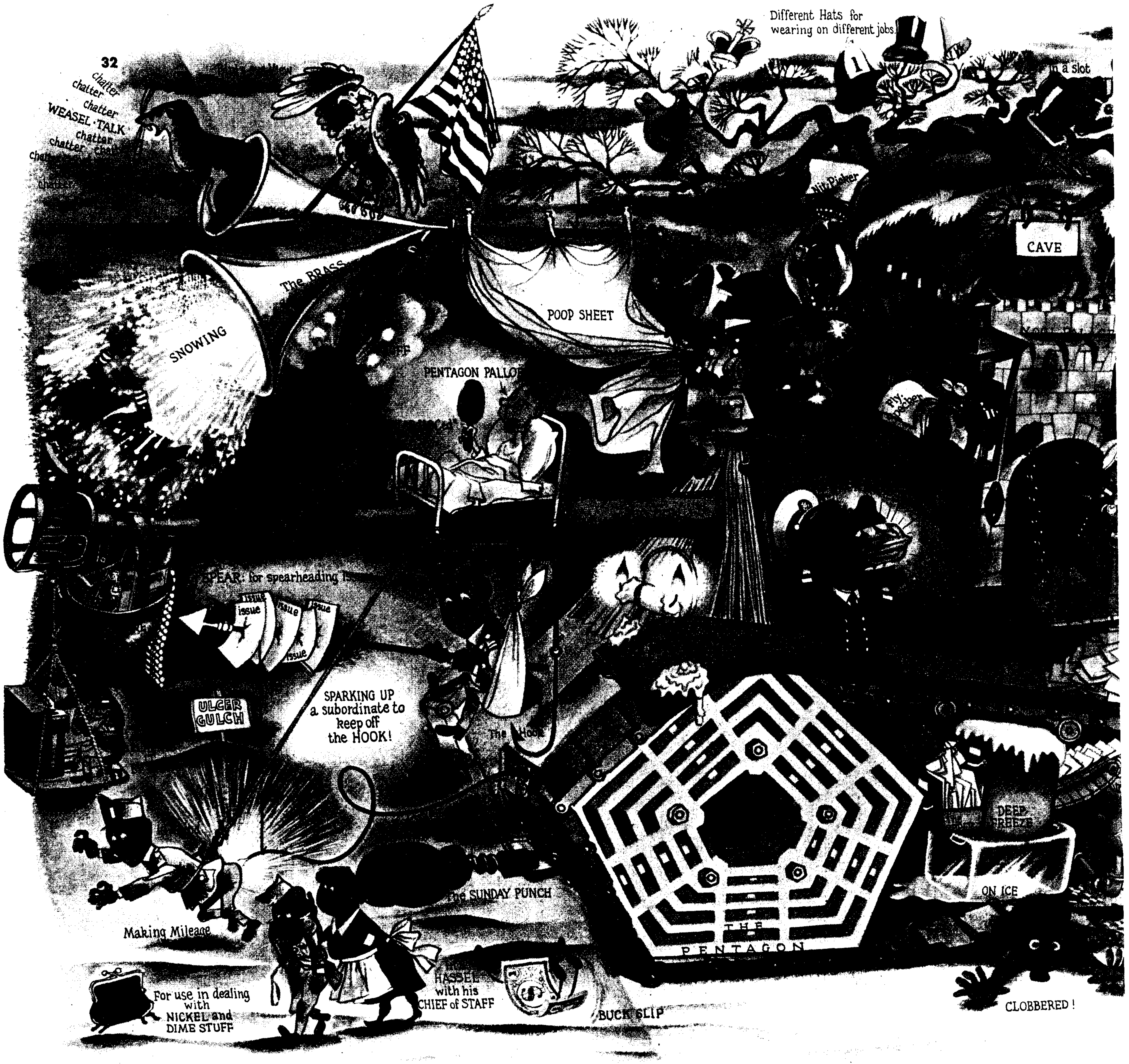
"I'm just by myself," Tom would answer, smiling, when pressed on the subject.

He brought little money with him *(Continued on page 45)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



"Here!" Elizabeth cried, viewing Tam's dilapidated state with manifest disfavor. "Bring him upstairs! And be careful not to make a midden [illegible]


chatter
chatter
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WEASEL·TALK
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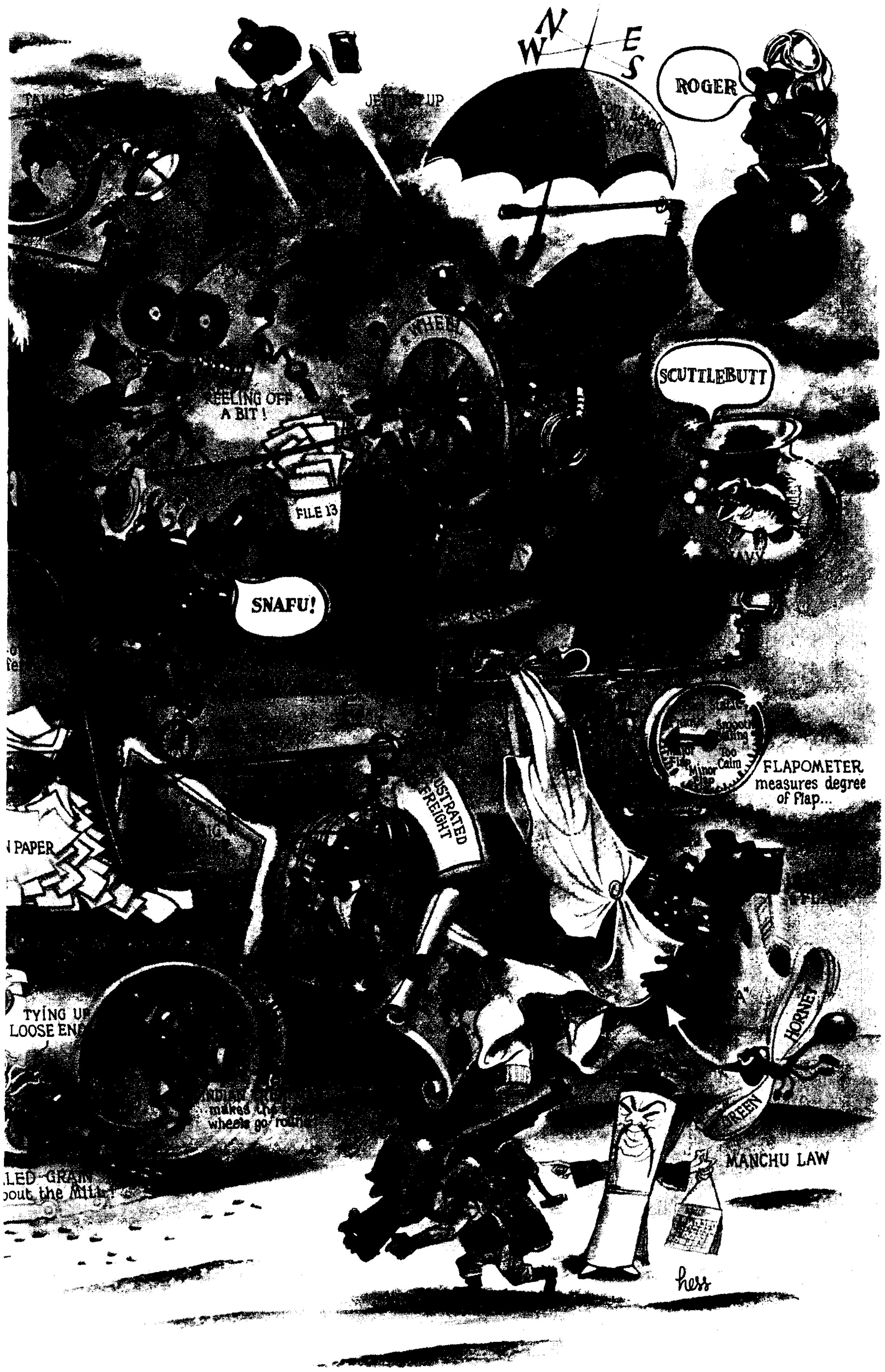
The BRASS
SNOWING
POOP SHEET
PENTAGON PALLO
Different Hats for
wearing on different jobs
in a slot
Nit Picker
CAVE
Fly Specker
SPEAR: for spearheading
issue
issue
issue
issue
ULCER GULCH
SPARKING UP a subordinate to keep off the HOOK!
The Hook
Making Mileage
The SUNDAY PUNCH
HASSEL with his CHIEF of STAFF
For use in dealing with NICKEL and DIME STUFF
BUCK SLIP
THE PENTAGON
DEEP FREEZE
ON ICE
CLOBBERED!

PENTAGONESE

Our desk officers talk a language of their own that is terse and vivid, but Greek to all others. A *clobbered Indian* is a lieutenant who has been bawled out for making a mistake

By Lt. Col. PENDLETON HOGAN



THE Indian landed in a flap in Target A, got a green hornet, beat it to the ten-o'clock conference room and then returned to his cave, observing that this thing had all the earmarks of a can of worms. He telephoned his chief of staff, told her to hit the formation alone, and at once got cracking. Jetting up the Indian treatment was, of course, another step toward rug rank, but just now he was in too much of a bind to think of that; if it went on for days, and it could, he would end up completely ad hoc-ed out.

Translated into English, this Pentagon slang means that late in the afternoon a young staff officer, or *Indian,* was summoned into his chief's office, where he found a number of high-ranking officers, including at least one general officer or admiral, in a state of great excitement over a specific military problem. Such a situation is a *flap.* They were in the Pentagon—for which *Target A* is only one sardonic term. The Indian was immediately handed a terrifically hot case, or *green hornet,* with a deadline so close that he undoubtedly would have to work half the night to come up with the facts and a proposed solution.

On the way back to his own windowless (though air-conditioned and indirectly lighted) office in an inside ring of either the first, second or fifth floors—which makes it a *cave*—he stopped in the nearest snack bar, called, for obvious reasons, the *ten-o'clock conference room,* for a cup of coffee. What bothered him most was the fact that the problem appeared to be not entirely new, but rather to have been passed from office to office over a period of time without having been solved. If this was true, he had a *can of worms,* and no mistake about it.

Telephoning his wife—every officer's wife is his *chief of staff*—he told her to go without him to the party, or *formation,* being given that night by service friends of theirs. Then he instantly got down to work—an English word that means *get cracking* in Pentagonese. If he did a superior job on this, giving it tireless application in the briefest time possible, he would be *jetting up,* and he would have climbed one more small rung on the ladder of promotion. This would take him, eventually, to *rug rank,* a position so lofty that he would rate a rug on the floor of his office.

He would then be either a general or a flag officer, or at least an old-line colonel or Navy captain. Of course, he would no longer be an Indian but, instead, a chief to whom a crop of new Indians reported, and if he wanted, he could cause flaps.

However, he did not have a single moment now to dwell on these remote, although pleasing possibilities; at eight thirty tomorrow morning he had to report on the progress he had made. He knew that this *bind,* or state of tension, might last for days. And, if it did, he further knew that there could, and undoubtedly would, be a long series of meetings of an *ad hoc* committee—one *laid on,* or formed, especially to consider this problem—and that he would have to attend them all. As a result, he would end up both physically and mentally exhausted. He would be all *ad hoc-ed out,* hoc being pronounced "hock."

The great virtue of Pentagonese is the facility it provides in conveying meanings briefly. This rich, new satellite vocabulary differs from any other language in the world in that it has come into being in a single building. It augments the American language tersely and colorfully, by giving commonplace words a new twist to achieve a new meaning.

Almost Anything May Be a "Flap"

Consider the word *flap.* No one knows how it got into Pentagonese, but it is the new tongue's most commonplace word today. Both noun and verb, a flap may be so serious as to involve the highest levels of command. It may be caused by something vital or something trivial: the misunderstanding of a simple inquiry from the brass for information, a letter from a congressman, the necessity to test the feasibility of an idea the Joint Chiefs of Staff are considering, the urgent need for certain supplies at a certain time in a certain place in the vast U.S. military network, throughout the world.

But always time is of prime essence in a flap; there is scarcely ever enough of it in which to work out the answer, and once the answer is obtained and the job done, all the excitement, the long hours, the false starts, the nervous apprehension, the endless telephone calls are forgotten. The thing dies down as suddenly as it arose, as everyone really knew all along it would. There are flaps and there are *major flaps* or *superflaps.* To be tied up in a flap is to be *flap-bound* or *flapping.*

A perfect example of a major flap was what took place in the Army Ordnance Corps in the summer of 1950, when the UN forces in Korea sent out an S O S for larger bazookas. Within three weeks, the 3.5-inch bazooka had been torn from the Ordnance drawing boards, manufactured in certain quantities, crated, shipped by air to the Far East, unloaded, moved to the combat area together with its ammunition, and was being fired in battle. (One of the amazing facts of the war in Korea is that the first seven rounds from the 3.5 knocked out seven enemy tanks. It was, clearly, a flap that paid off.)

A Pentagon Indian may rate the seriousness of a flap by a *flap indicator*—an unofficial pasteboard gadget with a revolving arrow hand—on his desk. This little meter can be set to register any one of seven degrees, which makes it virtually infallible, ranging as follows: static, smooth sailing, too calm, minor flap, super-flap, frantic—and chaos.

Below a real flap in both size and importance is a *minor flap,* or *flip.* A word not as commonly used, a flip involves no general or flag officer, and may not have the same urgency. Actually, flips may occur in the solving of a flap, but they are nearly always resolved on the Indian level.

A *blitz,* on the contrary (the word is a hang-over from World War II), is virtually the same as a major flap. It springs *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

Carl Goldsmith, chief property man, holds a music rack for Malcolm Holmes, band conductor since '42

Bandsmen relax in Paine Music Building. Reading paper is Frank Hopkins, trombonist and manager

COOPERATIVE SOCIETY

The band marches through Harvard Square, en route to the stadium—at a smart 140 steps a minute

HARVARD FIELDS ITS BEST TEAM

(Between Halves)

One hundred fifty strong, the crisply marching band puts on a show that makes the alumni forget the sad record of their football team

By HERBERT WARREN WIND

ON THE morning of the encounter with Princeton's bruising, two-platoon-deep football team at Princeton, New Jersey, last November, the Crimson, Harvard's undergraduate daily, faced the impending debacle with high courage and humor. "Two powerful elevens will take the field in Palmer Stadium this afternoon," the Crimson declared. "In a few minutes they will be joined by Harvard's football players."

In its casual acceptance of harsh reality, the Crimson spoke for all Harvard undergraduates and alumni who have had the stamina in recent years to follow the college's consistently futile football teams. For over the past two seasons, Harvard has had one of the poorest records of any major university in the land, winning only two out of 17 games; and this season the Harvard team has not fared much better. Autumn Saturdays would have been, and would still be, scarcely tolerable for Harvard rooters were it not for the Harvard Band.

Hailed for two decades as the best college band in the East, if not in the entire country, the Harvard Band has grown steadily more formidable. As a result, a curious transfer of emotions has taken place among Harvard men. Frustrated by football teams which give them so few chances to cheer, they have come to look upon the band as the symbol of their superiority.

The transformation that comes over Harvard rooters at half time has to be experienced to be believed. At the sight of bandsmen taking up their marching block formation behind one of the goal posts, the haggard haze of apology seems to lift from the Harvard stands.

The visiting band (which always parades first at Harvard Stadium) is greeted with the cordiality that the man who holds the ace can afford to show the player with the king. And then, at the first roll of the drums of their own band, the Harvard stands rise as one man, and the shout that goes up is not "Harvard" at all. It is strictly Siwash, a frenzied Niagara of affection and pride. "In our season of drought, they came to our rescue like Horatius at the bridge," an emotional alumnus confessed recently. When a Harvard man mixes his metaphors like that, it is proof he is genuinely moved.

Although the band, 150 strong this year, marches crisply (140 steps to the minute), it is not celebrated for its razzle-dazzle military maneuvers—the hallmark of the famous Michigan and Ohio State outfits. Its reputation has been built, rather, on its unrivaled musicianship and the quality of its arrangements, plus the inventiveness of its "visual formations" and a knack of rising to the occasion that is absolutely uncanny.

In 1949, for example, the Dartmouth band, first on the field at half time, cut loose with an ambitious drill forming a beer stein, the contents of which diminished to the strains of appropriate music. The Harvard Band set out immediately to top them, and created a champagne bottle which tipped and filled a thin-stemmed glass. A bandsman dressed up to represent the Dartmouth Indian then drank from the glass, and other musicians sprinted from its rim to form bubbles which exploded in thin air, and were instantly replaced by the word HIC—this to the accompaniment of How Dry I Am and Show Me the Way to Go Home.

For its share in the liquid afternoon, the Harvard Band received a letter of protest from the W.C.T.U. and a mild reprimand from the associate dean of Harvard College, who felt that the Indian should not have reeled so emphatically.

When Army trampled over Harvard 49-0 last year, the opposition was treated to "Substitutions Unlimited," a brilliant parody on the two-team platoon system employed by Army and other powerhouses. While an announcer described the movements over the public-address system, the band split up into two teams, the A team performing on the field, while the B half remained silently behind on the bench.

The Harvard "coach"—Malcolm H. (Mal) Holmes, a member of the class of '28 who has been the band's conductor since 1942—first sent in a few substitute clarinets and flutes, then relieved the tired trumpet section with fresh replacements who had been warming up on the side lines. Several measures later, the A team trotted off the field, and the B, or defensive, team went in en masse, heavily muscled with tubas.

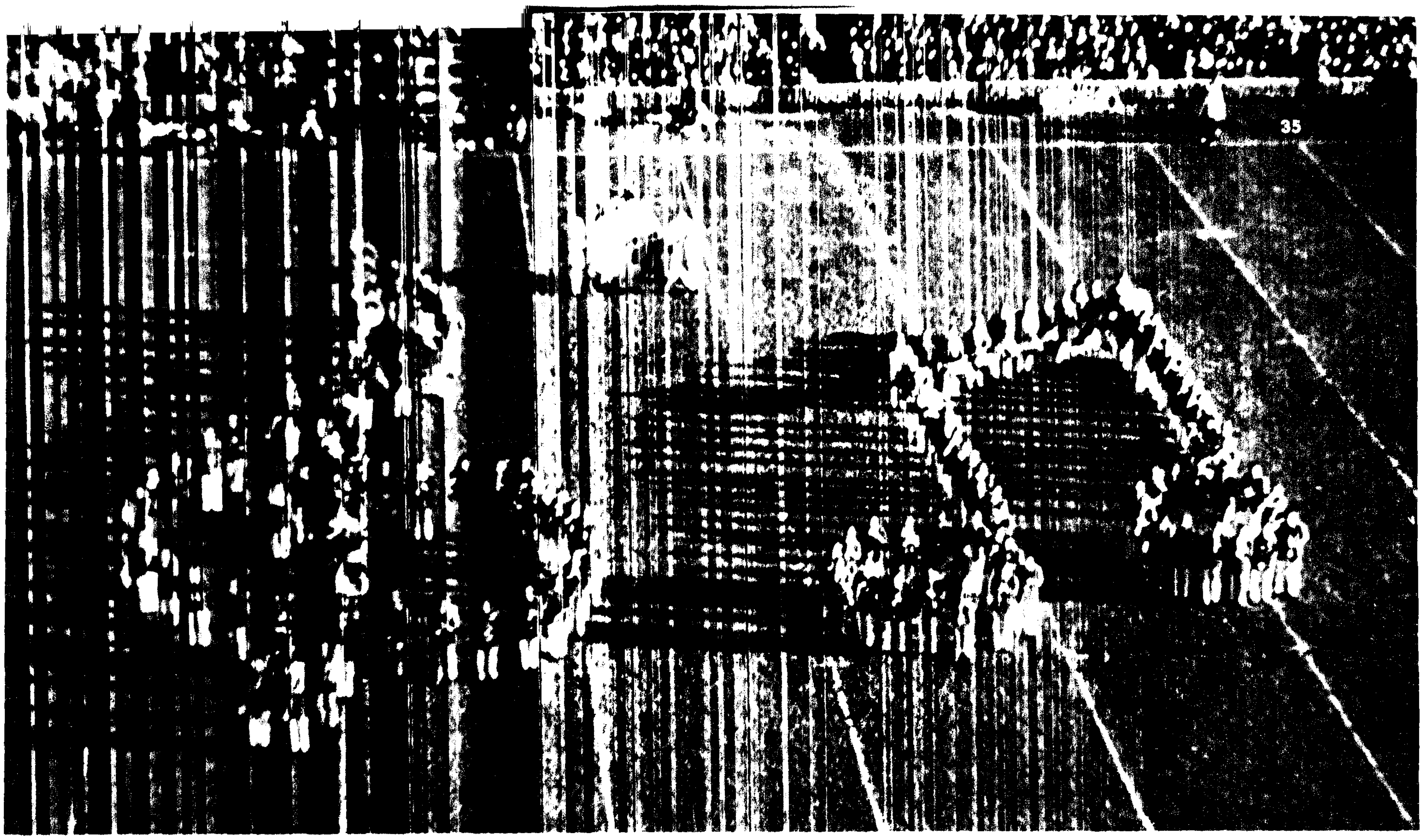
High point of the satire came when eight bandsmen raced onto the gridiron and, arranging themselves across the 50-yard stripe, removed their white gloves with great aplomb. Like all big-time teams with specialists who enter a game for one specific play only, the Harvard Band, the announcer explained, had *its* specialists. "Not one of these men can play more than two notes and some of them can play only one, but they are the best performers in the country on their particular notes." With each specialist sticking to his note, the octet collaborated on a brief melody. Then the entire band came on the field and wrapped up the drill in a wild "musical scrimmage."

For this year's game with Columbia the boys cooked up a particularly involved maneuver in the form of a bottle of ink from which they filled a fountain pen. The ink in the bottle diminished as bandsmen raced from its mouth up the center of the pen. When the pen was full, it drew away and musicians sprinting from its point wrote the word LION, symbolizing Columbia, in an elegant script.

The basic idea for "Substitutions Unlimited" sprang from the fertile brain of conductor Mal Holmes. Originally from Brockton, Massachusetts, and now the dean of the New England Conservatory of Music, Holmes was active in musical circles as a Harvard undergraduate, but did not join the band until he was in Business School, and then as an emergency bass drummer. Bandsmen describe Holmes as "an inspiring American success story—a man who rose from second All-America bass drummer to leader of the Harvard Band."

Suggestions for the half-time shows are generally obtained from all the *(Continued on page 54)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN



JAMES K. F ORD

The Harvard Band is famed both for its fine musicianship and ingenious formations. Alumni look forward each week to "visuals" like this

Cambridge fireman Paul Touchette blows trumpet for Tom Sweeney (blue shirt) and Bill Murphy, plays in department and Harvard bands

HARVARD UNIVERSITY BA
H

Band's drum cost $1,500 and its tuba may be largest in the world. Drillmaster Walt Handelman (l.), bandsmen Jack Smith, Terry Barry

The Ruins of Angkor

Relics of a once-great people tower over the jungles of Indochina, which hid them for centuries

By BILL STAPLETON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

Cambodia, Indochina

UNTIL somebody works up an excursion trip to French Indochina, you'll probably never get to Cambodia for a look at the magnificent and ancient temple of Angkor Wat. It's worth seeing, though. I got out that way on one of my trips to Asia for Collier's, and I don't think I'll ever forget the place.

My first glimpse of the massive, decaying temple was from the copilot's seat of a transport plane. The Cambodian jungle—thick, dank and undisciplined—skirted around beyond it, burying lesser buildings; but Angkor Wat sat like a vast anachronism by the side of a two-lane highway built by the French government. We put down on a landing strip constructed during World War II and jeeped the few miles to the highway, then down along that to the temple itself. On the way we passed only one small settlement of native priests, beggars and a handful of half-breed French-Indochinese engaged in little more than just living. One semi-Frenchman had been enterprising enough to open a roadside stand there. We made a mental note of the place and rolled on up the highway, stopping by the entrance to a great causeway that crosses a lotus-filled moat. Beyond this moat lies Angkor Wat.

Impressive as the temple is, it is only one structure among almost 1,000 which remain in the ruined city of Angkor Thom, capital of the fabulous Khmerian civilization that perished some five centuries ago under the attacks of warring Siamese troops. But Angkor Wat is the most imposing of them all. Built in the twelfth century by Suryavarman II, possibly as a joint dedication to himself and the god, Vishnu, it, like everything else in Angkor Thom, had long fought a losing battle with the creeping vegetation of the jungle. For hundreds of years, so far as the world at large was concerned, the empire of Khmer had never existed.

Then, in 1861, a French naturalist named Henri Mouhot, reaching ever deeper into the jungle with his butterfly net, stepped into a clearing and there they were: the five towers of Angkor Wat, cutting like gigantic lotus blossoms into the sky.

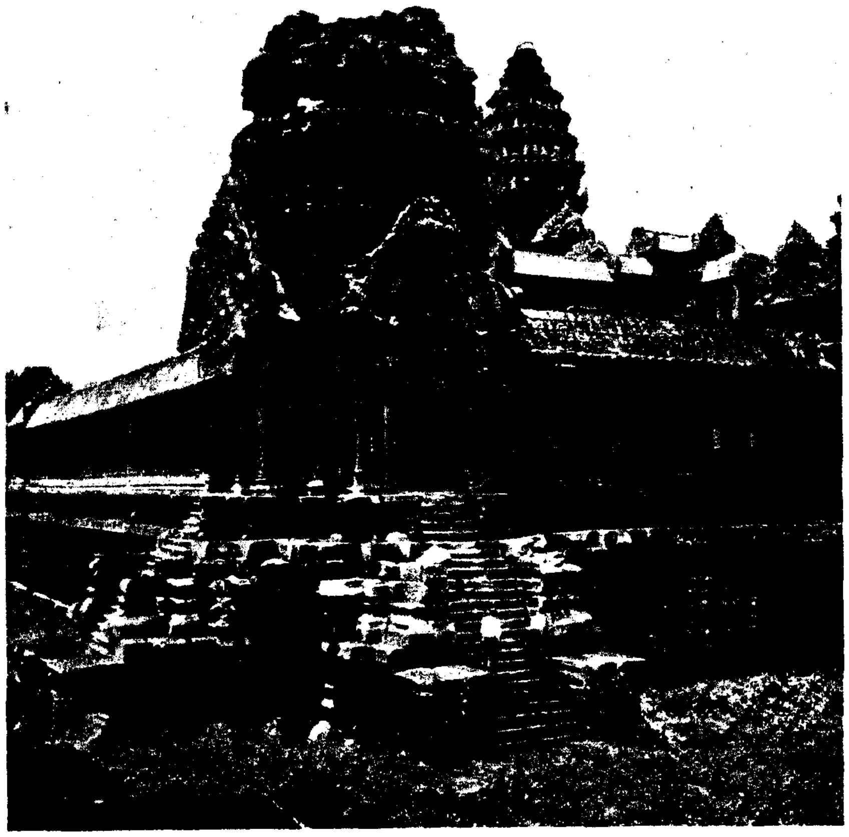
It still seems to jump out of nowhere, beyond the 700-foot causeway by the side of the modern French highway. Elephants once paraded in splendid array on the causeway, bearing kings, nobles and courtiers. Dancing girls, too, once performed on these timeworn paving blocks. Now there are only curious tourists, beggars and the yellow-robed, peaceful Buddhist bonze priests, who live nearby in little huts on stilts. They and a handful of natives—the "forest people" who still hunt with the crossbows of their ancestors—are all that remain of a once-proud race.

As we approached the first of the temple's galleries, monkeys chattered in the jungle beyond us. And all the time we were there some unseen creature kept screaming among the trees. Inside, the tropics ran wild everywhere. In one of the temple's endless rooms a 100-foot tree had wound its giant roots all the way around a wall. There's only one person in the world who seems to worry about such things—Henri Marchal, a seventy-five-year-old French archaeologist, who, with a group of native assistants, is restoring the old buildings and monuments for the French government. It's a lifetime job. Everywhere we looked, walls ornamented with bas-relief sculpture peeked out from behind the tropical growth. The intricate patterns represented celestial dancers, great warriors and, most often, the seven-headed cobra Naga, the god who was known in ancient legend as the father of this culture.

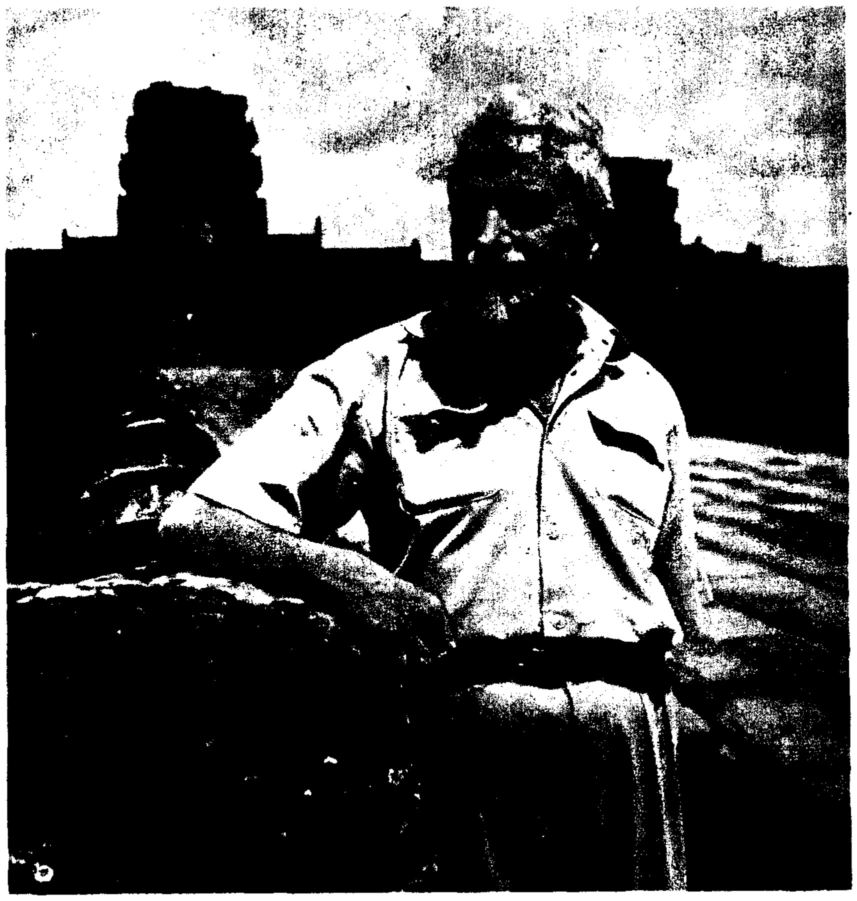
Finally, we stood before the entrance to the main tower of Angkor Wat—the "holy of holies." In this sanctuary, according to legend, a high priest of the temple had hidden a colossal emerald Buddha to keep it safe from the Siamese conquerors. The precious idol has never been found.

As we stood there with the whole of Angkor Wat spread before us and marveled at the mysterious race which had created this grandeur and then vanished, thousands of noisy bats came suddenly beating out of nowhere, bouncing off our shoulders and squeaking like angry little devils. We got out quick, then.

Back through the vast courts, terraces and pillared galleries we scurried—back across the long stretch of the causeway, through the great central gate, to the half-breed's general store on the highway. Here, where great men had passed to lay their priceless offerings before their gods, we stopped at the roadside stand and had a ginger ale. But it didn't go down so well—the gods of the temple seemed to protest such frivolity. You can't get away from them in the shadow of magnificent Angkor Wat. THE END



Giant steps lead to pillared gallery surrounding Angkor Wat temple. Structure is built of rough stone blocks, many weighing tons apiece

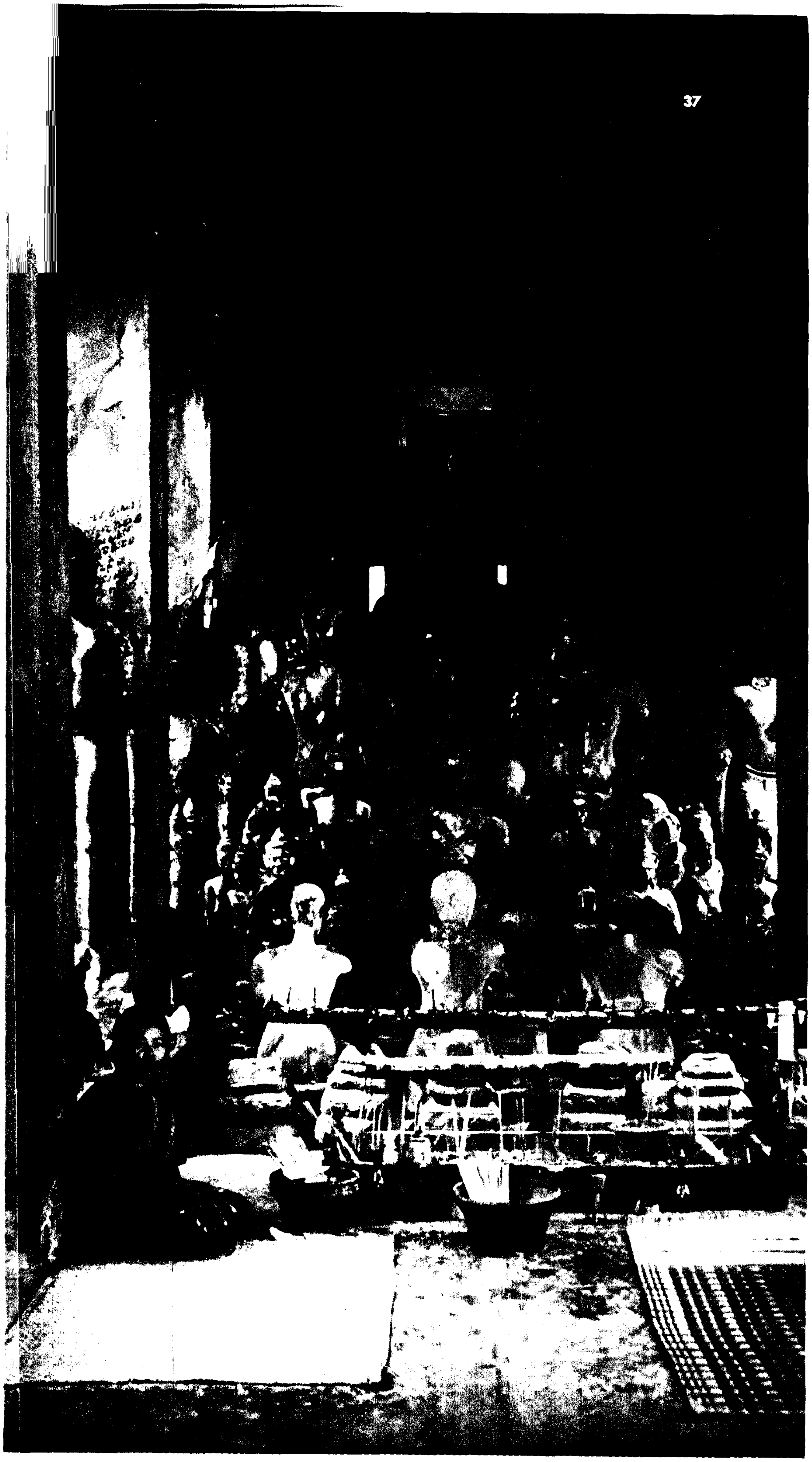


French archaeologist Henri Marchal heads restoration of Cambodia's ruins. Of 900 units that need fixing, Angkor Wat is best preserved

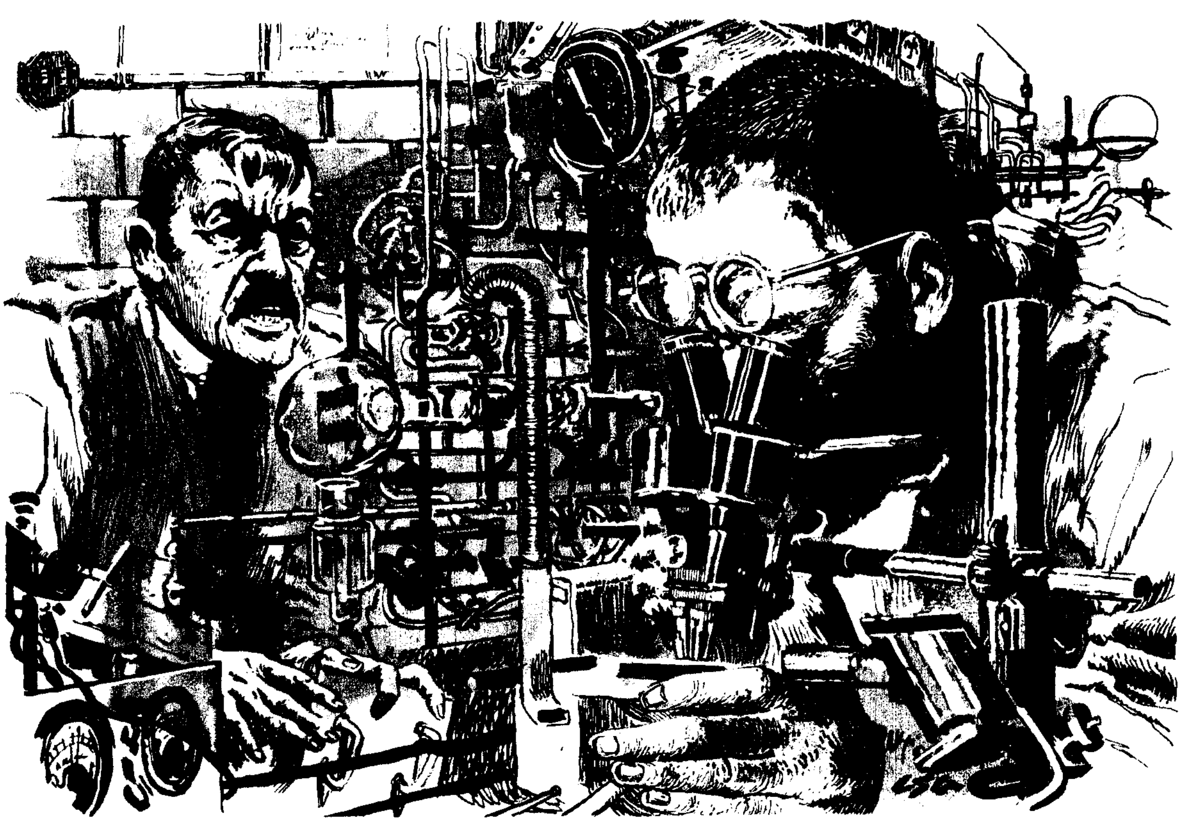
Towers of the temple, resembling giant lotus buds, stretch up 200 feet above a broad moat

Natives restore a library with crude rigging such as ancestors may have used to build it

Bonze (Buddhist) priests live nearby in huts, visit temple to pray, beg alms from tourists



Hundreds of statues have been gathered from the temple to form an altar in one gallery; but a great emerald Buddha which, legend says, was kept in the main tower, has never been found



LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

I told him that if he would not return to his proper work he would have to be shot

The Greatest Invention

By LORD DUNSANY

WHAT do you think is going to happen, Jorkens?" one of us asked one day at the club.

"Happen?" Jorkens said. "That is hard to say. In the old days one had a rough idea of what other countries wanted to do and their ability to do it. But it is all different now."

"How is it different?" asked the man who had first spoken.

"There are so many inventions," Jorkens said, "of which we know nothing. Now that a man can carry in a satchel a bomb that is more powerful than several battleships, and now that an airplane to carry such a bomb anywhere can be hidden in a potting shed or under a row of arborvitae, it is hard to find out what any country can do or will do next. I will give you an example."

I was on a ship in the tropics (Jorkens told us), and we put into a port. I was tired of looking at the tropical sea, so I went ashore and walked into a tavern to see if they had any decent wines in that country. As it turned out, they hadn't—at least nothing I should care to drink myself. But there was a man there with a black mustache and a certain look in his eyes that made me wonder if he might not have something interesting to tell. So I asked him if I might offer him a glass of wine. They are very polite in those parts, and you have to be careful how you offer anything. Well, he was good enough to accept, and I called for a bottle of the queer local wine. When the bottle had been uncorked and the wine poured out, like liquid tropical sunlight, I watched it go down under that black mustache. And when a certain amount had gone down, he began to talk.

"We aimed at mastery of the whole Caribbean," he said, "and don't believe that because we are a little country we could not have succeeded. War is no longer a matter of armies; it depends on the intelligence of scientists. And we had a scientist who, as I have since seen proved, had no rival west of the Atlantic."

"You proved it?" I could not help saying.

"Yes," he said. "You shall hear."

I had another bottle of wine set before him, and I did hear.

"You may not have thought it," he said, "but I was in our Ministry of Warfare."

And I had not thought it, for he was a scrubby little figure, not at all what one has come to regard as the figure of a soldier. But warfare, as he explained to me, has altered.

"Our Minister of Warfare," he said, "was a cavalry officer and could not adapt his ideas to modern science. He thought of war simply as an opportunity for cavalry charges and fine uniforms and glory. We had to get rid of him in order to fulfill our just aspirations."

"And what are they?" I asked.

"Why, the domination of the whole Caribbean," he said. "And it is just that we should have it. We are the people who have been born to it, whose ancient right it is."

"Of course," I said soothingly, though I did not know for which country he spoke.

"Once the Minister of Warfare was gone," he went on, "we turned our minds to modern warfare and we began to make great progress. Modern warfare is not only for large countries; it gives grand opportunities to little countries. Once, if a nation had twelve battleships it was a Great Power, and we could only obey. But what if we know how to let loose a plague capable of devastating whole nations? Must we be silent then about our ancient and just aspirations? No. We shall speak."

"Certainly," I said.

"But that is not all," the dark stranger said. "Other nations know something of germ warfare. We looked for something more—a new and deadlier germ. And we had the man who could not only give us that, but a more effective way to spread it—the greatest scientist in South or Central America, Silvar y Carasierra. I am not exaggerating his abilities, and I shall prove them to you. Naturally, our other scientists were jealous of him, but we knew that we had marvelous powers within our grasp, if only Carasierra could be kept at his work." The stranger was silent, and seemed to be gazing into the past through the cobwebs that partly veiled the dark end of that dingy tavern.

"Idle, was he?" I said, for I thought it very likely in a hot country like that.

"No," said the stranger. "Never idle. Always spurred on by a fierce ambition. His very life was devoted to making a more wonderful invention than any the world has known. Yes, he worked, and he was working for us on something very wonderful; and if it had been the most wonderful thing as yet invented he would never have left it, and our just cause would have triumphed. Ah, well. We relied, and rightly, on that man's wisdom; but we forgot his folly."

Again he was silent.

"What did Carasierra do?" I asked.

"That ambition was driving him all the time," he said. "He knew that he was the greatest scientist, not only in the Caribbean, but anywhere in the world, and he was determined to show it. As long as the germ on which he was working seemed the most wonderful thing ever invented, he was more than content to work on at it; and he worked night and day. But before he had completed it, another inspiration came to him and drove him away from the one that would have given us our rightful place in the Caribbean. I tried everything: threats, appeals to him to think of our ancient glory, even bribes. But nothing would turn him from his project. The splendor of his new inspiration gripped him, and he was like a man drugged.

"And the splendor of our position, which could only be built upon his dreams, faded like dreams. We were so nearly one of the Great Powers. And you can tell any subject or citizen of those Powers, when you get home, how precariously their power is perched; and how, but for a fancy that came to this man's mind and drove out all more reasonable fancies, we should have been as great as they."

"What was Carasierra's fancy?" I asked.

"I will tell you," he said. "And it was a wonderful fancy, too. But useless, useless. Day after day I went to his laboratory and appealed to him, almost with tears, to return to his work for us. But no, he would not leave his new inspiration. I gave him every chance. But at last I had to threaten him with death, as I had every right to do, for he was working for the State and refusing to obey a lawful order, and our destiny depended upon him. I told him that if he would not give up his new toy and return to his proper work he would have to be shot. But there was a queer light in his eyes that day, and really I think he hardly heard me. He would only say, 'I have done it, have done it.'

" 'Done what?' I asked him," the stranger continued.

" 'The most wonderful invention,' he said, 'the most wonderful invention ever achieved by man.'

" 'You will be shot,' I repeated, 'if you don't get on with your work.'

" 'This is more wonderful,' he said.

" 'Well, show it to me,' I demanded. He took me out to his lawn. And there he pointed. I saw only a square yard of grass where he pointed, marked off with a strip of white tape. 'What is it?' I asked.

"He took up his tape and marked off a smaller area, one of only a few inches. 'Do you see anything wonderful there?' he asked. 'Look close.'

"And I looked close and said, 'No.'

" 'That is what is wonderful,' he said. 'You see no blade different from the rest?'

" 'No,' I said again.

" 'Then you have seen the most wonderful invention of all that man has made,' he replied with a wild look in his eyes. 'For one of those blades of grass I made myself.'

" 'But what is the use of that?' I asked.

" 'Use! Use!' he repeated, and laughed. 'I do not work for use, but for wonder.'

" 'It will be wonderful,' I said, 'when we dominate the Caribbean. Perhaps even the world.'

" 'It is far more wonderful,' he said, 'to have made a blade of grass.'

"That I had to admit. But I added, 'You will return to your work now.'

"And at that he laughed more wildly.

" 'Not now that I can do this,' he exclaimed. 'I am going on to make flowers.'

"I examined his blade of grass, and he gave me every facility, showing me the entire process in his laboratory. The blade was perfect and was clearly alive, but he satisfied me that it was artificial. A marvelous man. It was a pity. But we responsible ministers cannot make threats that we do not carry out. I had threatened him with death, and he had to be executed. I had given him every chance. It was a pity." . . .

Whether it was that the stranger's tale was told (Jorkens concluded, putting down his glass) or that the influence of the queer wine was over, he fell then to silent brooding, gazing, as it seemed, into the past at the grip that his country had lost on the Caribbean, perhaps on the world. THE END

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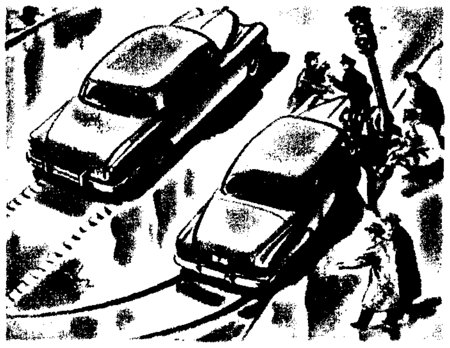

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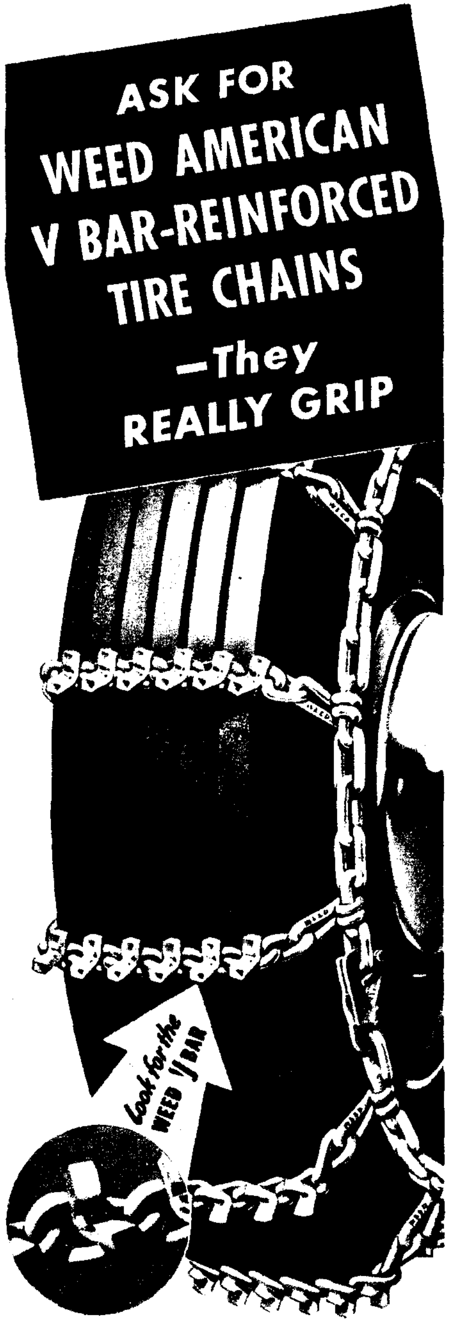

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Bridgeport, Connecticut

A Thin Whisper of Smoke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

that crowd!" Father said in a short contemptuous way. "They're trying to do them outa that place for a campsite!"

"That depty shurf'll 'rest him too if he doan stop talkin' in that Lawd Almighty way!" Teaberry whispered. "He'll pull out that gun an' 'rest all of us."

Tucker kicked backward at Teaberry to shut her up because she was more excited than he was. Then he could hear Father ask, "What do you propose to do with them when you get them to town?"

"That ain't my lookout; that part's up to the court," Charlie Palmer said, squinting at him. "Reckon they'll make 'em wards of the county. They're goin' to hold the commission on 'em. Reckon that one they call Jim and that woman's been doin' the beggin'll go to the poorhouse and the other two to the 'sylum."

"You'll have to deputize me," Father said.

"All right," Charlie Palmer said, "consider yourself depitized."

"And I'm goin' in there and tell that courthouse crowd a thing or two," Father said. "Tomorrow! We'll see about this."

Charlie Palmer was already waddling around to get into the car, and in another moment Father went through the gate and also climbed in the car and sat there, silent and angry.

"See there!" Teaberry hissed. "Ah tole yawl can't nobody talk thataway to a depty shurf. That's the last you'll ever see of *him!*"

TUCKER kicked her hand loose from his ankle and sprang up, and she grabbed his pants. He twisted around and they began to wrestle. Her arms and legs were like thin iron bolts but she could never learn the trick of hooking one of her legs around behind his, and he flung her down and got loose. She flew up as if she were bouncing off the earth and in the same movement started running across the yard like a crow flying low. She sailed around the house, yelling at Ginnie, "He done got loose an's sneakin' down over the hill! Ah cain't keep track of him fer no pinny a day. They goina have to har somebody else—"

Ginnie herself was out in the yard, and she began yelling something at Teaberry, who, Tucker knew, was already whizzing down through the meadow behind him in that low-soaring streaking that seemed to consume space without involving time.

She overtook him even before he reached the wheat field, and they went through it together. He was again having trouble breathing, taking air in jerkily, as they went on. Grasshoppers broke away from their path in quick, sharp, buzzing darts. They went through the head-high weeds and elderberry bushes at the creek and across the foot-log and on across the cornfield until they got to the river above the point at which Father and Charlie Palmer would ford and come back up along the overgrown wagon trail.

At the river, Teaberry's air of guardianship somehow vanished. They jumped across on the rocks below the cabin and started up through a fringe of alder bushes along the creek. They crept over the flat slate rocks toward the sulphur spring and they could hear Ean Ingerman playing his jew's-harp—making that *whong whong whong* which his sister, Cindy, said was Old Time Religion but which really was no tune at all, just the constant, even sound that had no rise or fall—and Teaberry said tonelessly, "He'll be playin' he ol' juice harp in the jailhouse 'fore the day's over."

"What's he goin' to put them in jail for?" Tucker asked, and his voice had that same jerky quality as his breathing.

" 'Cause they ain't got nothin', thass why," Teaberry said.

"They got the flour and bacon and stuff Father gives them."

"That still doan mount up to nothin' over a year's time," Teaberry said. "If'n you ain't got nothin' of yore own, that depty shurf put you in jail."

Tucker started crawling around the side of the shale bank. This was familiar territory. Frequently he came over here across the river to drink the tart water of the sulphur spring or to gather chinquapins from on up the hollow or occasionally simply to visit with Cindy Ingerman and hear Ean play his jew's-harp.

"Stay back here in these shumacs!" Teaberry hissed.

"I want to hear what's in those papers," he said.

"You stay back here. Yawl let that depty shurf ketch you—"

He saw Cindy Ingerman out in the garden, working the tomatoes with an old-fashioned thick-and-square-bladed hoe with a homemade handle. She was tall, and a sunbonnet shaded her lean sunburned face. Whenever you thought of the Ingermans you thought of Cindy first because she was the eldest and the mainstay. Except that she was terribly poor in that abiding way it meant in the Bible when it said that the poor are always with us, so poor and so resigned to the state of poverty that about once a month she went on a begging expedition up and down the road, unabashed, with naturalness and with a certain pride—except for these things Cindy was just like anybody else.

Jim Ingerman was out at the woodpile. He too had probably been working in the garden until he heard the car, and then he had doubtless dropped the hoe and gone out there where nothing would be between himself and the brush at the foot of the mountain. He was taller and even leaner than his sister Cindy, but his face had none of that quiet pride. It had a trembly, startled look. Jim was barefooted. He had the ax in his hands and he pretended to be absorbed in chopping a red-oak limb, but out of the corners of his eyes he was looking over toward the road, and Tucker knew he might suddenly break and start running across the clearing with his knees flying virtually up to his chin. There was a story in the valley that Jim had been seen to catch a rabbit by running it down. He was a part of the woods and the hollow rather than a part of society and he acted as if he were afraid he had something inside of him which human propinquity might cause to disintegrate or explode.

As Tucker and Teaberry lay there under the sumacs, the red seeds hanging above them like clusters of miniature grapes, Cindy leaned her hoe against the rail fence and called to Jim, but he did not answer. Then she went out to the woodpile and simply took the ax from him and stuck it into the limb and gathered up some of the pieces of wood Jim had cut. She said something to him and started into the cabin with Jim following her, glancing over toward the road.

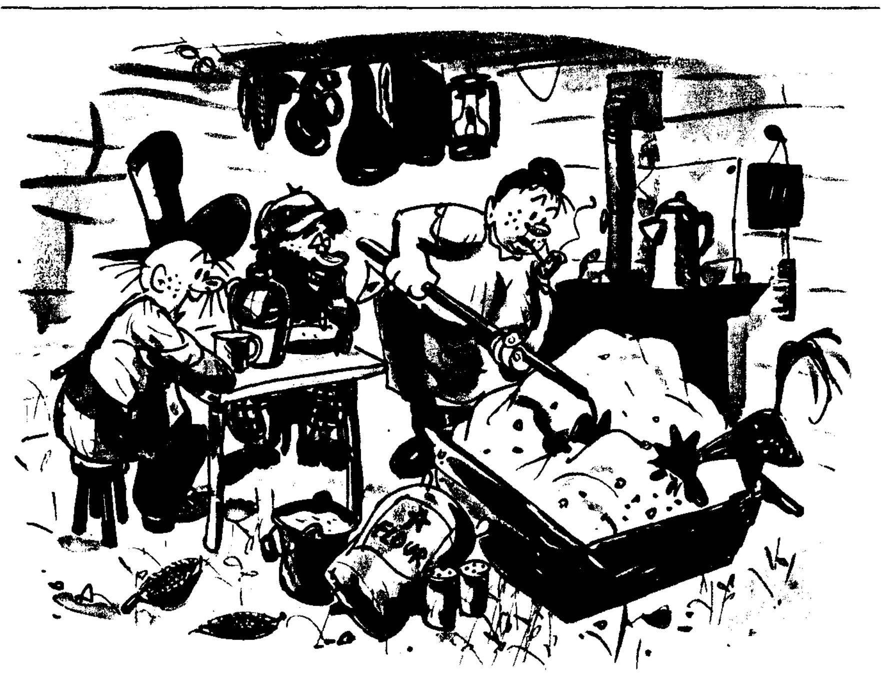
THE door closed to behind them and Tucker supposed they were cooking breakfast in the sooty pot hanging from the iron tripod in the fireplace because thin blue smoke was creeping out of the top of the tumble-down rock chimney and it was too warm to have a fire for anything else.

He was breathing more calmly. Teaberry was not taking care of him now—she never really did take care of him but was merely anxious to collect the pennies which Father gave her in the sober-joking way to encourage her importance—because there in the dry brown grass beneath the sumacs the small black face and the thin, wistful, white face lay side by side in rapt companionship, alert and vigilant, looking down at the cabin behind a remnant of rail fence on the other side of the clearing.

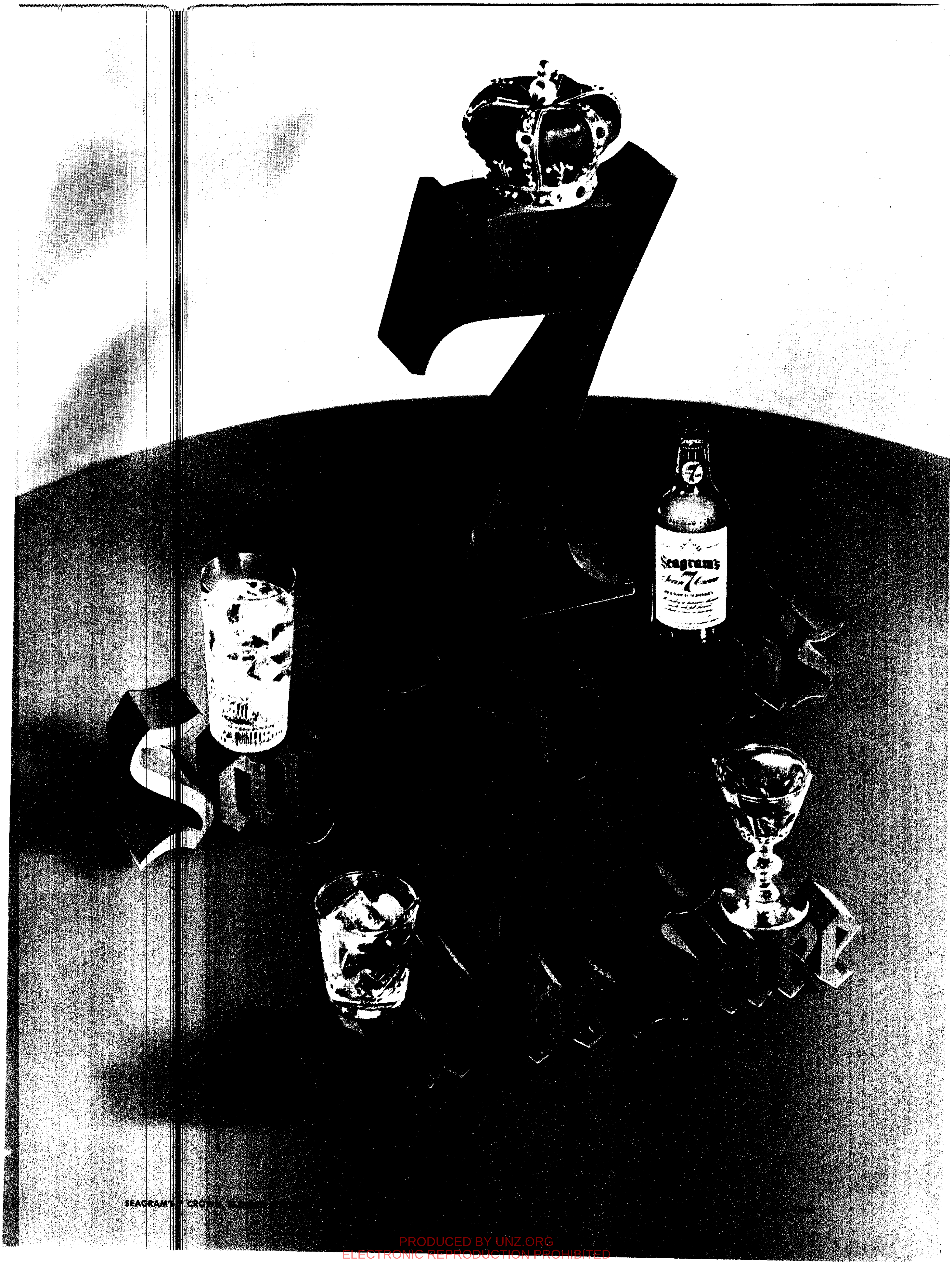
He heard Charlie Palmer's car down along the river, struggling up a bank in low gear, and Jim must have heard it inside the cabin at the same instant, with the door shut and even with Ean playing on the jew's-harp, because the front door flew open and Jim stepped outside onto the grass and stood there looking down in that direction, poised and trembling. Cindy came out and stood beside him a minute before she took him by the hand and led him back inside the cabin and closed the door.

As the car started up the steep bank below the cabin, the motor gave a sudden flat, expiring sound and then it took hold with a racing burst and the car came on up and nosed into the clearing. Charlie Palmer drove it through the gate and pulled up near the house and stopped. No one came out of the cabin and there was no sound now and nothing to be seen within, not even a face peering through a windowpane; and Tucker knew they were all four in there together, in a last awful moment:

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S "Bessie's makin' a cake. We're expectin' some of our in-laws for Thanksgiving" REAMER KELLER


Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED [illegible]

Ean with the jew's-harp in his hand, awaiting a signal from Cindy that he might start playing it again; Vernie, the other sister, with the happy smile on her face; and Cindy stroking Jim's arm with her gentle lean fingers and saying soft words to him that no one but Jim could understand.

For a moment Tucker heard the quiet flowing of the river, suddenly important, perpetual, almost loud.

Father got out of the car and stood leaning against the rail fence, looking as if he wanted to be somewhere else. Charlie Palmer gathered up the papers and crawled out of the car, with the big revolver stuffed in his belt now, and went to the door and began knocking on it. He had the papers between the thumb and forefinger of his stiff left hand and was rapping, thump-thump-thump, with the other. There was no answer and there was no sound after the knock died away except a crow cawing in the field across the river.

"They better git on outa there," Teaberry began. "He goina shoot sure—"

"He's not goin' to shoot anybody," Tucker said without conviction.

"He shot plenty nuff that time he 'rest that Mr. Ratch Lowhatter, didn' he? He shot that time all right nuff!"

TUCKER himself believed that if Charlie Palmer could not get any of them to come out and listen to him read the papers he might start shooting into the air or the ground. He thought that, in the hot, still clearing, with Father standing tall and silent at the fence and Charlie Palmer, squat and silent at the door, and himself and Teaberry hardly drawing their breaths, and the cabin as still as an old grave, the gun would sound like a cannon.

He could barely see the thin blue smoke trailing from the chimney up into the clear sunny sky. It was hardly more than a whisper of smoke; it was as if the cabin were whispering to the sky.

Charlie Palmer knocked again and spat and then turned around to face Father. He had an uncertain air, as if he wanted to walk back to Father to make an explanation or gain support.

In loud, sudden truculence he said, "I ain't doin' this because I *like* it!"

Father looked at Charlie Palmer with utter antipathy and contempt; then he raised his face toward the cabin and called out, "Oh, Cindy!"

In a moment he called again, "Cindy, come out here. I want to talk to you."

Then the door opened slowly and Cindy was standing there, tall, proud, looking at Father as one must face his God.

"Well, Cindy," Father said, "it's time for you all to get ready and go."

Father cleared his throat and tried to make his voice sound natural and casual, as if he were speaking about an ordinary trip to town. But Tucker did not know how he could make it seem ordinary. The Ingermans had never been anywhere, except Cindy, and she had never been anywhere except for her begging trips up and down the road and a couple of times when she'd gone with Father up to Deer Meadow to get some things at Mr. Lange's store.

Cindy had one hand at her side and the other behind her. Her face bore that proud, sad look.

"It's goin' to be hard, Mister English," she said. "It's goin' to be downright hard."

"I know, Cindy," Father said. "I'm goin' to do what I can for you. But get them ready now."

Then Cindy closed the door and Father and Charlie Palmer stood at the fence. On beyond the men was a bed of geraniums that Cindy tended, and the small flowers looked very bright in the sunlight. Tucker looked at them and at the fading whisper of smoke and it seemed to him that there really might be such a thing as an old cabin saying good-by to the sky, and yet that did not seem right because neither of them was going anywhere; the empty cabin might stand there for years unvisited except when grazing sheep broke into it for shelter in a storm.

Vernie stepped out of the cabin first. She came out wearing the same old faded dress she had worn ever since the first time Tucker had seen her, and she had that happy smile on her face and was bowing and scraping to Father and Charlie Palmer and not saying a word and not scared of the car and not scared of Charlie Palmer when he followed her to the car and stood with one foot on the running board and selected one of the papers and began reading:

"Whereas the Circuit Court of the Eleventh Judicial District of Virginia . . ."

She sat erect on the front seat, her neck and head inclined a little toward Charlie Palmer, looking almost flirtatious, perhaps like a fine lady in her carriage pausing for a moment to consider the ardent suit of a neighboring viscount.

Then out came Ean, his yellow head shimmering in the sunlight, batting his eyes as if the sun were a strange hostile thing hitting him in the face. He walked reared back, his yellow head thrown far back, his arms held down at each side and the jew's-harp up to his white face and began that *whong whong.*

Charlie Palmer still had not even removed the gun from his belt. He was standing now by the side of the car, reading another of the papers, as if in time to the *whong* of the jew's-harp.

". . . Whereas it has come to the attention of the said Circuit Court of the Eleventh Judicial District . . ."

They had to wait a while before Cindy and Jim came out. They had to wait what seemed a long time. Tucker heard Charlie Palmer's solemn words die out in the air and then he could hear Ean's jew's-harp and some birds making a racket up on the hill behind them as if they were singing to Ean's playing.

"Look at him!" Teaberry said. "He playin' for them birds the last time. Won't be no birds in there listenin' whur he goin'!"

"Hush!" Tucker said. "Hush!"

Then Cindy and Jim came out together; that is, they came part of the way out. Cindy did not have on her shapeless old dress any longer. She wore the trailing black satin skirt and the white blouse which Mother had given her and which had been hanging under a wrap of newspapers until a special occasion on which she might wear them should come along. She had on her bonnet with the strings tied under her chin, and her lean face looked sadder than ever and maybe as if she had cried once, briefly. She was holding Jim by the hand.

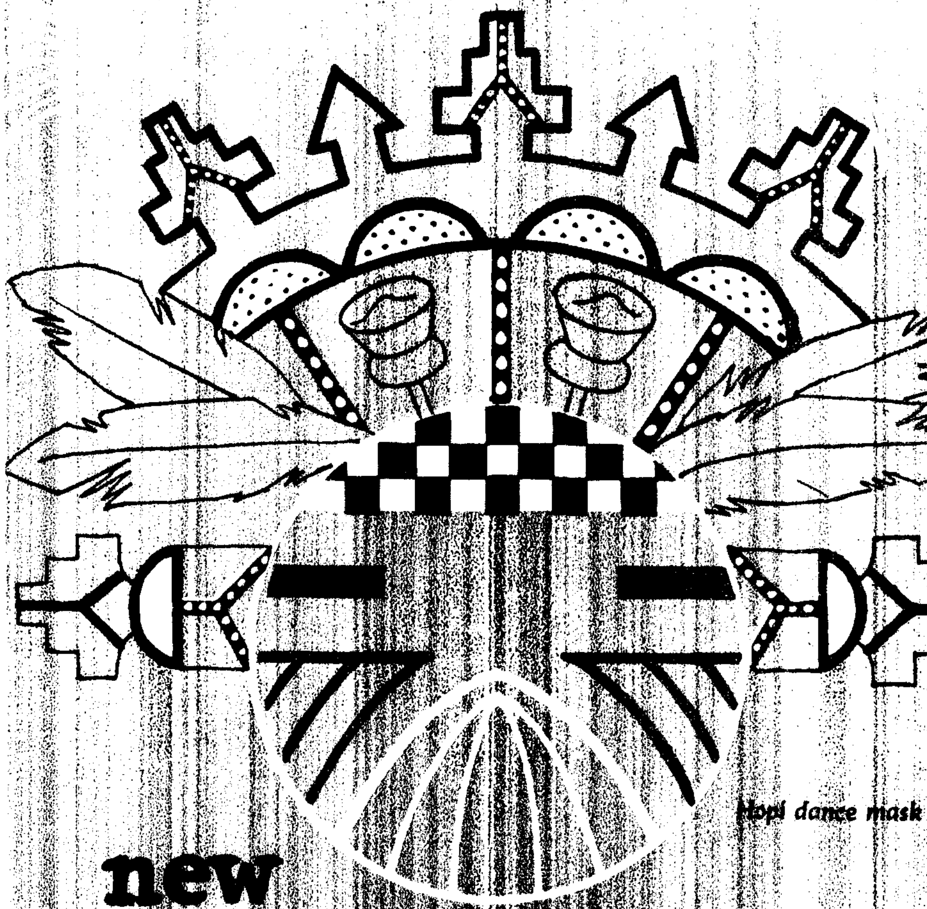
LETTING Cindy lead him by the hand, Jim was coming out sideways, throwing his head around, looking first back into the cabin and then out toward the car, and his face looked as if he were going to explode now surely; he came halfway out and then just stuck in the doorway in a kind of sudden petrification, one of his legs held fast around back of the door, as if it were a part of the cabin and if he were to go any further his leg would have to come off first. Cindy was talking the soft, low talk to him, only it was doing no good and he was stuck there, looking at the car with his face wild and terrible.

Tucker saw Father suddenly put his hands in his pants pockets and come walking slowly around the back of the car, his head down, looking at the ground.

Then Cindy reached up and put her hand on Jim's shoulder and said something else to him and he gradually eased his foot from behind the door and took a couple of steps out into the yard with his big bare feet coming up almost to his middle each time.

Charlie Palmer held the papers up before his face and began reading, and Cindy stopped and stood stock-still in the yard, her head up, listening politely until he had finished the one concerning herself and the other concerning Jim.

In a clear voice, a voice so loud and clear she might have been addressing someone up on the slope of the mountain, Cindy said, "We were all born here in this cabin



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and not a one of us ever spent a night of our lives exceptin' under this roof. We never did purposeful harm to ary man or woman or child or ary beast of the field. We lived here and I allus tried to see that all of us minded our ways—"

She was standing very stiff, talking in that loud, clear way, and Charlie Palmer abruptly walked up to take hold of her arm or perhaps Jim's arm—Tucker did not know which but he recognized the moment and gesture as being more important than the actual discharge of the gun would have been—and Cindy suddenly sank to her knees and cried out, "God bless us and be with us in our new homes!"

Tucker himself was trembling again now, with face muscles and extremities quivering because *he* was Jim. He was trembling with Jim's fears and shaking with Jim's misery and a terrible feeling of outrage was going through him, against all powers that made any innocent being do anything that was against his or her nature. And then he was on his feet, trembling and rigid, shouting, against all discretion or caution, "Run, Jim! *Run!*"

And at the same time Cindy must have let go of Jim's hand, because, like an object sent by flash and explosion, Jim was already across the rail fence, his feet not seeming to touch the ground but flying up there around his middle and the rest of him flying evenly along like something being carried as smooth as water in a pail.

Charlie Palmer ran puffing out through the gate and yelled three times after Jim's flashing flight, "Halt! I'll shoot!" But even then he didn't pull the gun out of his belt. He went across the clearing in an uncertain waddle, like an excited duck, and lumbered down the bank and into the creekmark. And there he stopped, standing in a puddle that came up over the tops of his shoes, looking after Jim, who by then was the other side of the blackberry patch in the upper clearing, running toward the ridge in that way with which, it was said, he could catch rabbits and which resembled not flight but an apparition.

"Oh, Gawd! Oh, Gawd! He'll shoot us now!" Tucker heard Teaberry murmuring, and then she had him down and was flopped on top of him to hold him.

"Tucker!" he heard Father call once and no more and that time not in anger or great sternness or even with particular conviction or purpose.

Charlie Palmer stood in the puddle, absent-mindedly lifting up first one foot and then the other, as if he were trying to climb directly up out of the water on an invisible ladder, and all at once he said vehemently, "Ain't built that way! Jest be *damned* if I'm built that way!"

They saw him glance quickly back up toward the cabin. He spat once in that quick, snapping way and stooped down and began searching around until his eyes fell on a broad slate rock in the water; he took a bundle of papers from his hip pocket and lifted up the rock and shoved the papers under it and let it fall splashing and stepped on it; then he walked on out of the creek bed and up the bank, shaking his feet and trouser legs as he went.

CINDY was still standing in the yard as Charlie Palmer approached the cabin; she had quit praying and had stood up and was looking down through the field in the direction where Jim had disappeared in the fabulous high-kneed run.

Father called out, "Have to come back later, Charlie. You'll never in the world see him again today."

Charlie Palmer spat. "No use comin' back. Ain't got no authority. Lost them damn' court orders outa my pockets somewhere."

Father studied Charlie Palmer curiously for some time and then said quietly, "Well, Charlie, you can't take 'em without court orders."

"Reckon I know that well's you do," Charlie Palmer said. "Git 'em on outa that car."

"I'll settle with that young man of mine," Father said a little sternly.

"Wouldn't advise it," Charlie Palmer said shortly. "Get in there tomorrow and see what you can do about them taxes."

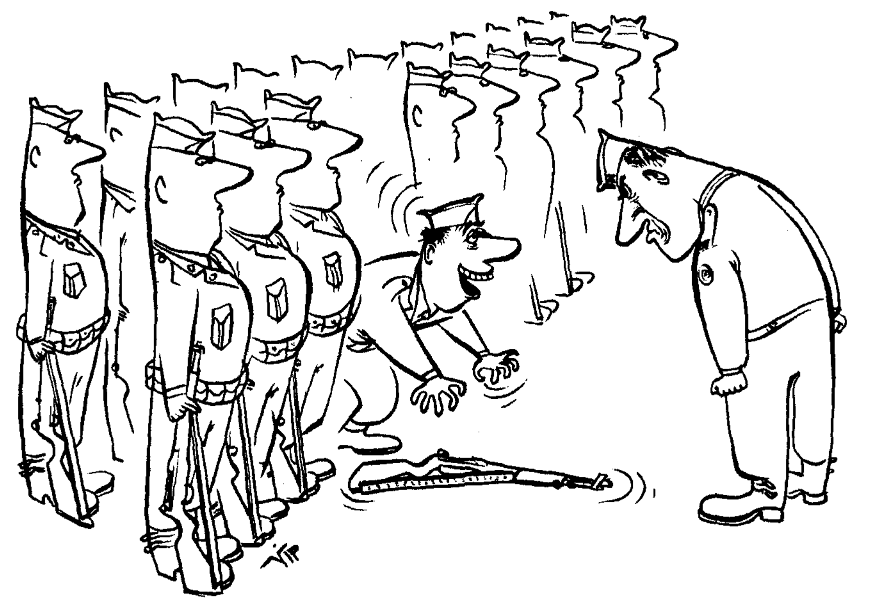
Father put his arm around Cindy and was talking to her. He led her out toward the car, where Vernie sat with the fine-lady smile on her face, and Ean sat reared back with his finger twiddling on the harp and the *whong* sound still coming from it.

Cindy had Vernie and Ean climb out of the car, and as they walked back toward the cabin there was a trace of disappointment in their beings or persons or whatever the fragile impression they made on the world would be called.

Father had already gone across the yard and into the cabin. He would, Tucker knew, be standing in there with his hat shoved back, glancing around, making a note of the condition of the corn-meal bin and the flour barrel which he had kept supplied most of his adult life.

Tucker was not trembling now and Teaberry was no longer holding him down. They were lying side by side under the red sumacs. In the clearing, behind the rail fence, the old cabin stood with a sense of fitness and rightness and even dignity. The little thin echo of blue smoke from its tumble-down chimney had lost so much of its color it was now almost gray. THE END

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Some day we'll both laugh about this" VIRGIL PARTCH

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Wuddy Houseboat Tam

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

to Tannochbrae. And the little he had was soon gone; Tom never was any good with money. Yet he stayed on. He had come to love the place. The sweet stretch of water and wood and mountain had entered into his being, enslaved his simple mind. The loch had him for its own.

That was why he took the deserted houseboat. And in that boat he became, gradually, not Tom Douglas, but Wuddy Houseboat Tam. He lived like a hermit, cooked his own food, washed his own dishes, darned his own socks. His hair grew long. He became, in course of time, a character. Pleasure launches, bearing their load of tourists up the loch in summer, came to make a detour to take in the sight of Houseboat Tam. And Tam was proud, proud for the English tourists to take a look at him.

He would be on the deck of his boat, cutting up a cabbage for his dinner. And, as the steamer went past, like as not Tam would take care to knock a leaf of cabbage overboard, offhandedly, as though he hadn't meant it. Then, swish! Tam would take a straight header into the loch, clothes and all, and come up cool as you like with the cabbage in his mouth.

The tourists loved it, especially the lady tourists, and many a good half crown came to Tam that way.

FOR the rest, Tam lived on the bounty of the loch. He was a marvelous fisher and a natural cook. A cut of fresh-caught salmon grilled on wood embers in his little galley, with a flavoring of wild thyme and parsley, was the most exquisite dish you could imagine. I had it often, and it was the finest fish I have ever eaten. In the autumn there were nuts and brambles, blaeberries and wild rasps. Tam knew all the places; he knew the roots, too, that were edible, the herbs and simples.

The winter, of course, was Tam's worst time. With ice on the water and sleet blowing down the loch in bitter squalls, Tam stayed shivering below hatches with little enough to eat for days on end. He must have suffered severely—having insufficient clothing and still less food—but no one ever heard Tam complain. He was the gentlest, kindest, humblest creature, and his odd little streaks of vanity merely made him the more lovable. He was accepted even by the pharisees of the village as part of the Creator's scheme of things. Nobody worried about him, and he worried nobody. His nearest neighbor, the widow Elizabeth Robb, who lived not far away on Saughend Farm, seldom even saw him.

When I came to Tannochbrae, Tam was close on fifty years of age, yet he looked little more than thirty. The Spartan rigor of his life, the constant exercise, in and out of the clean loch water, had given him the body of an athlete. Tall, straight as a beech, muscular, his skin weathered to a fine bronze, he might have modeled for the statue of Poseidon. He had a striking head, with long, dark hair, a noble brow, and gentle, hazel eyes. But his tattered clothing, his old canvas shoes tied on with string made him frowsy and ridiculous. To see Tam naked was to see a god. Dressed in his clothes, he looked a tinker.

That first summer following my arrival was glorious and warm. But the succeeding winter came cruel hard, perhaps not so iron-hard as that famous winter when the loch froze over and they drove a horse and cart upon the ice at Darroch, but raw and bitter. For a whole fortnight the country lay under deep snow, and Dr. Cameron and I had many patients, from the sheer severity of the weather.

Stiff work it was, getting about, with deep drifts on the roads. And there was need to get about; I made the weary drive up to Marklea, at the head of the loch, every day and every other night in that freezing fortnight.

On the Thursday of the second week, I was snatching a cup of hot coffee in the kitchen of the Marklea Arms when the landlady casually remarked:

“You didn't see Wuddy Tam stirring about his boat, Doctor, when you drove past the cove today?”

Holding the steaming cup in both my cold hands, I reflected for a minute, then shook my head.

She went on: “In the ordinary way, when the weather's like this he'll win round to the back door for a drop broth or suchlike. Not charity, you understand. Tam would never take that. It's payment in kind, so to speak. For come the spring he'll leave a salmon or a dozen trout at the house and never take a penny piece for't.” She paused “But he hasna' been near us for ten days now.”

“Are you worrying about him, then?”

She frowned doubtfully. “I'm just hereaway thereaway. Maybe my notion's all wrong. But what with this awfu' frost and all, I'd an idea he might be ill. A crying shame it would be if the poor creature was stricken down with not a soul to tend to him.”

I finished my coffee and pulled on my driving gloves. “Well,” I said, “I'll keep my eye skinned as I go past.”

An hour later, having finished my calls, I started back on the road to Tannochbrae. I was driving myself, in a hired trap with a cob from the stables, for Cameron had taken Jamie, the groom, and the gig on the Overton round. As I came opposite Sandy Bay, I drew up and stared across the fifty yards or so of water toward Tam's houseboat.

No smoke from the tiny tin chimney. Not a sign of life. I hailed the boat, giving a loud, long yell which seemed to vibrate across the desolation of snow and blue-gray icy water.

No answer. Nothing but stillness. And silence.

I swore impatiently. My impulse was to go on, to get back to Tannochbrae, a warm fire and my dinner. But instinct and a sense of uneasiness restrained me. I leaped out of the trap, crossed the snowy shingle, and went down to the waterside. Several boats lay drawn up, boats used by the Marklea Angling Club and beached on this safe shore for the winter. I threw off the covering tarpaulin, chose the stoutest skiff, launched it with an effort, and poled a passage through the ice to the houseboat. Clambering aboard, I ducked my head and went below.

Tam lay on his narrow bunk in the tiny cabin, the atmosphere of which was cold as an igloo. Dressed in his tinker's clothes, covered by an old rug, Tam lay on his back, shivering.

“Man, man,” I cried. “What's the matter that you didn't answer me?”

Tam looked up dazedly. “I didn't hear ye. I didn't hear anything.”

“How long have you been this way?”

“A week or thereabouts,” Tam muttered, his teeth chattering with ague.

“A week!” I cried.

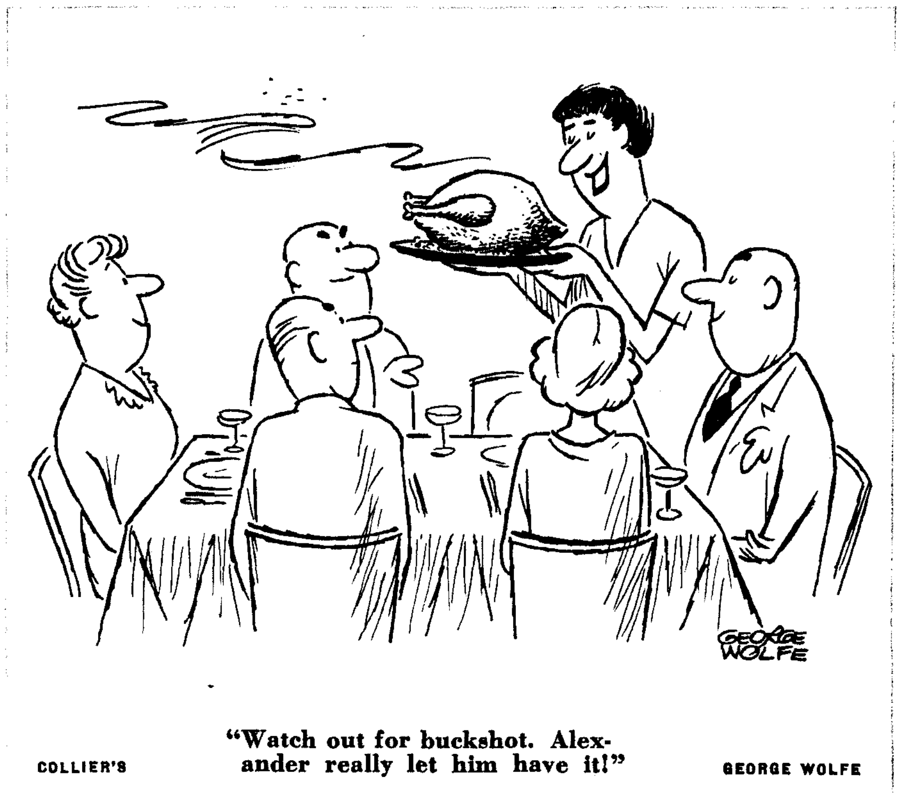
I STOOD racking my brains. Tam was ill, his wretched cabin unfit even for a dog, his locker—lying open—empty of food or stimulant. His condition, moreover, made it impossible to drive him back the two snow-bogged miles to the Marklea Arms. What could I do about it? Suddenly I reached a decision.

I climbed on deck, sculled ashore, and got into the trap. Whipping up the cob, I turned into a narrow side road opposite the cove and drove up the hill to Saughend Farm. In five minutes I was there, ringing the front doorbell, asking to see the mistress of the house immediately.

For all my urgency, Elizabeth Robb was in no hurry to appear. Saughend, unlike the neighboring crofts and steadings, was a large farm with a fine residence and ample barns. Ever since her husband, Robin Robb, had died three years before, Elizabeth had managed the farm herself, and, for that matter, managed it admirably. The sense of her possessions, of her own competence, added to a natural brusqueness, gave to the widow a proud and highhanded air. Yet she was a fine woman, with a full bosom, a good, honest figure, sloe-black eyes, and neat feet.

Elizabeth was always on the move, full of life and energy; at least, since her widowhood, her energy had been relentless. In Tannochbrae they said she was turning sour; and the knowing ones—in a Scottish village there are always knowing ones—slyly adduced a reason, which was nonsense, of course, for many suitors had come after the widow Robb, or after her fortune, and had been firmly turned away.

At this moment, indeed, it looked as though I too might be shown to the door, for when I had described the situation and put forward my plea, Elizabeth made a wry face. “I'm not so sure about all this,” she



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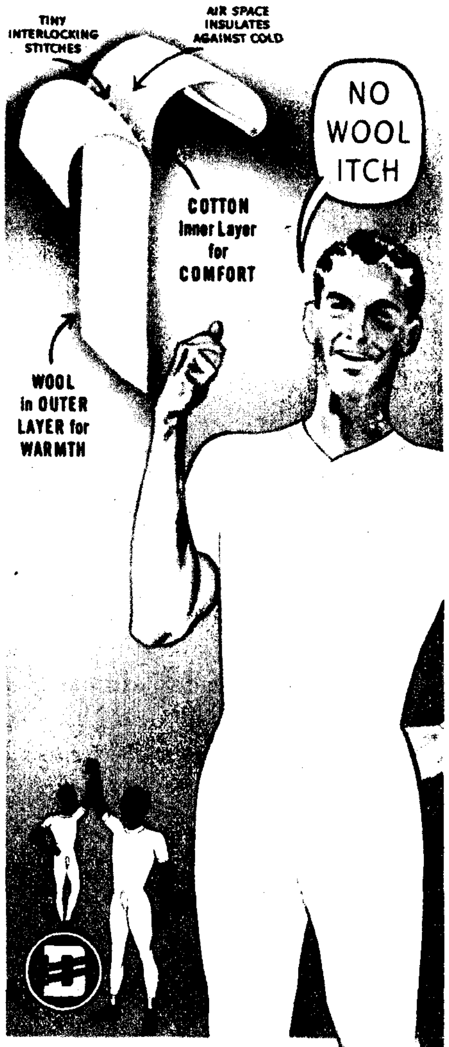
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Today most interstate passenger traffic, most of the nation's workers, food and freight are all transported over the highway. Use of motor vehicles has boomed with such unforeseen rapidity that new roads have become obsolete almost as fast as they could be built.

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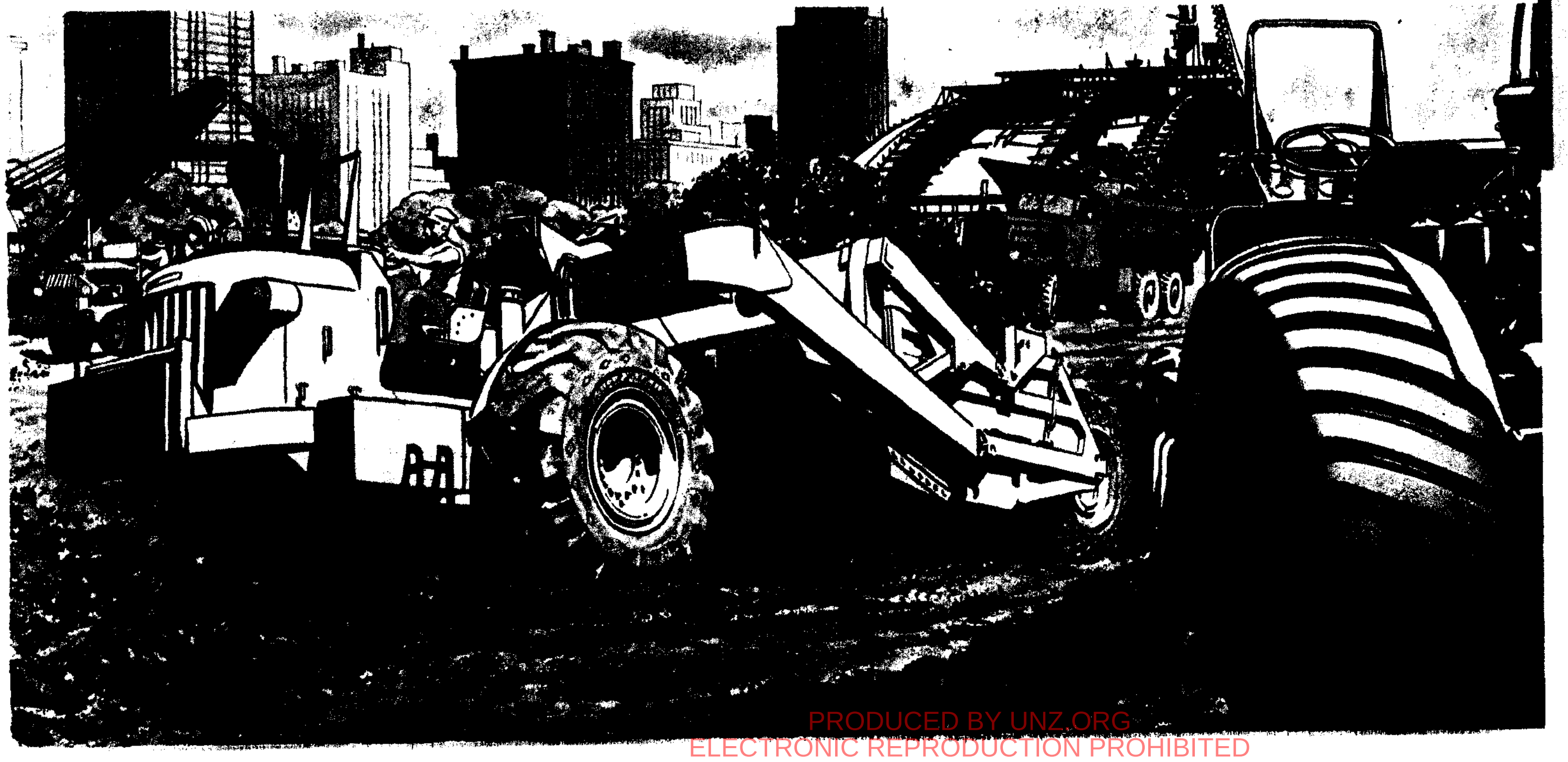

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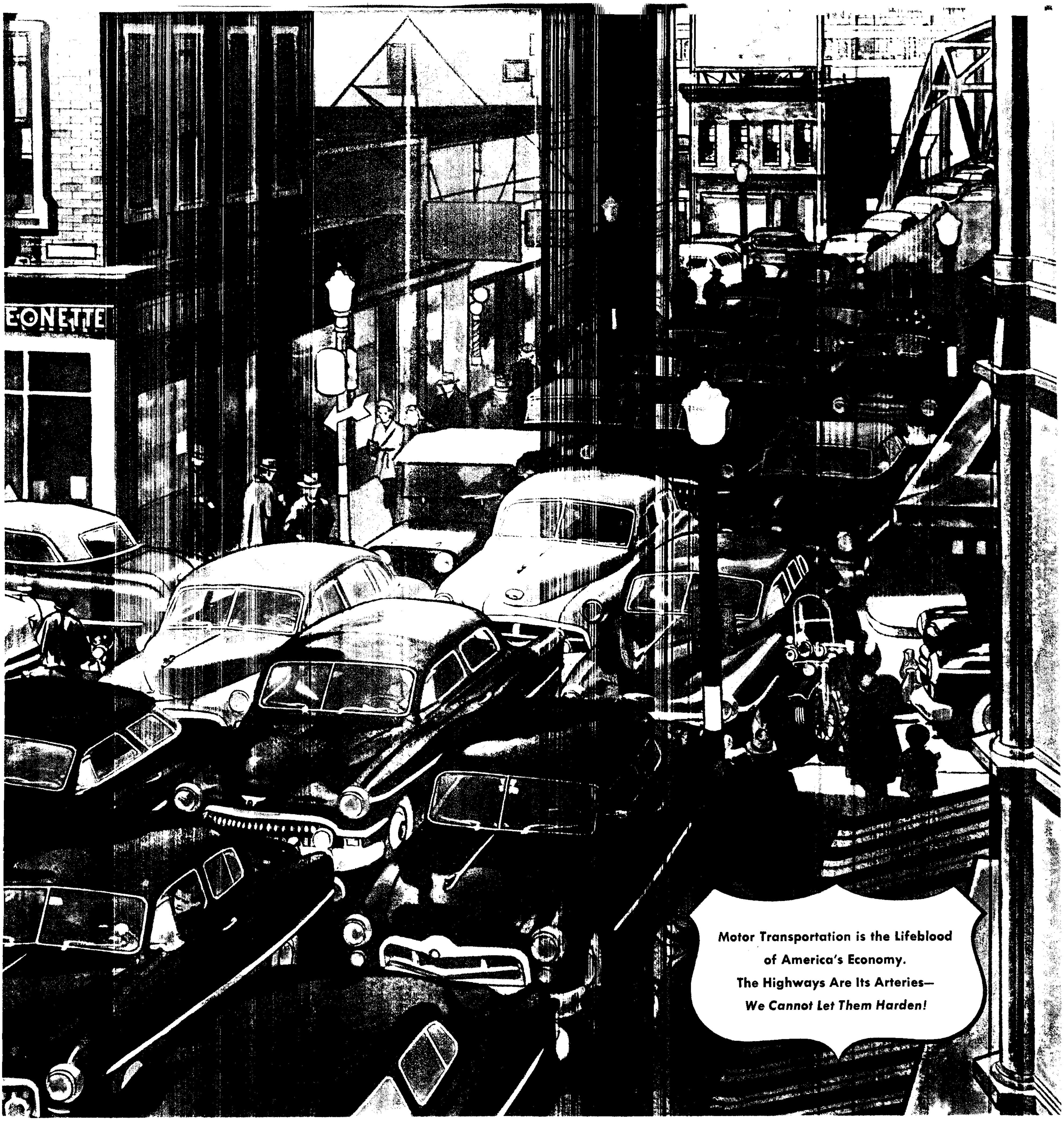
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said. "We're overbusy for an upset of that kind. And we're not overfond of fusty auld tykes at Saughend."

But I was not to be put off, and, in the end, she allowed me, with a rather bad grace, to persuade her. She gave some sharp orders. Two men went back with me, and carried Tam up to the farm.

"Here!" Elizabeth exclaimed, viewing Tam's dilapidated state with manifest disfavor. "Bring him upstairs! And be careful not to make a midden of my stair carpet!"

From his horizontal position, Tam gazed at her like a scolded schoolboy. "I'm sorry." He shivered. "I'll go back to my boat tomorrow."

"Humph!" Elizabeth muttered, under her breath. "And a real good riddance of right bad rubbish. Here! Along the passage. Watch my clean wallpaper!"

And she acidly indicated the way to a good room where a new-lit fire smoked and crackled. Having made up her mind to be charitable, she had apparently decided to do it in style. With the two farm hands, I got Tam undressed and into bed. Then I made a more extensive examination. Finally I went downstairs to where Elizabeth waited for me in the parlor.

"It's a localized pleurisy," I announced cheerfully. "That, and exposure. Not quite so bad as I thought. He's coming round now. He ought to be off your hands in a few days. He's got a wonderful constitution, you know."

She compressed her lips. "In the meantime, I'm to drop all my work—and the Almighty knows I have plenty—in order to nurse him."

"It won't be for long," I assured her, smiling. "The minute Tam's better, he'll be off like a shot. He's a shy fish. If he had his way, he wouldn't stay under a house roof for love nor money."

"Indeed!" she said with asperity. And, as that seemed to be all, I went away.

NEXT afternoon, I called at Saughend again. Elizabeth met me at the door. "You and your exposure," she said in a tone of just reproach. "Did you know that the poor man was starving? Not one bite of food had passed his lips for four days, and him with a heavy chill on him."

I made a deprecating gesture. "Well, it's the way he lives, you see. He—"

She cut me short. "A crying scandal!" she declared vigorously. "For anyone to live that way. And I'd no idea. Not the slightest. And him living almost at my doorstep. I've never taken any notice of the man, or I'd soon have set him right. His clothes—why! I burnt them the minute I set eyes on them. They're not fit for a human being—and, mind ye, he is a human being—aye, and a gey decent human being, if I'm a judge."

She broke off, eying me warily. It appeared as if she might have said a great deal more, but, with an effort, she recollected herself and led the way upstairs.

At first I didn't recognize Tam—for, on entering the room, I had the shock of my life. Tam was washed, shaved, and dressed in a fine flannel nightshirt. For all his pleurisy, he looked marvelous.

"Why, Tam." I managed to find my tongue at last. "You seem better today."

"I am better," Tam said, in his simple style. "She's looked after me a treat. But I think I'll get back to the boat the morn."

"You'll do no such thing," Elizabeth Robb said severely from the doorway. "You're far from better yet, you foolish fellow, and well you know it."

Tam was indeed not yet quite right. His temperature was above a hundred degrees, and there was still a faint crackle in his chest.

Downstairs again, I said casually, "By the bye, I'll not be at Marklea tomorrow, Mistress Robb, so I'll not bother to look in here till the day after."

"I beg your pardon," she said, folding her hands firmly beneath her bosom. "But you seem to forget ye're dealing with a sick man. You'll oblige me, Marklea or no Marklea, by calling at this house tomorrow without fail. I suppose, because the poor man hasna' the siller to pay you, you think you can neglect him. But I'll pay you your fee, and there's an end o' it."

Next day, I called again. Tam, with a large bowl of beef tea at his elbow, was well on the way to recovery.

"She's unco kind, ye know, Doctor," he remarked mildly. "But I'd better get back to the boat the morn."

Elizabeth Robb did not deign to say anything. But in the front parlor, afterward, she addressed me quite determinedly:

"He must not go back to that awful boat until he's cured and better. He's no trouble at all, at all. He's a decent, simple chap." Here her voice turned almost dreamy. "A most remarkable man, in fact, with not a word of harm to say against anybody. And some of the things he does say—clever—you wouldn't believe it. Do you know, Doctor, that he doesna' smoke, and he doesna' even know the taste of drink? To think that all these years he's been living like that all by himself. As for looks—well, you wouldna' call the Duke his master. A handsome, well-made, well-set-up man as I ever saw the like of."

Here, catching my eye upon her, she blushed, and, suddenly conscious of the blush, virtuously compressed her lips. "You'll call tomorrow, Doctor," she concluded formally, and showed me to the door.

So, I made my visit the following morning, and the next morning, and the next. And every time I came, there was some fresh eulogy on Tam:

"Do you know, Doctor . . ."

THE thaw set in, the snow melted, and the green of the country reappeared. One day, when I arrived, Tam was up, dressed in a good broadcloth suit, and looking solid, sensible, and well.

"That's a grand suit you've got, Tam," I declared.

"Not bad," Tam answered with his gentle, guileless smile. "It belonged to Mr. Robb. The late Mr. Robb, ye know." He smoothed the lapels approvingly. "It fits me gey well."

"Isn't it about time, Tam," I demanded suddenly, inspecting Tam in his beautiful suit, fine laundered linen, sound boots, and air of high prosperity. "Isn't it about time that you were getting back to your boat?"

Tam looked mild and absent-minded. "I haven't thought so much about the boat lately," he murmured. "It's pretty nice up here at the farm."

At that moment, Elizabeth came bustling in, looking pleased and blooming, happier than she had for months. She gazed admiringly at Tam. "Doesn't he look grand?" she said with a proprietary air. "He's promised to come out for a stroll with me this afternoon. I want to ask his opinion about the lower Saughend field. I've a rare notion he might make a farmer yet if he went the right way about it." She gave a little self-conscious laugh. "Will you be calling in again tomorrow, Doctor?"

"No," I answered gravely. "There's nothing more for me to do. I'll not look back."

But I did look back. Within the month, I was best man at their wedding. THE END

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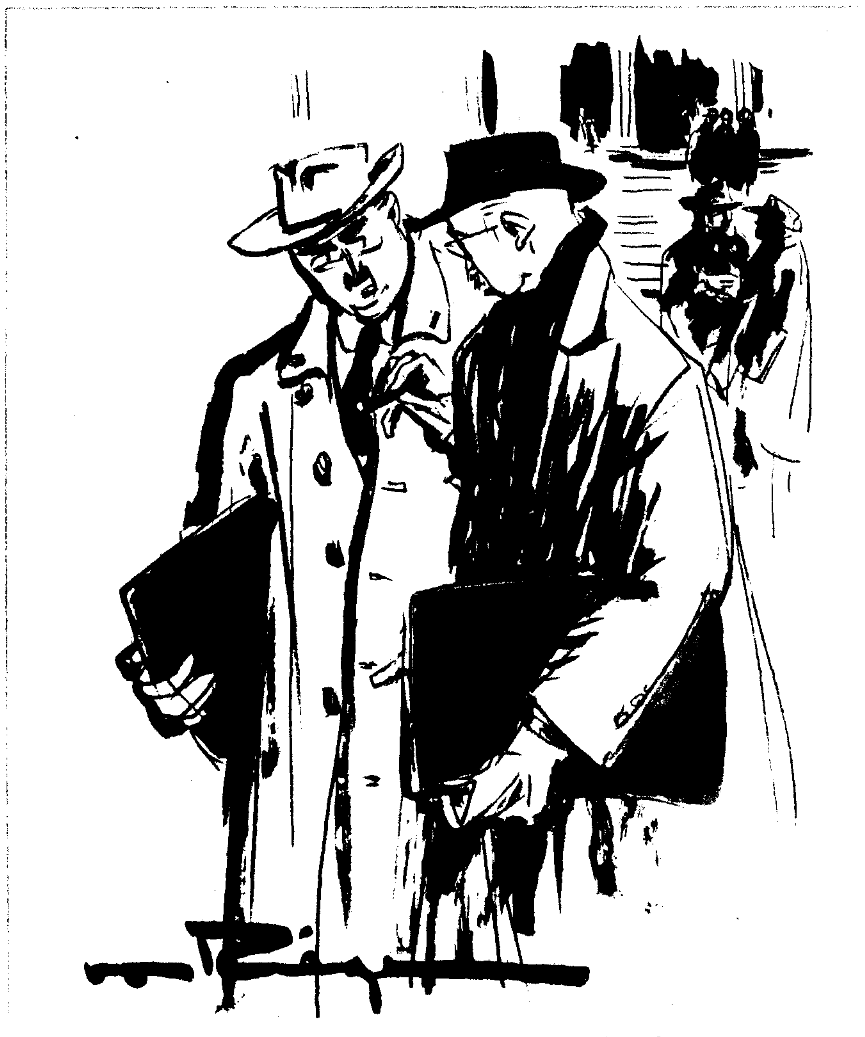

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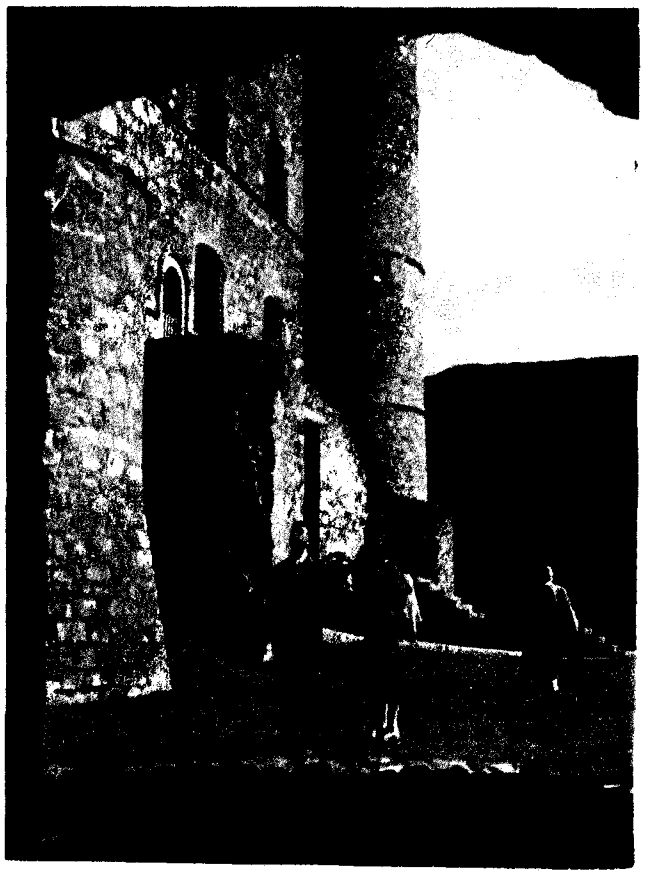

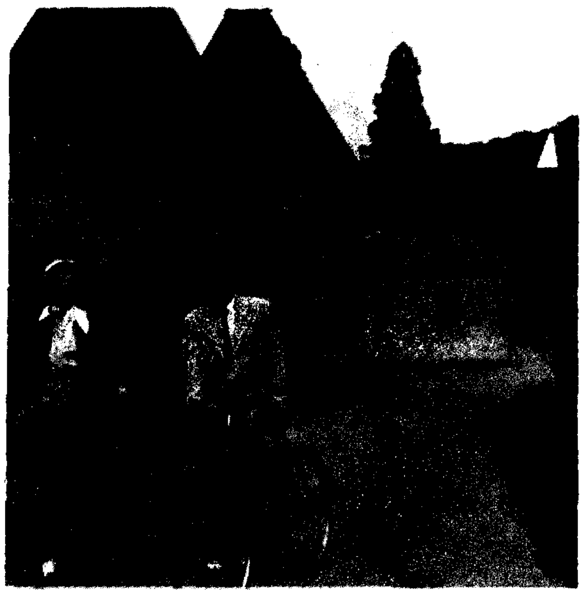

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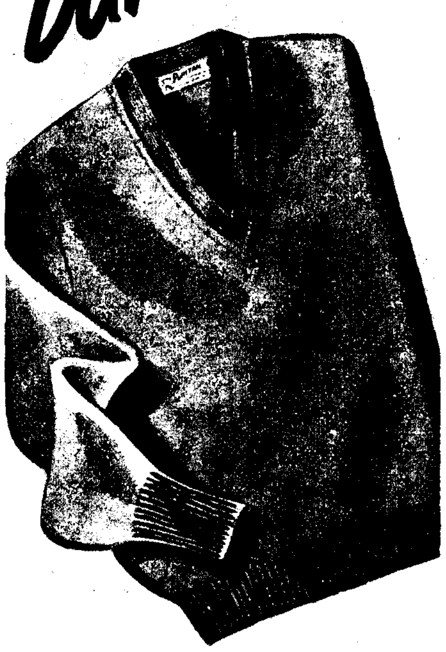

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Sounds in the Night

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and after a few moments Eve dropped her head to the back of the davenport. "Nice," she murmured approvingly.

They sat sipping their drinks till the record ended; then there was a humming silence from the radio which grew into a lengthy pause. "Radio as it should be," Tim said. "Leisurely nighttime radio with no big sponsor paying hundreds of dollars for every minute and insisting that each second be crammed with sound. These are relaxed, easygoing, nighttime seconds, just wandering along smoking big fat cigars. The guy at the station is a disciple, like us, of the New Leisure so easily obtained by forgoing old-fashioned sleep. Right now he's finishing a sandwich or a cup of coffee. Or reading a newspaper, leaning back on the legs of his chair. No hurry about the next record; everyone's got plenty of time. Oh, I tell you," he said, glancing at Eve, "we've been blind fools ever to sleep."

FOR several more seconds the pause continued; then the radio announcer spoke. "Well, stay-ups," he said, and Eve smiled because his voice was so utterly relaxed and unhurried, as though he actually might have been finishing a cup of coffee or reading a paper. "What's keeping you up? Why aren't you in bed like decent, law-abiding, tax-paying citizens?"

"Because we've seen the light," Tim said. "Hallelujah."

"And now," the radio voice continued, "we have an absolutely unique record just completed, at tremendous expense, especially for this superior, discriminating audience. It is played by mice. Entirely out of my own salary, I have had a complete set of mouse-size instruments made: tiny little drums, saxophones, violins. Plus a mouse grand piano, six inches long. With inexhaustible patience I have trained fourteen of the most alert of the mice who patronize this studio to play for you with impeccable skill. They are sitting here now, on top of my lunch bucket, whiskers twitching, their little faces alive with eagerness, waiting to play your favorite selections. Ready, fellows? Okay."

A record began, but it was perfectly ordinary, a popular dance tune played by a well-known orchestra, and in the background the announcer's voice said, "Well, why should it sound any different?"

Tim shook his head admiringly. "That's the job I want," he said. "After years wasted in the drab world of business, I have found my true calling."

"It would suit you, all right."

Lifting his glass, Tim raised it halfway to his mouth, then he stopped, staring out at the room, and began to smile, his eyes lighting with the pleasure of a new idea. "Listen," he said, "let's go out."

"What?" Eve looked incredulous.

"Sure." He set his glass down eagerly, and turned to Eve. "Let's get dressed—no fooling—and go see what's doing in the world at this time of night."

"You're crazy." Eve took a sip of her drink.

"No, I mean it." He stood up. "Are we going to waste our lives chained to routine? Spend every night in sodden sleep?"

"Yes."

"Not tonight." Barefoot, he strode out to the center of the room and turned, facing Eve. "Tonight we're salvaging a little of the decades we waste in idle sleep, and hours of new leisure lie ahead filled with marvelous things to do."

"Such as what?" Eve looked at him cynically.

For a moment Tim considered this, then he shrugged. "Damned if I know," he said, and walked back to the coffee table to pick up his glass. "Yes, I do. There are millions of things to do." The interest and eagerness returned to his voice, and he began to pace about the room. "Right now, for example, all around the Times Building, little coffee joints are filled with newspapermen about to go to work on tomorrow's paper." He grinned at Eve happily. "We'll join them."

"They'll be delighted to see us, I know."

"Of course they will." He gestured expansively with his glass. "I'll say I'm a foreign correspondent, while you, of course, are a lady photographer. So take your Brownie. We'll say we just flew in from Graustark, and things look bad. The entire peasantry on the verge of revolt, converts to the false doctrines of Fletcherism, while troops are massed on the borders of Oz. A reporter will snatch the phone, shoving his hat back. 'Mr. Sulzberger!' he'll scream. 'Break up the front page into little tiny pieces; we've scooped the News at last!' Flash bulbs will explo—"

"Are there really little places like that? With people from the Times?"

"Sure, there are."

Eve raised her eyebrows thoughtfully. "It might be fun, at that," she murmured.

"Of course! All kinds of wonderful things go on while the yokelry sleep their lives away. Down at the docks they're loading ships under lights."

"Really?" Eve looked at him with a growing interest.

"Sure. Come on, get dressed!"

"Okay, soon as I finish this." She rattled the ice cube in her half-filled glass. "You really mean it, now?"

"Yes." He smiled. "I do now, anyway."

"What about work tomorrow?"

"I'll survive; don't worry about it." He gulped the last of his drink, and turned toward the kitchen. "Tonight, we're going out in search of adventure, the way they do in English movies." In the kitchen he continued talking, raising his voice to call out to Eve. "Go put on a tight sweater, high-heeled slippers and a beret. Walk with your hands on your hips in a seductive sway, a cigarette dangling from your over-rouged lips. I'll call you Evette." Momentarily he appeared again in the doorway. "I'll wear a trench coat with the collar turned up, a hat pulled down over my eyes, and a sturdy pipe in my teeth." He turned back into the kitchen, adding, "You may call me Bulldog Drummond."

"I like Foxterrier Ryan better."

THE light in the kitchen went out and Tim walked back into the living room, a fresh drink in his hand. "Okay," he said happily, strolling toward the windows, "you'll sing a different tune when you see me deep in the sewers of New York, automatic in hand, battling it out under Seventh Avenue." He stopped at a window, leaning forward to peer down at the street.

"Battling it out with whom?"

"I don't know. R. H. Macy."

"Why?" Eve took a swallow of her drink.

"Because I know too much," he said, glancing back over his shoulder. "I found a pair of shorts at Gimbels for six per cent less, and he's afraid I'll squeal."

She giggled. "Tim, you're getting high! No fooling, you really *are!*"

"Maybe." He shrugged. "But there was also a very telltale note in that high-pitched giggle of yours." He grinned. "I feel good, all right," he admitted, and he stooped suddenly, raised the window, and leaned out. In a loud, melodious, singsong tone, drawing each syllable out, he called, "Three-e-e o'clock, and all-l-l is well-l-l!"

"Tim!"

He turned to look at her. "I'm reviving an old cust—"

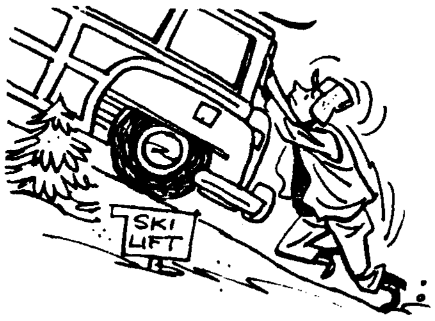
"Tim, get *back* in here! Close that wind—"

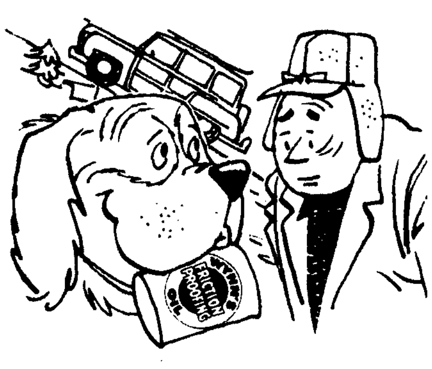
Suddenly, astonishingly loud, there came a shout from the street below: "Hey-y-y, Nick!"

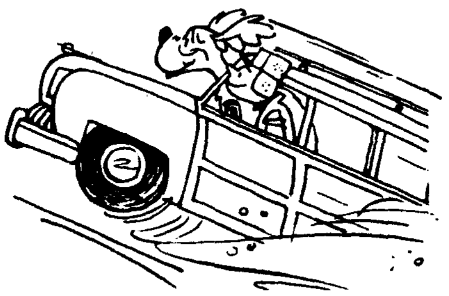
"Good Lord," Tim said. He leaned out the window, staring down at the street. "He's across the street, looking up here."

"Tim, close that win—"

"Hey-y-y, Nick!"







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Tim jerked his head into the room, reaching up hastily to pull down the window.

"Nick! Nicky boy-y-y!" came the mindless bellow, and now, from the apartment building across the street, they heard a window shoot up, squealing angrily.

"Officer!" a woman's voice called out, incredibly clear in the still night air. "Officer!" she repeated in an officious tone, and Tim and Eve knew from the sound of it that somewhere in the block she actually saw a policeman. It was the peremptory voice of the upright indignant citizen calling on a servant of law and order to disperse the offending rabble.

"Some old bat across the street," Tim whispered. He squatted on the floor, his eyes level with the sill. "I hate that type."

Setting her glass down, Eve hurried across the room to kneel beside Tim, and now they saw a policeman approaching from the right. He was crossing the street toward the opposite side in slow, unhurried steps, his night stick dangling from its thong, every casual motion of his body hard, competent, utterly assured. A second-story window formed a yellow rectangle of light in the darkened side of the building opposite, and from this window a woman's head projected out over the dark battered hat of the drunk on the sidewalk directly below her. The policeman, however, didn't deign even to lift his head to look at or speak to the woman, nor did he trouble to so much as glance at the drunk who stood with his feet wide apart, supported by the brick side of the building, waiting for whatever might happen.

Glancing casually up and down the length of the street as he walked, the policeman assumed, by his whole manner, the leading role in the sudden drama below. Every move was bored and contemptuous; he was irritable authority condescending to settle the petty and stupid problems of the citizenry. To Tim and Eve, watching at the window, there was a chilling, impersonal ruthlessness in the sight and sound of the measured steps approaching the helpless waiting man on the sidewalk.

"Oh, I *hope* he doesn't hurt him!" Eve said.

"He won't," Tim answered, but from his voice Eve knew he wasn't sure; and Tim added in a worried tone, "I started this, I guess; maybe I better go down."

"Oh, no, you don't! He'd have yelled anyway; he did it before."

The woman pulled her head back into the window, and disappeared across the lighted room. The policeman stopped before the drunk, reached out casually with one hand, taking his time, and grasped the man's clothing in a fist, tight across the chest. Then he shook him, twice, his arm hardly seeming to move, but the drunk's head rolled on his shoulders, and he began to mutter. Planted solidly on his feet, the policeman drew the man out from the wall until they were almost touching, chest to chest. He turned, then, pulling the man with him, then shoved him away hard, so that the drunk stumbled backward. The policeman, so far, hadn't bothered to say a word.

With a nod, Tim pointed out to Eve the lighted window across the street. The woman's head had appeared again, and for a fraction of a second she looked down at the top of the policeman's dark cap, now directly under her. Then her head quickly withdrew, and they saw her disappear momentarily below the ledge of the window.

Almost instantly she appeared again, and across the quiet street Tim and Eve recognized the unmistakable dull clank of the handle of a scrub bucket dropping onto the metal edge. With a heave of her arms, the woman brought up the bucket, and they watched her; hardly daring to believe what they saw, as she balanced it for an instant on the window ledge. Then in one swift move she dumped the entire contents of the bucket onto the policeman's head.

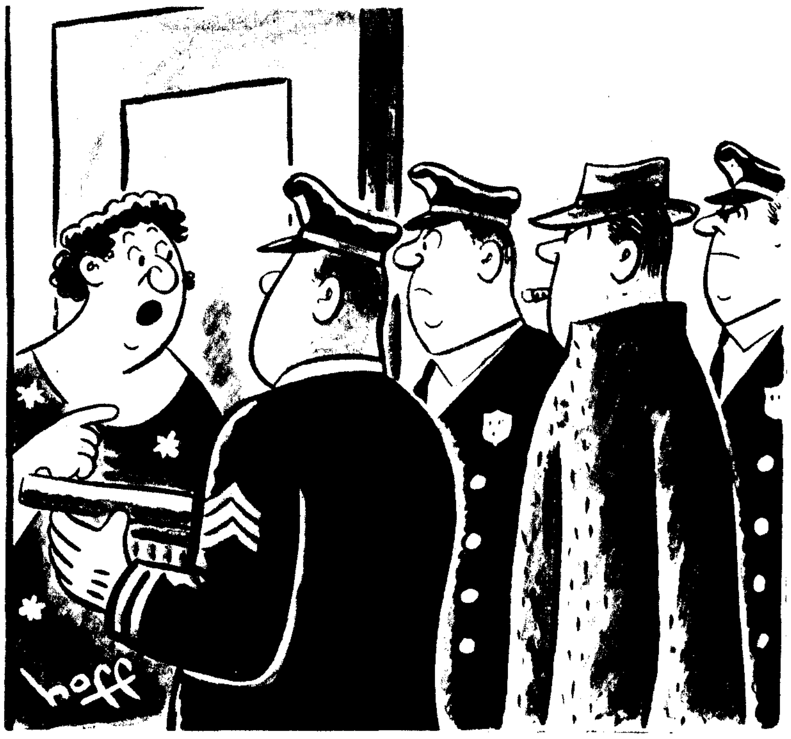
IT WAS past all belief, unacceptable, rejected by the brain even as they watched it happen, and Tim and Eve, no longer breathing, their mouths gaping, watched in incredulous, fascinated horror as the thick torrent of water struck the stretched surface of the policeman's cap and shot up again in a miniature, foot-high geyser.

In the weak gleam of the street light, in a sort of slow-motion vision, they saw the little geyser foam white at its top, then break to pour down over the policeman's head, collar and shoulders.

As if what they had seen were not sufficiently beyond all boundaries of belief, the policeman brought up both his arms, the elbows straight out at his sides, his fists clenched at his chest, then dropped them suddenly, raised his night stick high in the air, and began to run in a tight little circle of hardly more than a yard in diameter. With not a sound but the scuffle of his shoes on the pavement, he ran around and around the invisible circle, bringing his stick down and up, down and up, in sharp, spasmodic blows on the empty air.

A phrase sprang into Tim's mind. "A dance of rage," he said in an awed voice. "There actually is such a thing."

Then it stopped. Backing away from the building, his night stick raised, his head



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thrown back to look up at the window, the policeman made thick choking sounds of inexpressible fury deep in his throat. His voice burst out, then, and they knew that never before in his life had he reached this peak of staggering rage. *"What!"* he screamed. "What in the *hell!"* He could not seem to finish a sentence or find words to fit one. "What in the damn' hell!" he screamed, and then he actually leaped into the air, futilely springing from both toes, trying to get at the horrified woman still leaning out the window, with the bucket in her hand, and her mouth wide open.

"I—" they heard her say, her voice strangling in the quiet air. She said it again, "I—" Then she gave up and, pointing vaguely down to one side of the policeman, said, "I thought it was—I thought it was still—I thought it was *him."* She wailed despairingly, and then for an instant the woman and the policeman simply stared at each other, motionless, across the yard of space that separated them. Then they both started to move at the same instant.

THE woman disappeared, running across the lighted room, and Tim kept muttering, "Turn off your lights, turn off your *lights."* The policeman, running hard, turned the corner, heading for the lighted entrance to the building on the cross street.

His eyes wide with astonishment, Tim turned to Eve. "Did you *see* that!" he demanded wildly. "Oh, Lord, did you *see* that!" He clapped both hands to his head. "Oh, let me die! Let me die right now; that was perfect! Never in my life have I seen anything so beautifully, screamingly perfect. I don't think a single drop reached the sidewalk!" He began to roar—short shouts of wild laughter—and he turned from the window and staggered around the room bent double, his arms clasped around his stomach. "On his *head,"* he kept repeating. "On the cop's *head!* Did you see it? Right on his head; a bucket of water on the cop's head. Oh, my God!" Then he dropped into a chair, and laughed helplessly.

Eve, who had been watching him, turned suddenly toward the window, her eye caught by a movement. "He's coming back!" she said, and dropped down onto her knees at the window again, while Tim sprang up to join her.

Walking fast, one hand gripping the arm of a reluctantly hurrying elevator man, the policeman approached the still-lighted window, craning his neck to one side, trying to look up into it. Directly under the window they stopped, the policeman pointing up at it. His back was toward them, and Tim and Eve couldn't quite hear what he said, but they knew he was asking for the apartment number. The elevator man ran a finger around the inside of his stiff wing collar, obviously reluctant to answer; then he shrugged and responded, and the policeman dropped his arm, and, moving rapidly, walked back to the building entrance, the elevator man following more slowly. They disappeared inside.

"What'll *happen* to her?" Eve asked Tim.

"Electrocution," he said delightedly. "If she's lucky. A special slow form of electrocution, building up from one volt to ten thousand, a volt at a time, and lasting all day. Then she'll be publicly burned, and her name will be blotted from all records, including the telephone book. Oh, Lord," he sighed, shaking his head, "that was beautiful, it was actually *beautiful."*

"No, seriously; what'll he do, do you think?"

Tim shrugged. "Nothing serious. What *can* he do? If he could have reached her at the moment, he'd have brained her, but now—well, I suppose she could be charged with something or other and fined. But I think he'll drop the whole thing, after giving her hell. What else? He'd be the laughingstock of the whole force if he ever said a word about this."

For a while they continued to watch at the window, but the policeman did not reappear, and presently the light across the street went out, and Tim stood up, helping Eve to her feet, and they sat down on the davenport.

She smiled. "I don't think you ought to be so pleased about it. After all."

"After all, what?" he said. "Who're you feeling sorry for? The woman? She got what she deserved."

"Why? After all, she does have a right to peace and quiet at night."

"Sure." He nodded. "Sure she does; that part's all right. But she wasn't going to be satisfied just to let that poor drunk be led away. With the cop safely at hand, no danger of the drunk getting back at her, she had to get vindictive. She had to douse the drunk with a bucket of water. I hope she trembles in bed for a week."

"Maybe." Eve smiled. "I guess so. But what about the policeman? He was just doing his duty."

Tim shrugged. "I suppose so. But *how* was he doing it? With that tough, hard-boiled, *cop* attitude. I hate that stuff. Anyway, when a cop actually gets a bucket of water dumped on his head, I'm afraid I love it, fair or unfair. The whole thing was perfect; complete poetic justice all around; a work of art in every sense. Did you see that *dance?"* He sat up, his eyes glowing.

"When I was a kid I used to see the Keystone Cops in old one-reel comedies. And I've always assumed that the antics they went through, the jumping around and waving of night sticks, were Mack Sennett's own inventions, and had nothing to do with real life." He shook his head in slow amazement. "But now I know better. Dump a bucket of water on a cop's head, and he actually *does* run around in a little circle waving his stick."

He smiled happily at Eve. "Someday, right on Madison Avenue, probably, I'm going to see a cop chasing a little man with a mustache, derby hat, baggy pants and a bamboo cane. And when the cop turns a corner, he's going to leap up in the air, kicking his legs like scissors, exactly the way they did in the old-time comedies, and I won't be a bit surprised." He picked up his drink from the coffee table, took a swallow, then set it down again, and stood up. "Well, old lady, guess we better get to bed."

Eve stood up, stretching. "What about going out? And looking for adventure?"

Tim shook his head. "We've had it," he said. "Anything else now, including gang warfare, would be an anticlimax. No man could possibly ask more of life than to see a cop get a bucket of water—*scrub* water, I hope—dumped on his head. My cup runneth over." He reached out to the wall switch and stood waiting for Eve to turn into the hallway leading to the bedroom; then he snapped off the light and followed.

IN BED, in the darkness, Tim said, "For years, ever since I came to New York, I've heard screams of agony at night, fusillades of shots, tremendous explosions, and I've never once found out why or what happened next. But tonight makes up for all that; a beautiful, finished, rounded-off little drama, with everyone getting just what he deserved. I still can't believe it, and if this is the reward of giving up sleep, we're staying up every night from now on."

"Okay," Eve said patiently. "It was wonderful, a thing of beauty; a cop got water poured on his head. Now, let's go to sleep."

"Okay, only I hope I dream it all over again. Good night, baby." He turned to kiss her.

They lay silent for a minute or so; then Eve said, "The drunk; what happened to the drunk?"

"That's right," Tim said. "What did happen?"

From below their windows on the silent street, the traffic lights clicked, and then, in the instant that followed—far off down the street, three or perhaps four blocks away—they heard a barely audible cry. "Hey-y-y, Nick!" called the voice. "Nicky boy-y-y!"

"That does it," said Tim. "The finishing touch that completes a masterpiece. If I die in my sleep, engrave on my tombstone, *Timberlake Ryan; he really lived."* THE END

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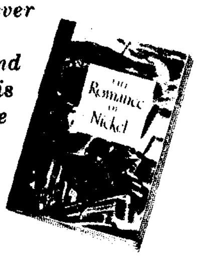

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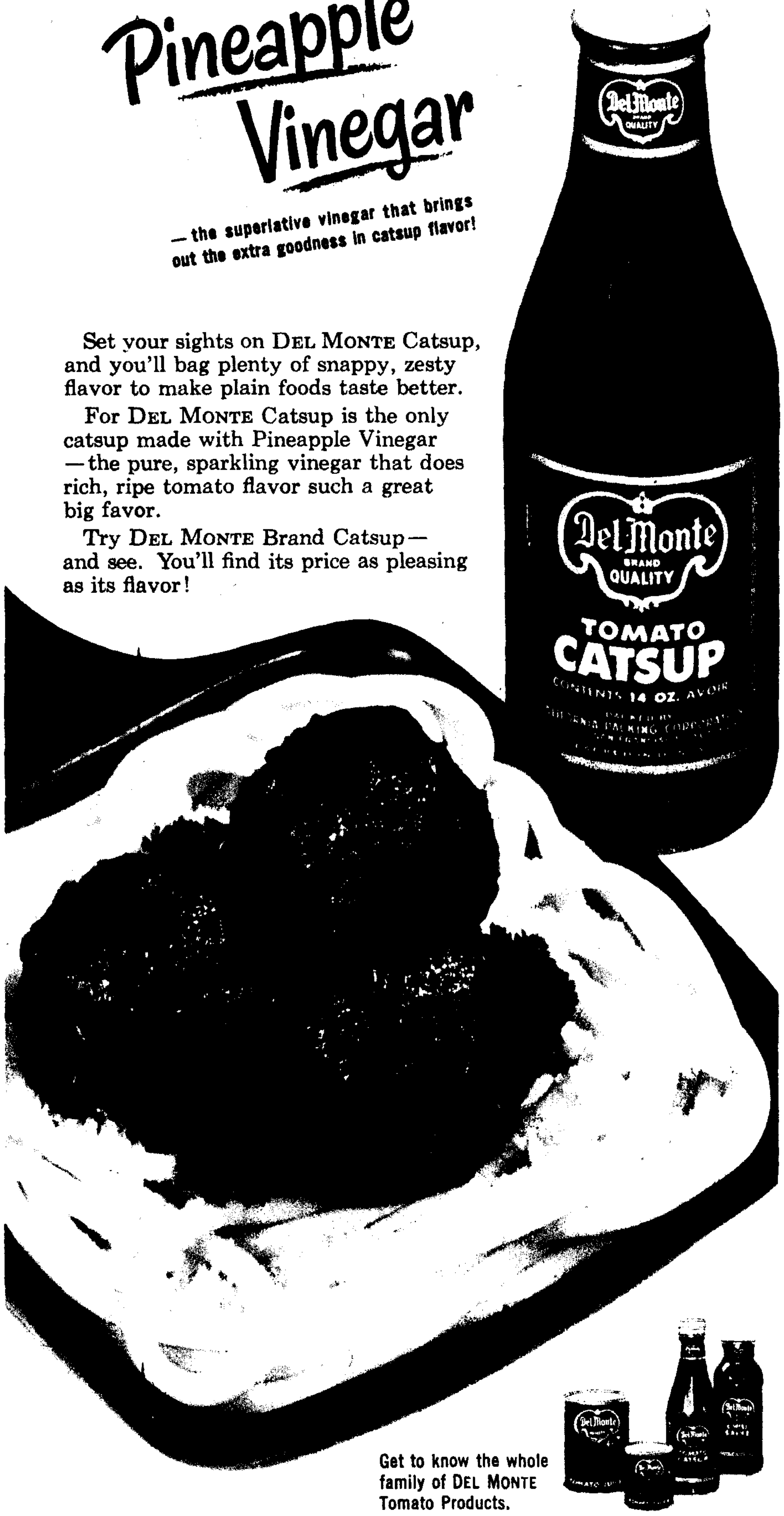

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Harvard Fields Its Best Team

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

members of the band. More often than not, however, the "working up" of the production the week before a particular game is handled by Holmes and the band's undergraduate officers, who are picked for their administrative, as distinct from musical, talents.

This autumn, the band's brain trust includes Frank Hopkins, a slim trombonist and physical sciences major from Springfield, Massachusetts, who, as manager or ranking officer, devotes an average of 40 hours a week to band work during the football season; drillmaster Walter Handelman, from New Rochelle, New York; librarian Gordon Leavitt, from La Grange, Illinois; treasurer Dana Hastings, from Framingham, Massachusetts; secretary Tony Siegman, from Williams Lake, Michigan; and the property manager, Carl Goldsmith, from Amesbury, Massachusetts.

Band Isn't All Local Talent

The fact that several of these key men come from Massachusetts is not surprising. "If you're a band-conscious kid and you live close enough to Cambridge to catch the band at a Saturday game," Manager Hopkins was explaining this October, "you seem to be drawn to going to Harvard and playing in *that* band, just the way local football players who see the Harvard football team in action seem to gravitate to Notre Dame or Tennessee. On the whole, though, the band is anything but a regional group. In this year's outfit, we have fellows from 25 states."

Outstanding instrumentalist in the 1951 contingent is Charley Lemmond, a youngster from Forty Fort, Pennsylvania, who leads the trumpet section. "He's been a tower of strength for four years," Conductor Holmes was sighing as he watched Lemmond expertly "tune up" the band at a recent Friday-night rehearsal on the jayvee football field. "I know just how a football coach feels. I'll hate to see that boy graduate. My only consolation is that Charley has a younger brother—a wonderful trumpeter, too—who'll be up at Harvard in another year."

Unlike many of the Midwestern colleges which pride themselves on their large and excellent bands, Harvard does not recruit talent, and the university offers no musical scholarships to lure schoolboy stars into the fold. However, the board which passes on scholarships for boys interested in going to Harvard casts an approving eye on applicants who list "other interests" along with their academic qualifications. It never hurts to play the sousaphone.

Freshman candidates are required to play (1) a march they are likely to have played before; (2) a Harvard song; (3) a march of reasonable difficulty they're not likely to have played before, to test their ability to sight-read; and (4) a concert number, to check their tone and intonation.

If the Harvard Band has a policy, it is summed up in that fine, undeliberate phrase, "Can he play?" The band has always included a sizable percentage of graduates of prep schools, but the majority of bandsmen have come to college directly from high schools, which generally place a larger store on proficiency with a band instrument.

The boys are not ready to tackle such flashy maneuvers as "Substitutions Unlimited" until midseason. Musically, too, it takes them a month to sound like the Harvard Band. "Our main trouble this year against Springfield, Holy Cross, and even the third week against Columbia was the erratic quality of our drum roll," Conductor Holmes was remembering on the eve of the Army game. "Everything else was in relatively good shape. We had a veteran tuba section, and coupled with the largest number of baritone saxes the freshman class has ever fed us, we had the sturdiest 'bottom' since '47. Pretty fair 'top,' too—all the melody instrument sections more than adequate. But our 'middle'—the cymbals and the drum roll—was the shakiest we've had in years.

"Well, after Columbia, we called a special section rehearsal for the drummers, drilling them to a metronome set at 135 beats a minute until that beat permeated right into their pores. We had a good, rich middle and a lot of other things ready for the game with Army."

The tremendous attachment Harvard men have for their band often leads them to claim it as the perfect representative of Harvard wit, taste and imagination. This may be true, but the outsider receives quite a different impression. For the strength of the band, as one observer from Wisconsin put it, is that its members do not behave like Harvard men at all, but carry on with a spirit closer to those campuses still untouched by the influences of swank haberdashers, tea, the Groton accent, intellectual girl friends and the Hasty Pudding Institute of 1770.

In any event, the Harvard Band is one of the few organizations in the Ivy League (Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Brown, Pennsylvania and Columbia) whose members take an unashamed delight in being "collegiate" in the old-fashioned sense. Last fall, for example, en route by bus from Cambridge to New Jersey for the Princeton game, the band arrived in New Haven at 12:30 A.M. on Saturday morning.

Directing the busses down dark and deserted High Street, the band assembled on the Old Campus and serenaded the sleeping Yale men with a short but noisy medley of Harvard songs until bags of water were dropped from the windows of adjacent dormitories and the crowd grew menacing.

Dawn Serenade at Princeton

Some four hours later, around five in the morning, the busses rolled into Princeton and were parked near the stadium. Shrouded in a heavy mist, the band marched quietly to the center of the campus. Then the drums rolled off to split the stillness of the early morning, and the band at full blast paraded through the endless archways.

A Harvard bandsman somehow develops the inhuman endurance of a marathon runner turned wandering minstrel. In order to play a 10-minute concert on the steps of the Capitol in Washington when they were returning from Charlottesville after the 1947 Virginia game, the bandsmen, laden down with their instruments, hotfooted it from the bus terminal to the Capitol and afterward from the Capitol to the railroad station, catching their train only seconds before it pulled out. And one Christmas season, when a concert engagement brought them to New York, the boys re-formed later that evening on Park Avenue and filled the midnight air with carols.

The cost of transporting the band to Yale or Princeton (one of these big games is played away from home every year) is assumed by the Harvard Athletic Association. This amounts to the sum total of the financial aid the band receives from any university source. It is up to the band to raise, through its own resources, the remainder of the $15,000 it annually requires to underwrite its expenses, principally traveling to other "away" games.

"We count on three main sources," Dana Hastings, the band's treasurer, says. "Revenue from the 15 to 20 concerts we play brings in something over $2,000, contributions from alumni another $3,000. And the H.A.A. allows us to enclose a Crimson slip tastefully mentioning the band's existence in the football ticket application forms mailed to graduate subscribers east of the Mississippi. An added $2,000 comes in from sales of the band's three albums of recordings." These albums—Up the Street, Half-Time and Ivy League Album—have found their way, understandably, into many of the homes of Harvard grads.

This autumn the band has also filled orders from all over the country as well as from Venezuela, Hawaii, Rome and the Free University in the American sector of Berlin, and is at present engaged in a lengthy correspondence with a company in Amsterdam which is dickering for distribution rights in the Low Countries.

This financial independence has helped to breed a terrific group spirit. Band members may graduate from Harvard, but many refuse to graduate from the band. At pregame rehearsal on Saturday mornings, whether it is in Cambridge or on the road, a dozen or so band alumni are sure to show up all set to march and play.

The drillmaster rapidly alters his formation designs to work in these additional starters. Dr. Masao Yatsuhashi, who joined the band as a freshman clarinetist in 1935, turned up for all home games during the next 14 autumns—arriving breathless and dressed all in white, his band uniform under his arm, during his days as an intern. Dr. Yatsuhashi will probably be good for another 14 years when he completes his present tour of duty with the Army Medical Corps.

The band obviously meant *too* much to one undergraduate member, a bagpiper from Texas. He had fallen far behind in his studies and was ordered by the dean to give up all extracurricular activities or face immediate dismissal from the university. The Texan stayed away from the band for almost a week, but the sight of his colleagues marching to the game on Saturday defeated him. He grabbed his pipes and joined them. Outside of Scotland, a bagpiper is the last musician who can perform anonymously, and it was the Texan's last week end as a Harvard man.

Oldest member of the Harvard Band, and its only "associate member" or ringer, is Paul Touchette, a handsome, gray-haired, forty-six-year-old fireman who plays solo trumpet. This is a story in itself. One of the stations of the Cambridge Fire Department is situated next door to Memorial Hall, where the band holds its musical practices. One evening, as they were breaking up after a session, a group of Harvard bandsmen heard a few clangorous notes issuing from the firehouse. They went to take a look and found the fire department band knee-deep in rehearsal.

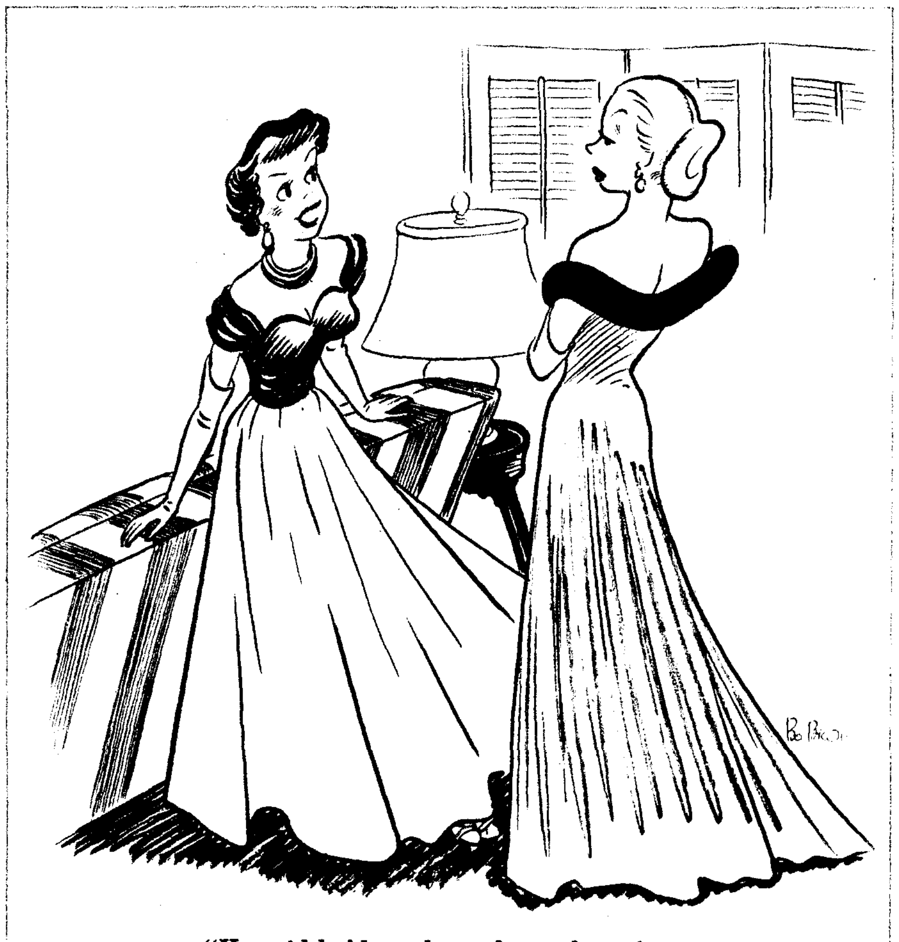
The boys sat down with the band and in no time at all the Cambridge Fire Department Band was composed chiefly of Harvard undergraduates.

In return, Paul Touchette joined the Harvard Band, along with another fireman who has since given up music. During the football season, Touchette arranges with his colleagues at the station house to take over for him if he is on the list for Saturday duty. "This year it's been a little tougher," Paul sighed recently, as he crossed his fingers. "Stricter regulations about swapping days. So far, so good. I've managed to make most of the trips. I won't rest easy, though, until I'm actually playing in the Yale Bowl. I've got to make the Yale game."

Where Musicians May Relax

As befits an organization whose only airs are musical, the band's headquarters are remarkable for their elegant lack of plushness. After operating from a basement room in Lowell House suitable for storing instruments, the band moved in 1947 to its present location, a larger basement room in the Paine Music Building. (According to university legend, in prohibition days this grotto served personnel in the science and maintenance departments as a distillery.) A Harvard Alumni Directory reposes in a prominent position amidst eight easy chairs and a not-so-easy couch, a supply of beer, battered tubas, a stout record file and a collection of drums, including a bass drum stolen by Dartmouth vandals and ultimately returned with *Dartmouth 14 Ahvud 13* inscribed in green paint.

Founder of the Harvard Band was Frederic L. Reynolds, a trumpeter from Berkeley, California, now a Boston importer, who was a member of the class of 1920. Realizing that many students, like himself, had been members of wartime regimental bands, Reynolds thought they could form a musical aggregation that would lend a lot more flavor to the football games than the



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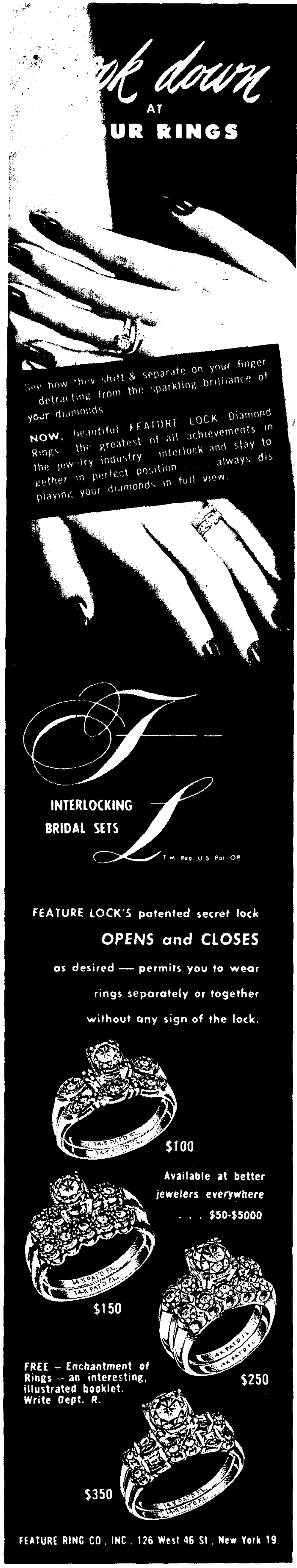

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University Banjo and Mandolin Clubs then entertaining the spectators.

Forty students answered Reynolds' call for volunteers and played at the Boston College game. They made the trip to Princeton. The next week, supplemented by 40 students who couldn't play but held the instruments handsomely, the band presented an impressive 80-man delegation as it marched through Harvard Square and across the river to Soldiers' Field and the stadium for the Yale game.

For the first few years, the official uniform consisted of white duck trousers, white shirt, crimson sweater and white sailor hat. Harvard bandsmen go bareheaded today, and their uniform is not much more ornate. Each musician provides his own black shoes and black socks, his white shirt and his knitted crimson tie. The band supplies him with a pair of white ducks piped with a ¾-inch stripe of crimson, and either sells or rents him a heavy wool, weatherproofed, unpadded, two-button crimson jacket. A lyre stitched in gold thread decorates the breast pocket.

Even by the standards of the Ivy League, where bands frown on flamboyant attire, this is a staid costume. The Princeton band, for example, gains a certain jauntiness by wearing straw hats. White shoes do the same for Yale bandsmen in their otherwise reserved gray flannels and dark blue jackets. "We haven't done anything about the uniform yet and I don't think we will," Manager Hopkins told a freshman member who turned up this autumn in the flamingo-colored lion tamer's costume of his high-school band and was wondering why the Harvard Band didn't spruce up its appearance.

"You'll get to love our jacket," Hopkins added paternally. "Sure, it's got the style of a bath mat but it's got the heft of one, too—a great comfort on a windy November afternoon. And another thing. You can sleep in it for two days and it won't show the sign of a crease."

Outdressed and Outplayed

In the raccoon-coat era of college life, the twenties, the Harvard Band was not only outdressed by its opponents but outplayed as well. Dartmouth had the classiest band in the East, an augmented jazz band built around the stars of the famed Barbary Coast Dance Orchestra. Yale's band showed a marked improvement in the late twenties when a transfer from the University of Maine, one Hubert Prior Vallee, arrived on the scene. Rudy was a sound organizer and occasionally had what he considered were real flashes of brilliance, like playing Marching Through Georgia when Yale played Georgia.

Though a doggedly respectable outfit, the Harvard Band was nothing to remain seated for at half time until Leroy Anderson took over the leadership in the fall of 1928. A slim, sandy-haired work horse who grew up in Cambridge where his father was employed by the post office—his mother was an organist and a superb one—"Andy" was connected with the Harvard Band for 11 years. He played the trombone during his four undergraduate years, becoming the band's conductor and arranger when he entered the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in 1930, continuing in those capacities after he had left Harvard for a career as an arranger for the Boston Symphony "Pops" orchestra.

The summer before he took over as conductor, Anderson worked out the band's first written arrangements of Harvardiana, Soldiers Field and Ten Thousand Men of Harvard. "That was only part of what Andy did for us," a band contemporary of his was recently recalling. "He picked up our tempo from a stodgy 6/8 to a 2/4 that gave you a real lift, made those great medleys for us, and generally made the band such a damn' competent outfit that you felt it was something pretty special to belong to it. Then he topped it off by giving us Wintergreen."

Although Harvard's alma mater song is the familiar Fair Harvard, it stirs few Harvard men as does Wintergreen for President, the band's trade-mark and the college's unofficial alma mater. Wintergreen's genesis was a remarkable one. In the fall of '32, while Anderson was casting around for a special arrangement to stagger the stands at the next game with Army, he went to see Of Thee I Sing, the Pulitzer-prize musical comedy.

The opening chorus described an election rally. As the paraders moved across the darkened stage, holding their torches and banners, they broke into their campaign song, Wintergreen for President, a kind of rhythmic chant interpolated with snatches of There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, The Stars and Stripes Forever and other robust Americana.

"The idea hit me—whango!" Anderson was remembering recently. "Why not make an arrangement of Wintergreen substituting the songs of, say Harvard, Yale and Princeton for the old campaign songs? Well, we played it the next week. Just as we were finishing the number, such a clamor set up that I turned around to see if the football team was coming out on the field for the second half. The team was nowhere in sight. The next Saturday, the instant the band appeared, the Harvard stands began shouting for Wintergreen. I guess they've been shouting for it ever since."

While Anderson was transforming the band into a conspicuously able musical unit, another talented man, Guy Vernor Slade, was teaching it to march and maneuver. A native of nearby Jamaica Plain, Slade became the band's drillmaster in the fall of 1930, his junior year. A tough disciplinarian, Slade had a genius for picture, gag and letter formations. He not only knew what words to spell out, but his words were the most legible any college band had been able to achieve. Slade planned his letters with scientific exactness on three-by-five-inch cards. To give them bolder definition, he had the bandsmen squat close to the turf when he fired his blank pistol as a signal.

Slade's passion was to present as many formations as possible during the seven minutes allotted the band for its half-time show. "The orthodox method whereby a band marched into its designs was much too slow for Slade," Leroy Anderson remembers. "He scrapped that formal peeling-off stuff in favor of the so-called jump drill. At the bark of Slade's pistol, the bandsmen jumped—hell, they sprinted—to their spots in the new formation. They held those positions just long enough for the spectators to digest the formation. Then there was another crack of the pistol and everyone hightailed it into the next." During Slade's sixteen-year regime the Harvard Band took on a slickness and style it has never lost.

The combination playing Wintergreen and jump-drilling this autumn is composed, roughly, of 39 clarinets, 32 trumpets, 17 saxophones, 5 French horns, 5 alto horns, 6 baritone horns, 7 flutes and piccolos, 14 trombones, 1 bassoon, 2 glockenspiels, 9 tubas, 12 drums and cymbals, and a bass drum six feet in diameter, reputed to be the largest in the world. When the Associated Harvard Clubs held their 1928 convention in Philadelphia, they instructed the band to buy itself a fine drum and to send them the bill. The band took full advantage.

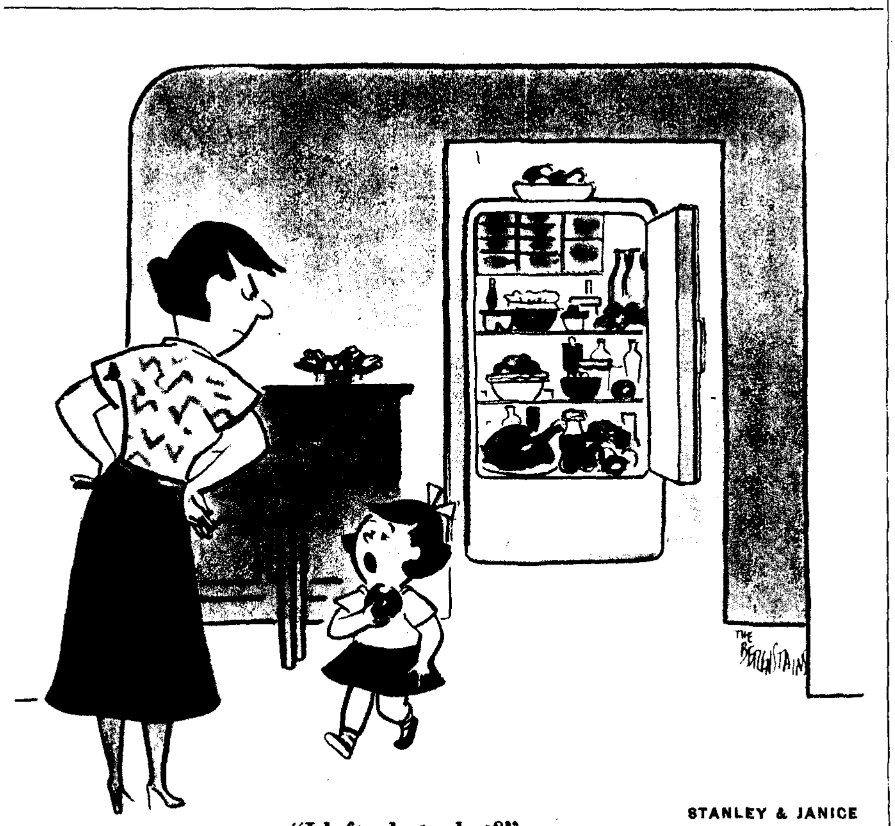
Hefty Guards Chaperone Drum

The colossus they at length acquired cost $1,500, since it was entirely handmade and each drumhead represented the seasoned skin of an exceptionally large cow. The drum is valued today at $9,000. It has become traditional for the partisans of opposing teams to attempt to derail this drum before it starts down the field mounted on four bicycle wheels. The band therefore takes the precaution of having it chaperoned by a small battalion of "jumpers," hefty undergraduates who are known for their love of body contact.

The band also owns what is probably the world's largest brass instrument, a bass tuba a good eight feet high manufactured originally for John Philip Sousa by an English locomotive company. Jack Smith, a rangy chemistry major from Omaha, is this season's maestro of the supertuba. "It's an easier instrument to conquer than it appears," Smith was explaining to a group of Columbia University tuba men a short time ago. "It took me only a month to get the hang of it. Of course, I had to put in another month training two fellows how to hold it up and balance it for me."

The Harvard Band (unlike the bands at Midwestern colleges whose members practice a minimum of 10 hours a week and receive academic credit) confines itself to a two-hour musical rehearsal on Wednesday

SISTER



COLLIER'S

"I left what *what?*"

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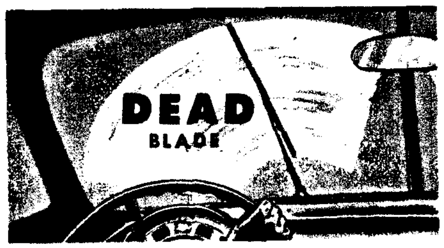

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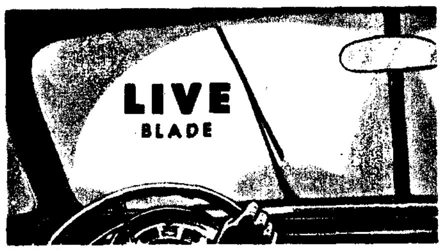

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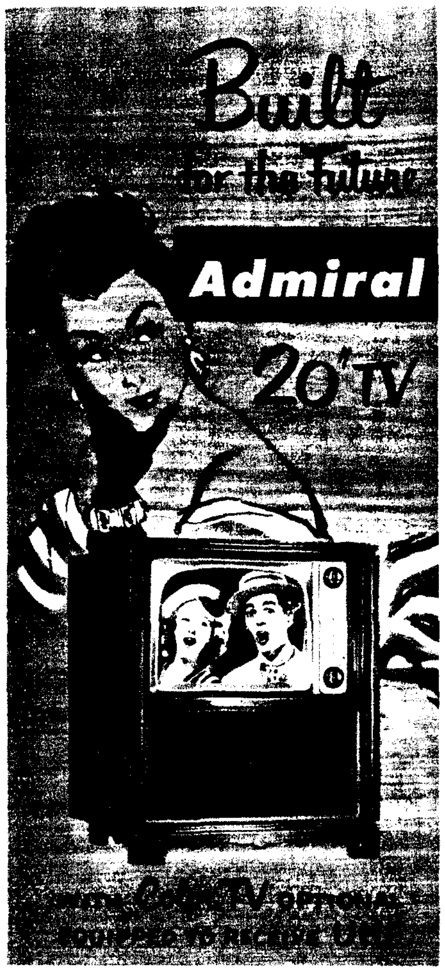

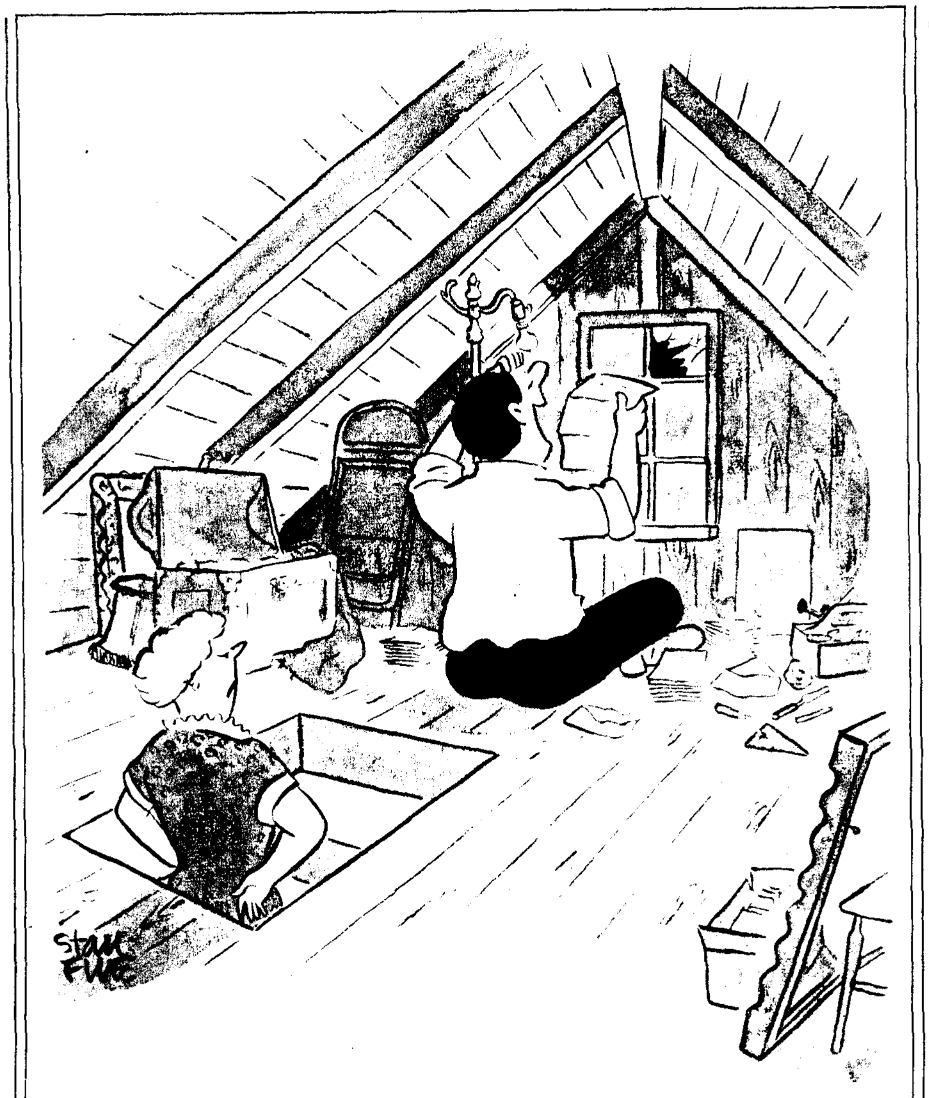

". . . How I long for my own little castle and to have you for my queen to rule my heart for endless, joyful, carefree days . . . hah, hah, hah!"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

evenings. Practicing the drills is limited to another two hours, on the Friday evening before each home game, at one of the practice football fields adjacent to the stadium.

On Saturdays, from twelve to two, the band rehearses at top speed putting the music and maneuvers together. Usually, there is time only for a quick smoke before heading into the stadium under a full head of Our Director.

In the opinion of manager Frank Hopkins, the band's consistently high performance, despite this bare minimum of rehearsal, is due to its phenomenal *esprit de corps.* "We make plenty of mistakes," Hopkins once told a beaming old grad. "The wonder is we come off as well as we do. An hour before game time we're generally a complete hash. Then when the chips are down, something comes over the boys. The knowledge that we're the Harvard Band—this is the only way I can explain it—seems to do for us what putting on a Yankee uniform does for a ballplayer. We've got a great reputation to live up to.

"In the pinch," Hopkins continued, "there's always Mal Holmes. In '48, for example, we arrived at Cornell on Saturday morning after a bushing all-night bus trip. At the drill rehearsal we were dead on our feet. Nothing we did went right.

"Mal called for a break and produced a copy of that morning's Cornell Daily Sun and read us a long, glowing article about the Cornell band—you know, how good they were and what wonders they were going to perform that afternoon. There was one line about us, the last line: 'The Harvard Band is also expected to appear.' Mal read it with appropriate sarcasm and then dropped the paper to the ground sort of dramatically. We all let out a wild cheer of defiance, and we were so damn' good that afternoon that the Cornell band didn't show up the next year when the game was played at Cambridge."

Largely because of the light touch of Mal Holmes, the Harvard Band's resident Rockne, rehearsals, which can easily degenerate into laborious sessions, are a constant pleasure. "This will have to come to a screeching halt," Holmes will remonstrate after squelching a particularly raucous passage. Or, borrowing from the play The Man Who Came to Dinner, "In those glockenspiels you have the touch of a sex-starved cobra."

Holmes keeps the band intact at the close of the football season and continues it as a full-fledged concert group able to handle Milhaud's Suite Française and Prokofiev's works as comfortably as Boola Boola. Last season the band played 17 concerts, including a commencement-eve appearance in the open-air Tercentenary Theatre in Harvard Yard. In 1949, they gave a command performance at the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers. Besides mailing a check for $1,500, the NAM transported the band to New York in four private cars and dined the boys at the Waldorf-Astoria, in exchange for a 20-minute concert.

On the occasion of the Harvard-Army game in 1949, Harvard bandsmen held the first college band reunion in history. One hundred band alumni poured into Cambridge. Mal Holmes led the combined undergraduate and alumni bands—250 pieces, including 11 glockenspiels, 40 trumpets, 32 trombones, 16 tubas and 22 snare drums, four of them loaned by the band's trusty auxiliary, the Cambridge Fire Department.

On the eve of the reunion, Holmes, assaying the wealth of brass at his disposal, had predicted, "It's a squad with depth. We should be able to employ both offensive and defensive glockenspiels. The show should be tremendous. In fact, it will probably sound like a dozen factories in action at once." Harvard men thought it sounded perfect.

THE END

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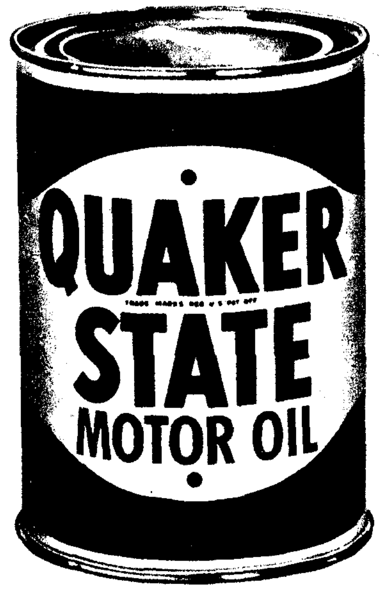

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Livin' Is Easy in the Okefenokee Swamp

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

know the swamp loses his sense of direction he can be hopelessly lost within a few hundred yards of any starting point.

The west side of the Okefenokee is heavily timbered. There are miles of dense cypress swamp, where the "runs," or trails of water, tunnel between the trunks of giant trees shrouded with Spanish moss. Brilliant green eelgrass flows up from the bottom of the runs, and the slender threads of open water are like glades in a jungle. Over vast areas there is nothing but underbrush: "hoorah" bushes in solid masses, titi and other plants and vines. Scattered through the west side are hammocks, or thick growths of trees in deep marsh, with magnolias, live oaks, cypress and black gum.

Besides the alligators and bears, there are various other creatures in the swamp. The elusive white-tailed deer are rarely seen, but there are over five hundred there. Swampwise, when they run across the marshy prairies they tread not on their front feet, but on their front legs from knee to foot.

There are the birds of the swamp: the Florida crane that trumpets across the open waters in the late afternoon, the water turkey, or "snake-bird," that can swim under water at a considerable speed, dry its wings for four minutes and take off into the air. The American egrets, the little blue herons and the white and wood ibis feed in the prairies, and at noon, the red-shouldered hawk screams across the lakes. And in the afternoon, when the deer begin to feed, the Florida barred owl varies from his usual hooting and begins to scream and laugh in a demoniac fashion.

And, of course, there are fish. Tom Chesser says that when he was a boy, he and another fellow would paddle 20 miles into the swamp to a place called Billy's Island. "One man would paddle, one man would fish, and we'd make good time, with no stopping. One trip, we caught 140 perch and 72 trout, and that wasn't unusual."

Only they weren't trout. Every place but in the Okefenokee, the same fish are called

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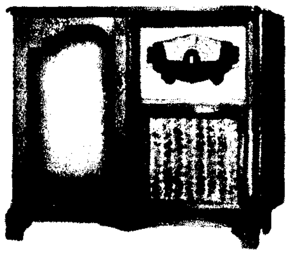

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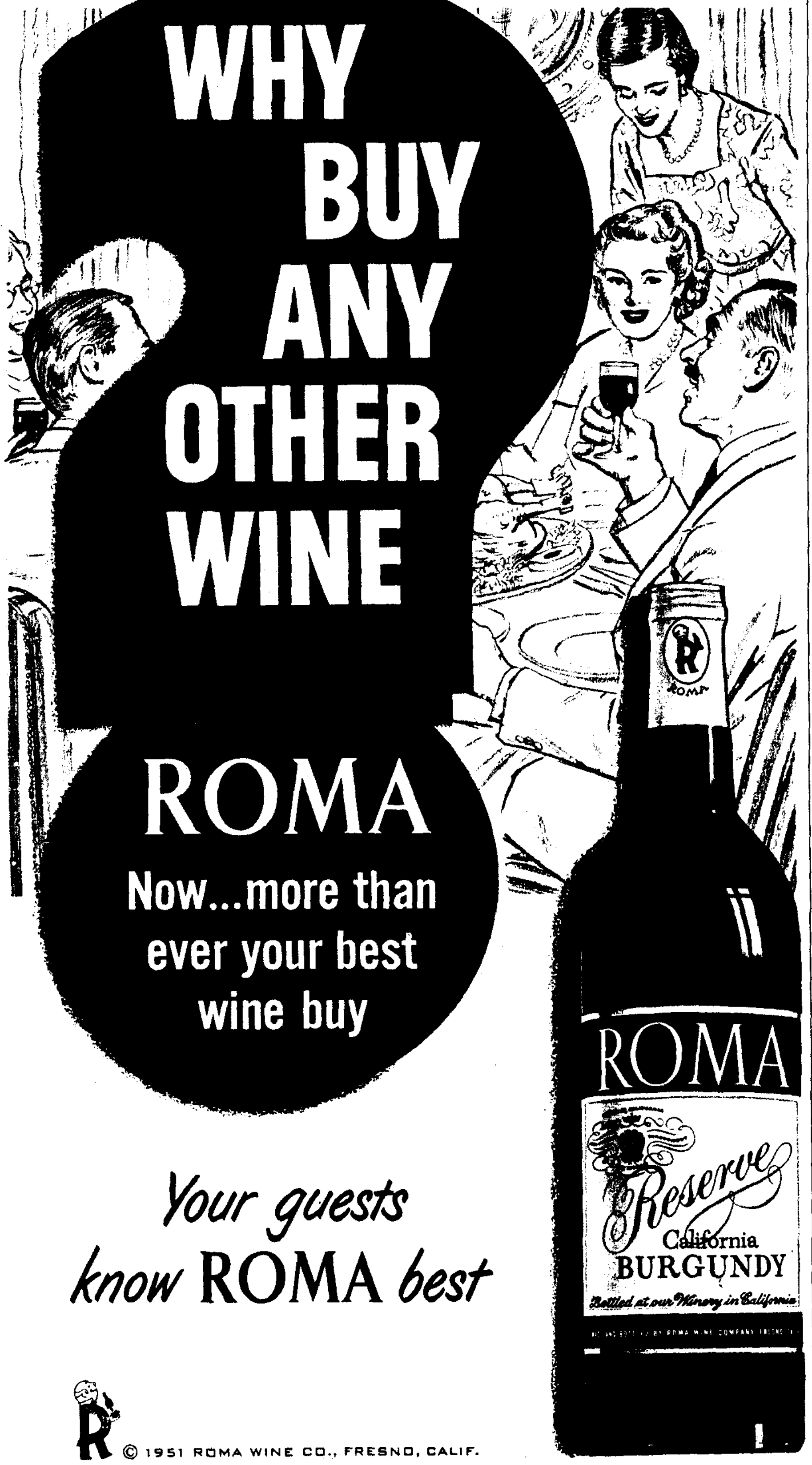
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bass. The Okefenokee fish make fine eating, for the waters of the swamp are pure. Far from being the dismal, unhealthy bog it looks like to casual visitors, the Okefenokee is a healthy fresh-water area, free of malarial mosquitoes and the other hazards commonly associated with lowland swamps. The coffee-colored water is purified by the peat acid that comes from the layers of decaying vegetation under the surface, and it is fit to drink from the east side to the west side. It makes exceptionally good coffee, too. Even in the prairies and marshes where the water seems as still as glass, it is always moving.

River Made Famous by a Song

The majority of the water in the southern end of the swamp flows north to the Suwannee Canal and then west into the Suwannee River. (The same one Stephen Foster wrote about—and misspelled.) The northern waters drain south to the Suwannee and a small portion of the water in the southern end of the swamp flows south to form the north prong of the Saint Marys River. The headwaters of the Suwannee, which flows into the Gulf, and of one branch of the Saint Marys, which flows into the Atlantic, rise up in the Okefenokee. Geologists think that the swamp was part of an ancient sea in prehistoric times.

And although it is full of sphagnum moss, tropical jungle, muck and alligators, the altitudes within the area range from 110 to 130 feet—considerably higher than most of the surrounding countryside. Most of this high land, of course, is on the swamp's numerous islands. Many of these places were once inhabited by Indians, probably as early as the sixteenth century. Live oaks 300 and 400 years old are growing out of Indian burial mounds on Floyd's and the Minnie islands.

The Creek Indians "ceded" the Okefenokee to Georgia in 1814. This was a mutually satisfactory arrangement which had only one flaw: the Creeks weren't the only tribe living in the swamp. Naturally, the treaty was ignored by the Seminoles, who raided the countryside from time to time until 1838, when they were driven out by U.S. Army troops under General Charles Floyd, after whom Floyd's Island is named. The bulk of the Okefenokee was owned by the state of Georgia until 1891.

Men have always been intrigued by the possibility of draining the huge swamp and getting at the tremendous wealth of timber and land it encompasses, and on January 1, 1891, the state sold about 219,500 acres—about half the Okefenokee—to the Suwannee Canal Company, a private concern which had just that in mind.

Captain Harry Jackson, an Atlanta lawyer, was the prime mover in this company. With the financial backing of his father, General Henry R. Jackson, Captain Harry set about his dream of drying out the swamp.

He had a 14-mile canal dug from deep in the swamp back out to Camp Cornelia and then through the ridge that borders the eastern rim of the Okefenokee. The ridge is the divide between the Atlantic and the Gulf, and he had been advised that once the canal was cut through the ridge, the water from the swamp would cut its own canal the rest of the way to the Saint Marys River.

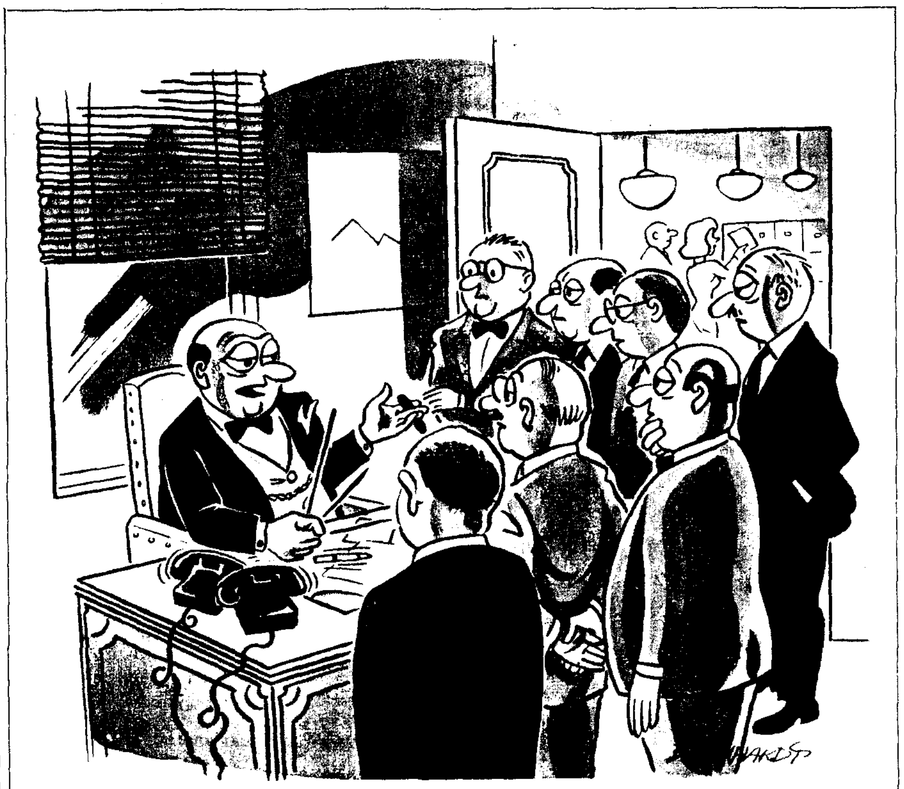
Captain Harry spent a fortune and then realized it would take hundreds of miles of canals to drain the swamp, that it would almost be necessary to wring the swamp out. The effort was abandoned.

The Suwannee Canal Company holdings were bought in 1901 by Charles Hebard and his sons, members of a Philadelphia lumber corporation which was to own the land until 1936, when the U.S. government bought it for $1.50 an acre as a wildlife refuge. The Hebards got John M. Hopkins, a country lawyer from Darien, Georgia, to survey the heavily timbered sections of the swamp. Hopkins and his crew were in the swamp almost constantly for three years; in 1908, when the Hebard Cypress Company was incorporated to log the timber, he was appointed general superintendent.

Hopkins put tram railroads into the swamp, and engineered the removal of the timber he had located and evaluated. He estimates that from 1908 to 1926, when the operation ended, approximately 423,600,000 feet of timber were cut in the Okefenokee. During that 18-year period, only 40 per cent of the swamp was even touched.

Hopkins, a short, slender man with big wrists and powerful arms who is called "Mr. John" around the swamp, still likes to recall those years. Conducting a survey through the Okefenokee is no easy task—and not just because of the problems imposed by nature.

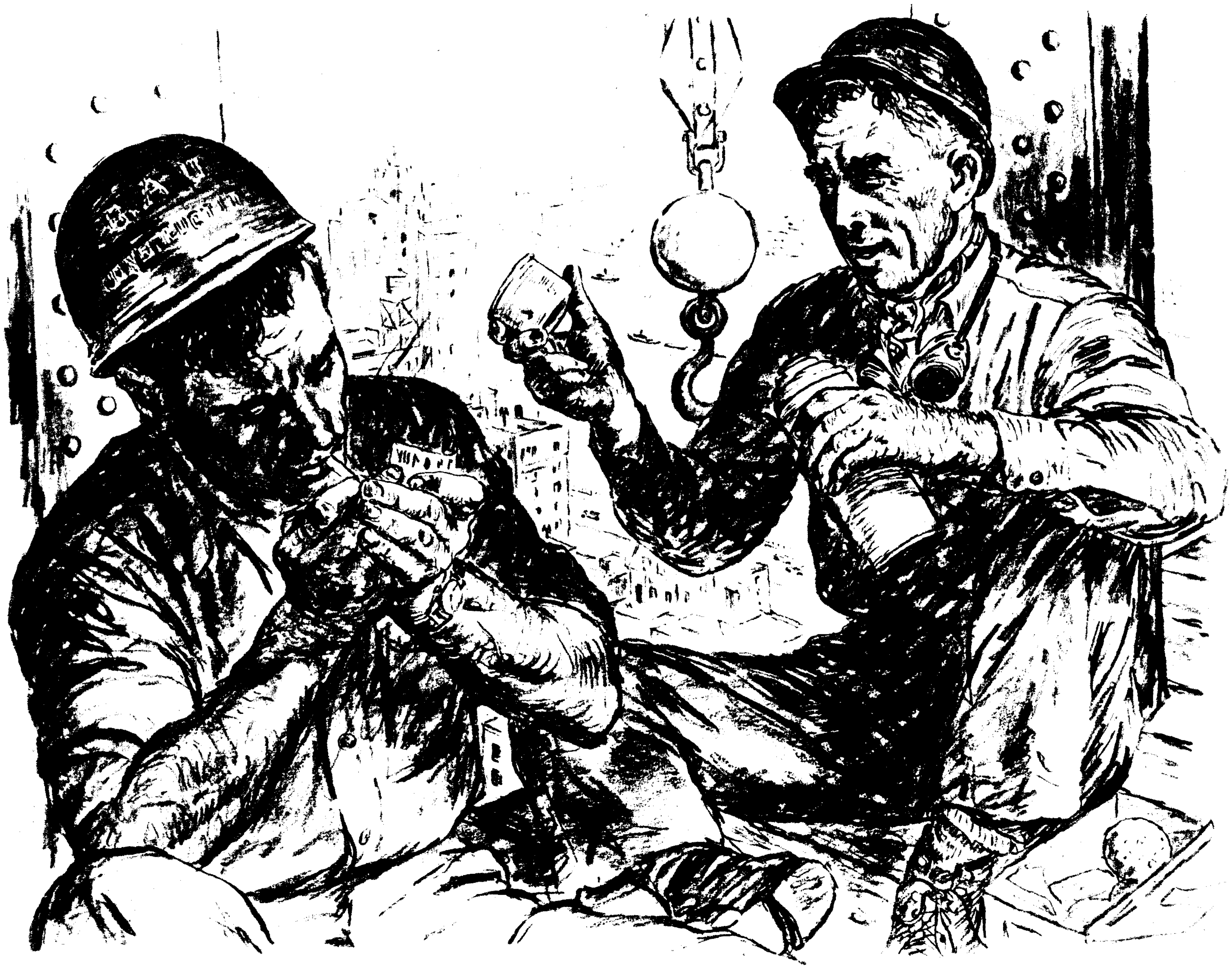
One time, Hopkins was surveying near Mixon's Ferry on the western side of the swamp when two of his chainmen became sick and had to be replaced. Mr. John set out in one direction to find a new chainman, and another member of the party, Sam



COLLIER'S

"What we're striving for, gentlemen, is a friendly spirit of co-operation. In other words, when I say jump, *jump!*"

GLENN R. BERNHARDT



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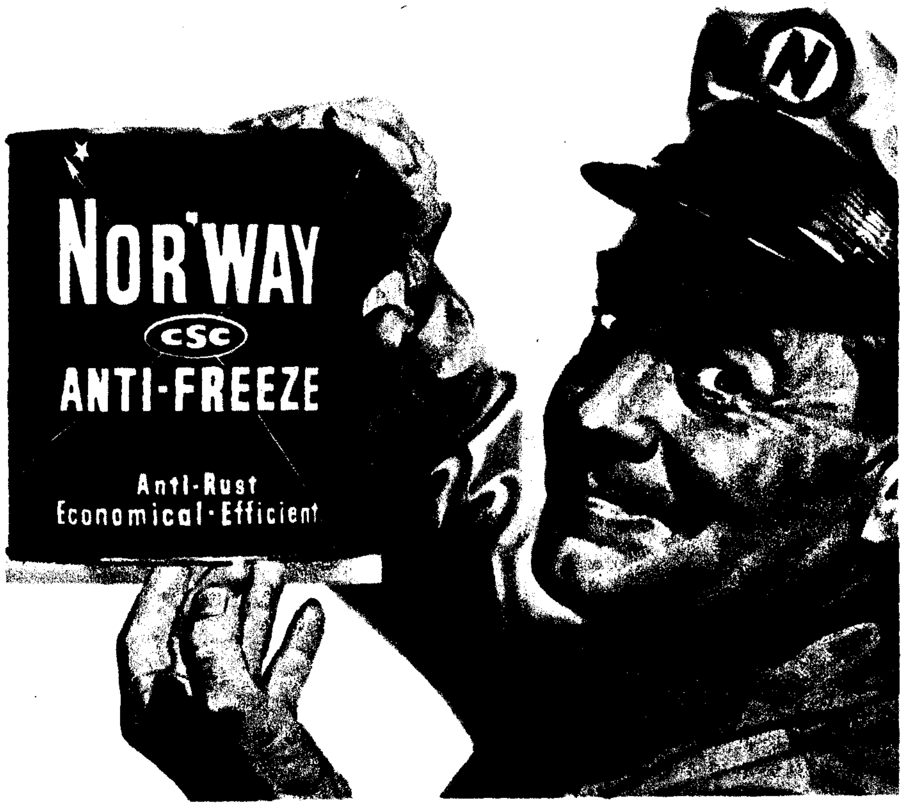

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Mizell, set out in the opposite direction on the same errand.

When Hopkins and Mizell returned, it appeared that the mission had been highly successful; each had a volunteer in tow. Only then *did* they learn that the two newcomers, Jim Drawdy and John Steedley, were feuding.

It was a tricky situation, says Hopkins now, "but we needed chainmen." So he turned to Steedley and said: "When Drawdy calls 'stake,' he's talking to me—not to you." Then he collared Drawdy and declared: "When Steedley answers 'stuck,' he's not calling to you—he's talking to me!"

It worked. But the week that followed was a strain for the whole crew (including Drawdy and Steedley) and everybody felt considerably better when the two regular chainmen returned. The two feuding substitutes collected their pay and strode off—in opposite directions.

Wildlife Refuge Established

On November 30, 1936, the federal government bought out the Hebards, and the following March, John Hopkins became first manager of the new National Wildlife Refuge established there by President Roosevelt's executive order. (The refuge, containing some 325,800 acres, is administered by the Fish and Wildlife Service. Another 40,000-acre tract of submarginal land is under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service and leased to the state of Georgia; the state also owns 30,000 acres of Okefenokee timberland in its own right.)

Hopkins now had a new job, but many of his problems were the same. The people of the swamp ask nothing more than to be let alone; they aren't the blustering sort, but they aren't the kind to take bluster, either. ("When I have a warrant for somebody's arrest," says Sheriff Erin W. Johnson, of Ware County, "I don't go down and run them out like a bunch of cows. I write them a letter or send them a message.") Well, among the things the swampers had become used to during the Okefenokee's years of private ownership were hunting, trapping and fishing, and they didn't see why they should stop now. They ran head on into Mr. John, a man just as determined as they were.

The Fish and Wildlife Service is dedicated to the preservation of the Okefenokee as a primitive wilderness, and the protection of its animal population is an important part of that aim. Over the years, the swamp wildlife had been drastically reduced by indiscriminate hunting and trapping; such creatures as raccoons, otters, Florida cranes and alligators were threatened with extinction. Hopkins was determined to stop the slaughter. Many of the swampers couldn't see it that way.

Mr. John took two steps to convince the settlers he meant business. He started carrying a rifle with him wherever he went, even when he sat in the barber's chair, and he hired Bryant Lee to help patrol the swamp.

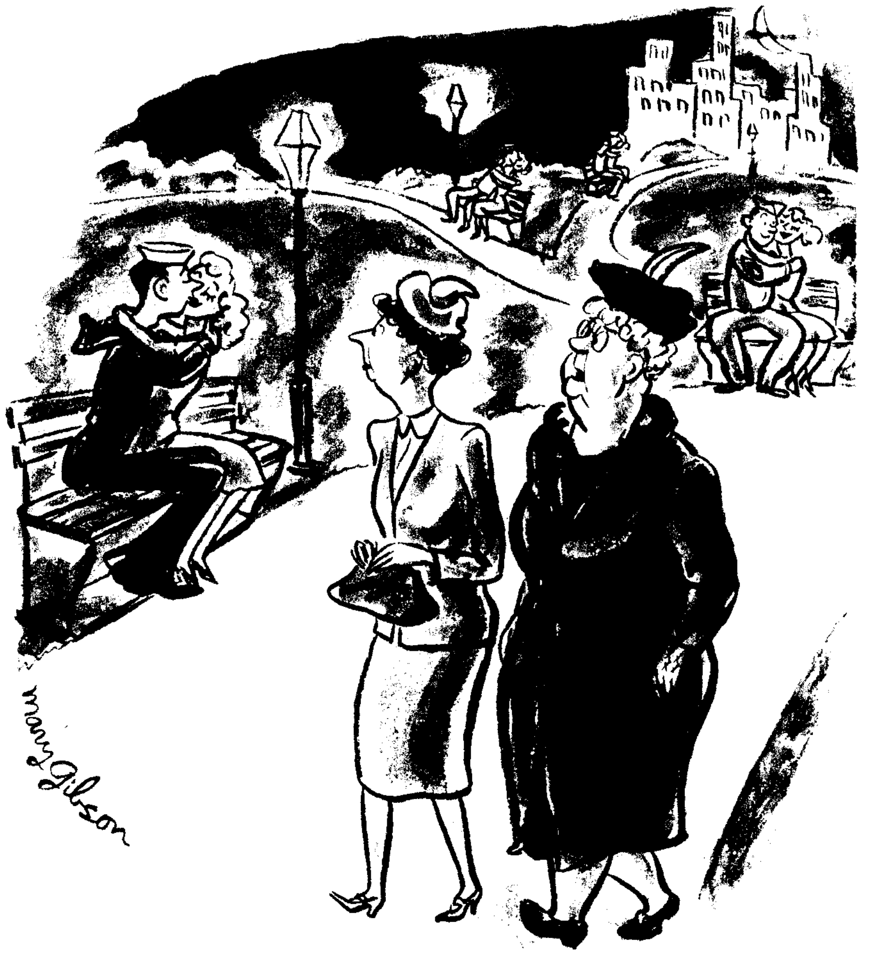
Bryant Lee is in his sixties today, and in poor health, but he is still a superb woodsman and a mighty cool citizen. People speak of him most respectfully, even carefully. "If you impose on Mr. Lee," they say with thoughtful understatement, "he will get with you." Not long ago, a man who had a quarrel with Lee emptied a revolver at him; Bryant stood in the brush calmly, without moving a step. "Knew he was a mite out of range," he explained later.

Most important to John Hopkins, Lee had the reputation of being able to move through the woods so quietly that people nearby didn't even know he was there until they saw him. There are still those who say he can see at night and track by scent.

So when Hopkins became refuge manager, he went to see Lee. "Bryant," he said, "we'll put you out in a boat and nobody will dare go into that swamp at night. Just be sure not to let anyone know when you leave the swamp and come into town."

Lee did as he was told. Some time later, Hopkins came across him in Waycross. "Mr. John," Bryant said, "they don't know I left." He was crouched in the back of an automobile.

Bryant Lee helped keep folks out of the



"If we had sufficient recreation centers these poor boys wouldn't be reduced to this"

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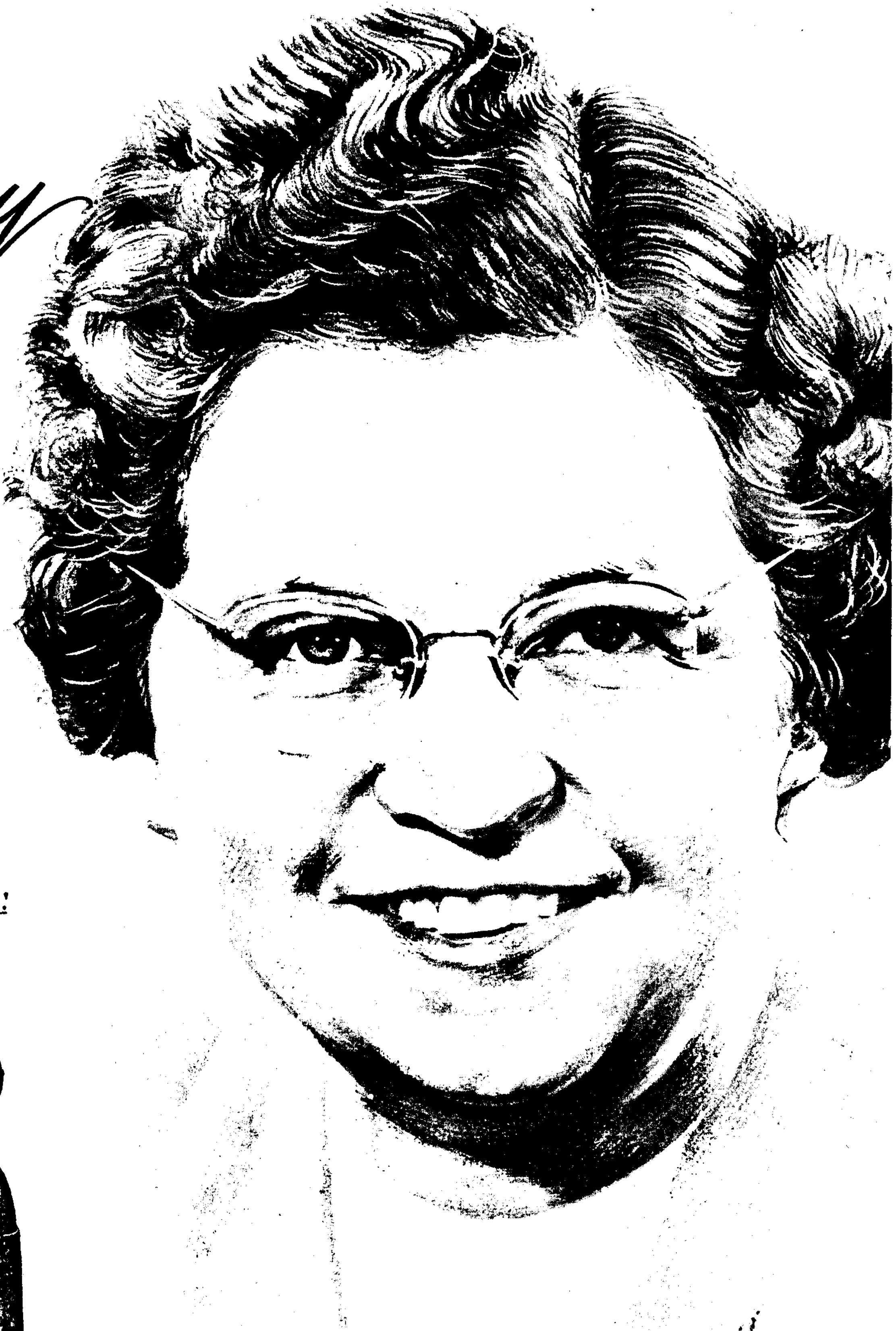

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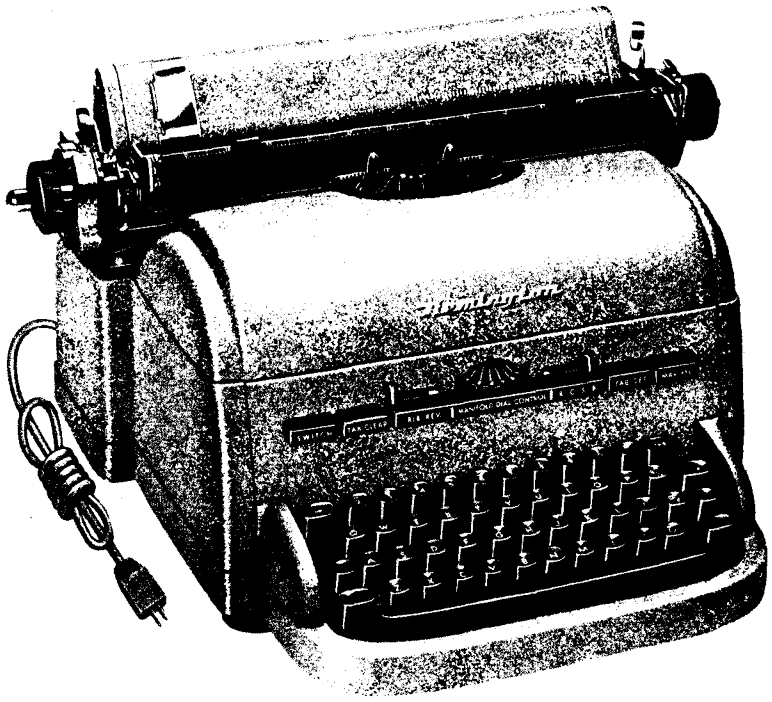

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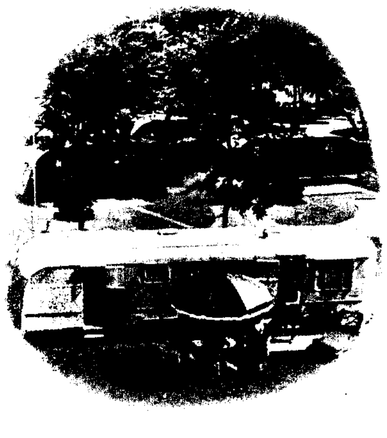

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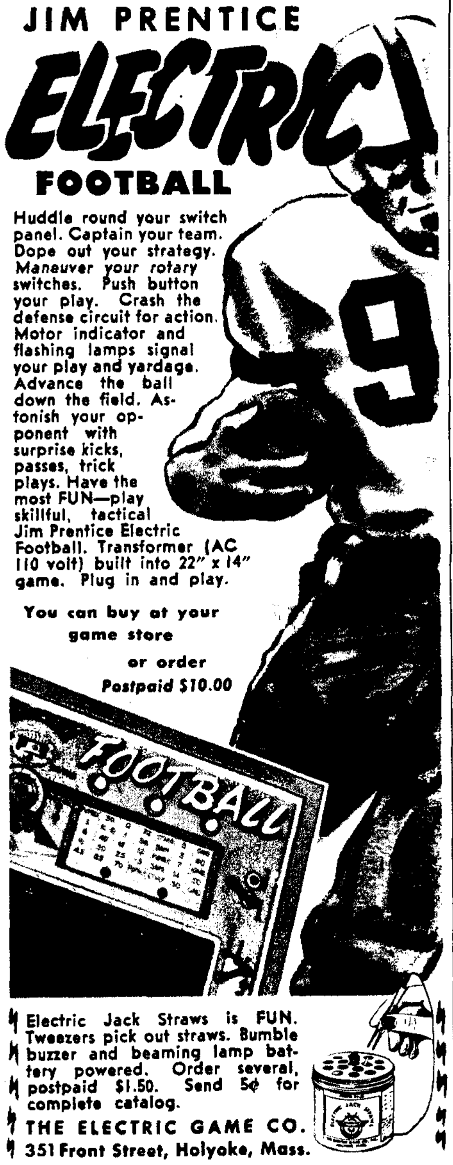

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swamp, but that didn't do anything to make them like the new order of things. Hopkins was made constantly aware of their antipathy, and one day he got into a fracas in a Waycross drugstore that ended with both men going home to get their rifles. The other man didn't return, which is probably just as well for him.

Now seventy-six and retired, John Hopkins is still a dead shot with a gun. Not long ago, he got a new pair of bifocals and was concerned over the effect they might have on his shooting eye. He went out with a rifle and tossed a can in the air. He hit it twice before it landed, holding the gun in one hand.

Although Hopkins managed to stay out of shooting scrapes while he was refuge manager, resentment against federal control smoldered among the settlers. It finally boiled up in a double murder in 1945, shortly after Hopkins retired. Refuge patrolman Bryant Crews and Joseph Martin, both natives of the region, were ambushed and shot to death while investigating a report of illegal fishing on Boone Lake, in the northwest corner of the swamp. A farmer named Oliver Thrift confessed to the killings a few days later; he was tried and convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

There hasn't been any serious violence between the settlers and the government men since. One of the reasons is the custom of hiring local people as patrolmen. The refuge manager until recently was William R. Edwards, who lived with his wife and family (five children, a roughneck bear cub, a small black dog and an aloof tomcat named George Dudley) in Waycross. Four of the patrolmen on the refuge manager's staff are natives of the Okefenokee: Tom Chesser, the man who climbed a tree to get away from the bear, Brantley Gay, Jewett Hall and Barney Cone.

The potential violators and the federal men have so much in common nowadays that when they get together they are more likely to swap stories than insults.

A Vast "Beat" to Patrol

Edwards, an amiable, hard-working chap with sandy, sun-streaked hair and a red mustache, found it necessary to spend most of his time during the nearly six years he was on the assignment with one foot figuratively in the Federal Building in Waycross, the other in the swamp. The swamp foot was almost never dry. The manager, his assistant, John Eadie, and the patrolmen have to cover a beat of some 500 square miles, and when there is trouble they live in the swamp. They sleep in one of the few cabins or in the boats or on the massive, spreading roots of a cypress tree. They patrol by boat until the water gets too shallow, and then they slog through the marshland on foot. It isn't easy.

Not long ago, Edwards and Patrolman Jewett Hall went out to investigate the cause of a fire on Black Jack Island in the remote south central sector. They were able to get to within a mile and a half by boat, but it took them almost eight hours to cover that last stretch to the shore of Black Jack. Edwards says, "We hit a fringe of bay around the island and got into deep water; then we floundered through thickets of hoorah and titi, and finally came to a band of floating bog, 150 feet wide. It wouldn't support you or let you through; we had to 'coon', or crawl, the rest of the way."

By patrolling in pairs, day and night, on irregular schedules, the federal men are able to keep the swamp-wise alligator hunters and other violators off balance. The Fish and Wildlife officers don't mind these patrols. In fact, the only thing they complain about is the paper work in the office; they seem stubbornly determined to spend as much time out in the swamp as possible.

That's perfectly understandable to anyone who has accompanied them on their rounds. Early this fall, Edwards paid a visit to a remote section south of Dinner Pond and invited the writer to go along. It was to be one of his last big swings before being transferred to Savannah as Game Management Agent for the service. (Edwards' successor is Roy Moore, who moved in on October 15th from Atlanta, where he had been regional supervisor of Predatory Animal and Rodent Control. A five-foot nine-inch, fifty-six-year-old Montanan, Moore also is a veteran of the service.)

We didn't catch any violators, but it was a strange, wonderful experience. We left Jones Island on the west side of the swamp at about noon and traveled for several hours northeast along the chain of narrow, twisting lakes that string up through the center of the swamp. We passed through Billy's Lake, which is over four miles long and about 150 yards wide and is the biggest in the swamp, and then through Minnie Lake and Big Water. Just before dusk, we arrived at a tiny overnight cabin north of Big Water.

"Thing that makes the swamp," Jewett Hall had remarked before we left, "is the sounds. Out there at night, rats go like a 50-pound hog." After supper, we settled down in the cabin in the dark and listened.

The hooting of the owls, which had been going on all day, increased in volume, joined after a while by the many-toned babble of the frogs: the grunts of the Southern bullfrog, the regular thumps of the carpenter frog, the thin peeping of the oak toad, the rasping trill of the chorus frog. The clatter rose and fell in a welter of noise that sounded at times like the conversation of an excited crowd.

Again and again, the frogs deceived us into thinking that we had heard a human voice. Sometimes the harsh, rasping cry of a Ward's heron would sound nearby; we would strain to hear what had disturbed the bird—and find a sudden silence that picked up the beat of one's own heart.

All through the night, a little alligator fished in the pool in front of the cabin, the sharp clapping of his jaws clearly audible. One heavy scurrying on the porch that we investigated turned out to be a giant pack rat, cleaning the supper plates that we had left out for the coons.

Sitting there in the middle of that strange, subtropical forest, it's easy to see how people can become lost in the Okefenokee. Every once in a while, someone finds the skeleton of an unfortunate soul who wandered into the swamp, perhaps many years ago, and never found his way out.

Crashed Pilot's Grim Ordeal

On April 2, 1950, a plane crashed about a mile southwest of the southern tip of Floyd's Island. According to the Fish and Wildlife report, no one even knew it was there until eight days later. Then the pilot, Douglas Stewart, of Jacksonville, Florida, staggered into an encampment of Boy Scouts on Billy's Island, several miles away. Stewart had lost 46 pounds in those eight days.

Even the best of the old-timers worried about getting lost. Back around 1850, the fabled Obediah Barber would go down into the swamp to hunt; once in a while, when the sun went behind clouds, he'd lose his way. If he hadn't come back by nine o'clock at night, his wife would take a blowing horn and a gun and go down to the edge of the Okefenokee. She'd shoot and blow until her Obediah, following the sounds, finally showed up.

John Hickox remembers that 20 or so years ago, a fellow stayed lost for six days in the swamp and finally decided that his time was up. He carved his name on a bay tree, figuring he was going to die. Then, suddenly he heard somebody calling hogs. He hollered, was brought out, and found he'd wandered to within a few hundred feet of the edge of the swamp.

But the swampers and the local people who love the Okefenokee take the danger of getting lost—and its other dangers, too—very calmly.

Lem Griffis, who runs a fishing camp out of Fargo, says, "I've never been lost, but I've got turned around for a few days at a time."

Others acknowledge that there have been times when they've been "bothered up" and they admit to a lot of respect for the swamp, but they hate to hear it referred to as a dismal, terrifying place. Most of them will go out of their way to defend the Okefenokee and its wild inhabitants against any sort of slander.

"Always liked the swamp," Jewett Hall states. "Lots of hardship there, but a man expects that if he's going to rattle around in a swamp. You know, even the snakes in that swamp are good-natured. Bound to be, or more people would have got snake-bit."

When an outsider shows serious concern about the dangers of the Okefenokee, the local people will tell the story of John Craven, a pioneer trapper and hunter of the region.

"When old man Craven was out in the swamp hunting," Uncle Walt Tatum says, "he would lie down on a floating tussock and sleep all night. Just lie down in the swamp. Be ice on him in the morning. Always said he hadn't had but one bad cold in his life.

"One time there was some trouble in the swamp and Mr. Craven had to serve on a jury in Waycross. It got hung up and he had to spend the night in a hotel.

"He caught a cold in that stuffy room," Uncle Walt concludes solemnly, "and he never would risk sleeping in a hotel again." THE END

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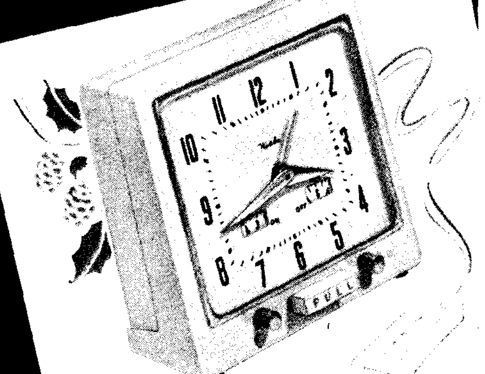

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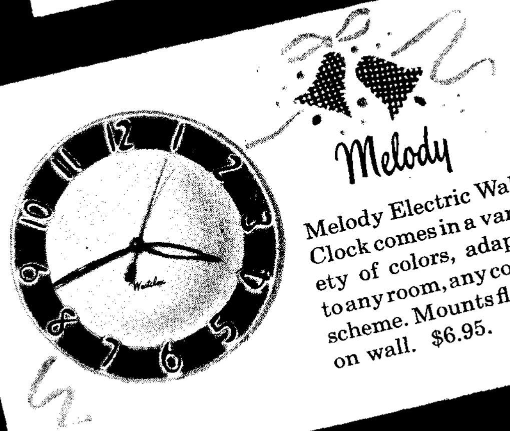

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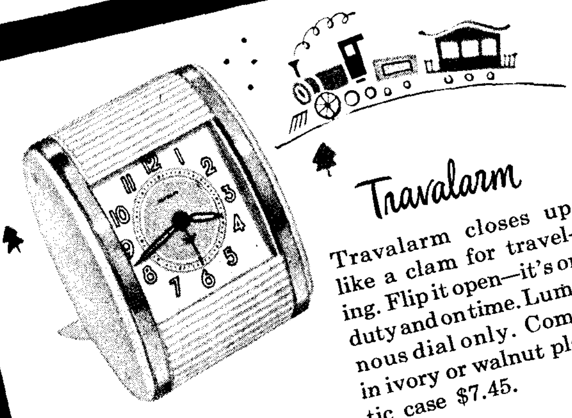

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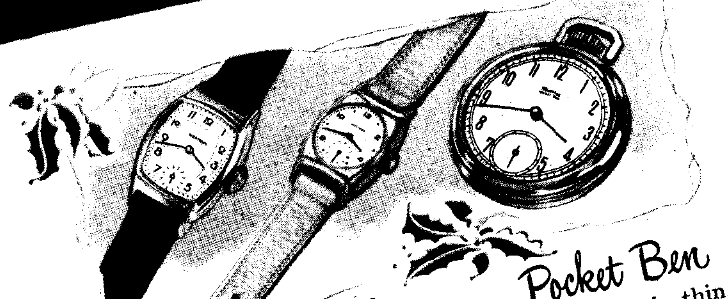

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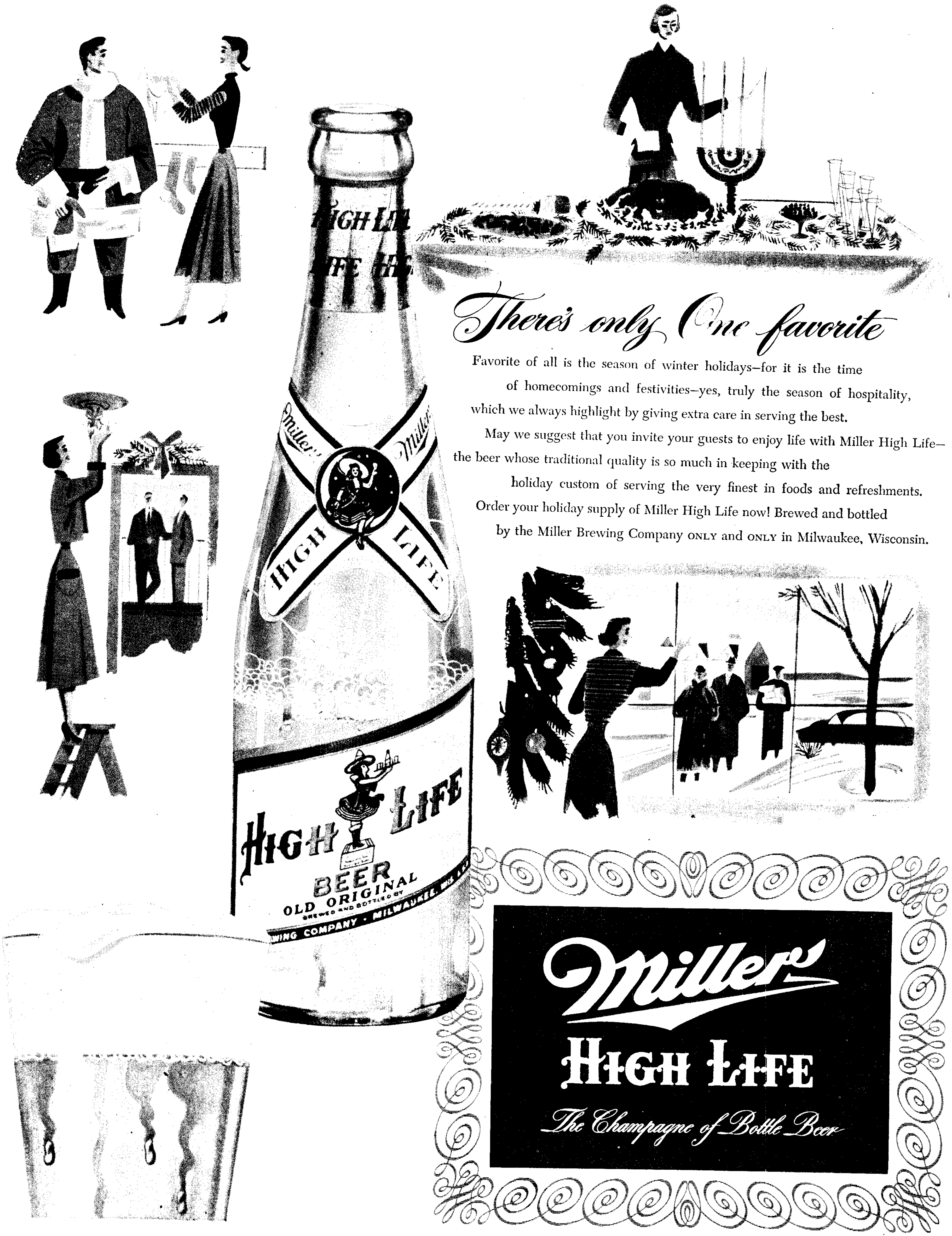
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Pentagonese

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

usually from a problem larger than that of an ordinary flap, involves more people and generally lasts longer. Virtually a whole Army general staff division may be involved in a blitz; for example, when the war in Korea began on 25 June 1950, word reached the Army's personnel section, or G-3, in the Pentagon; duty officers rang key personnel at their quarters; and G-3 was in a blitz.

There is, thus far, no lexicon of Pentagonese, and to date none has been needed. The language is simply known. It spreads by word of mouth; if it rings true it is retained, if false it perishes, its fate depending on its usefulness in reducing involved explanations to quick workability. (Note how much longer it took to express in conventional English the ideas contained in a short paragraph at the start of this story.)

If someone uses a new word that fills a gap and expresses a shade of meaning for which no precise expression already exists, he may have added a word to Pentagonese; if other people adopt the word and use it, he has. Sometimes the word has never been used elsewhere, sometimes it has. One word came in like this when a colonel, in expressing the opinion that a junior officer had force and drive, said, "I think he's plenty *gutsy*." Today, for an Indian to succeed, this quality is essential.

Slang Mostly About Work

Containing both verbs and nouns, Pentagonese differs from common slang in that it is concerned almost entirely with work. It can be sardonic, as in its terms for the Pentagon itself. *Target A* refers to the presumed prime objective in an enemy's plans for a bombing attack against the United States. The *Yogi Palace*, the *Puzzle Palace*, *Paper-mill Anthill* and the *Eastern Candle Flame* all mean the Pentagon.

No one branch of the service, no one office or individual is responsible either for creating or for perpetuating this language of administrative and staff work. Yet it is understood by virtually all the 30,000 people who work in the Pentagon. Although difficult to trace to its sources, it seems to have originated largely with the military.

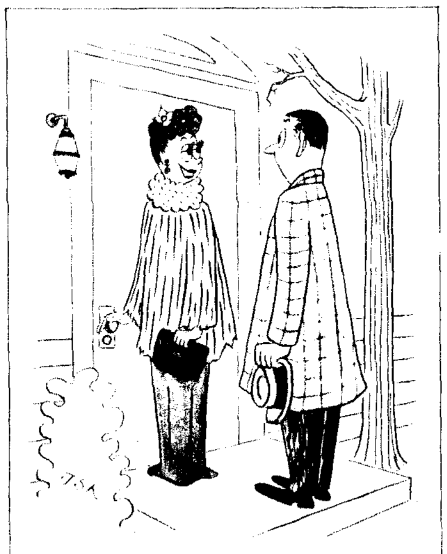
Initially, it derived from long-standing Army lingo, probably because the Army built the Pentagon and, with its offspring service, the Air Force, has occupied it continuously since 1942; the Navy moved in only after the end of World War II. Being a supplemental language, Pentagonese, however, has in no way crowded off the military tongue the Army's famous *pass the buck*, the Navy's *scuttlebutt*, the Air Force's *roger;* and such terms, as well as many others, are still in use. Other words and phrases (including some drafted from civilian life) have been specially adapted.

Like any expedient, Pentagonese can and does change with events and the times and, in a way, even reflects current thinking. For example, the most famous new word of World War II, *snafu* (meaning, of course, Situation Normal: All Fouled Up) is now outmoded and seldom heard. It is significant that Pentagonese has supplied no substitute—perhaps due to the fact that the situation *is* better and that, consequently, those who control it are no longer subject to self-ridicule.

In the process of getting the job done with a minimum of snafus, the most minute attention is given to details. Consequently two long-time Pentagon stand-bys are *flyspeckers* and *nit-pickers*. The first of these nouns refers to people whose sole occupation seems to be studying papers in the hope of finding flaws in the writing, rather than making any effort to improve the thought or meaning; nit-pickers are those who quarrel with trivialities of expression *and* meaning, but who usually end up without making concrete or justified suggestions for improvement. Regardless of rank, they are the bane of all Indians. Some of the Pentagonese dates to World War II or earlier, but has developed its own peculiar nuances among those who toil in the nation's defense headquarters.

For instance, to achieve success in the Pentagon, one of the prime requisites is the ability to talk. Therefore, *to snow* means to pass orally to someone else such a vast amount of information about a given subject that there is little chance of disagreement on the part of the recipient (who is, of course, snowed under). *Snowing* has been done in writing, as well as orally, but regardless of the method used, the satisfactory result is a *snow job* and the man who achieves it is a *snower*.

But there is a limit even to success. Too much successful snowing usually leads to more work, a condition to be avoided at all costs, since it will inevitably keep an Indian *in paper*. And nothing is worse than being perpetually in paper because this state invariably attracts green hornets. They arrive almost always at the end of the day, and no one has any idea who held them up or why.



"And before you say another word, I think you should know you wasted twenty-four fifty tonight"

COLLIER'S JANE SPEAR KING

A word that is widely used is *clobber*, a verb meaning to cut to pieces, to berate, or to defeat soundly. In old English, clobber meant to patch up shoes and clothes; in Korea it came to mean to annihilate the Reds, while in the Pentagon an individual can be clobbered by his superior. This is not recommended if one is interested, even remotely, in ever attaining rug rank.

The chief stock in trade of an Indian is his ability to deliver *Indian treatment*. There is no substitute for it. In plain English it means the hard work, coupled with an utter disregard of personal wishes, engagements, hours, or wifely disappointments, by which an experienced Indian processes or co-ordinates a case through one office after another to an efficient and correct solution.

The delivery of superior Indian treatment on every case assigned over an extensive span of time makes an Indian a *wheel* and demands, in every case, an intimate knowledge of all relevant facts, known succinctly as *the poop*.

It also requires the ability to reduce poop to writing in a *poop sheet*, which is a letter, memorandum, Summary Sheet going to the Chief of Staff or the Secretary, Disposition Form, or a simple routing slip which may, within one's own office, even be written in longhand. The latter, however, is usually returned for typing. The number of carbon copies required for these communications varies, and usually is understood only by one's secretary. It is, however, sometimes mercifully possible for an alert Indian to turn a poop sheet into a *buck slip*, by which he passes the buck or problem to another office.

In no case, however, must he put out *fluff*, which is unsound, unreliable information, due either to insufficient checking or to fuzzy thinking, and he knows better than to try; his name and telephone extension appear prominently on every poop sheet he writes. On the other hand, it is frequently necessary to deal in *nickel and dime stuff*, which is anything of relative unimportance when considered by itself, because this may shed a new light on the over-all picture, regardless of whether you look at it from the *bird's-eye view* or the *worm's-eye view*.

Neither can the Indian leave any *spilled grain about the mill*, or *loose ends dangling*. Everything must be *firmed up*, *buttoned up*, and so finalized that the chief won't even entertain the idea of *chewing out* anybody. Nobody knows better than the Indian that it won't be easy to achieve this blissful result. He may have to *reorient* his whole slant on the problem, dip into the *hopper or deep freeze* for old *staff studies* that have been lying there *on ice*, and then *spearhead the issue* by *beefing up* Indians in other *shops*, or offices, to a knockdown *Sunday punch*, or all-out effort. He's got to keep them *sparked up* to stay *off the hook* himself; he can't let anything be *watered down* because the *hardware items*—the weapons and ammunition and vehicles, including tanks—have got to get out to the troops.

Rugged Going in Ulcer Gulch

He knows the hardships of troop duty and wishes he were with troops again. Anything, he tells himself, is better than *Indian life* in *Ulcer Gulch*. And yet he will go on, he knows he will go on, because this is the *slot* he has been assigned to. He will get all possible *mileage*, make all possible progress, for his branch of the service, even when he has to *play it by ear*—proceeding on an exploratory, step-by-step basis because no established policy exists. If he has to, he will *weasel-word*, say nothing—but say it in such a way that it appears to be something—and he will *wear as many hats*, or do as many unrelated jobs, as he is given.

He will *reel off the drill* to others—explain the plan, procedure and routine to them—even to *frustrated freight*, who are people who don't readily grasp broad military problems. There will be many times when he looks longingly at *File 13*, which is a wastebasket, but he resists the temptation to toss his growing paper pile into it.

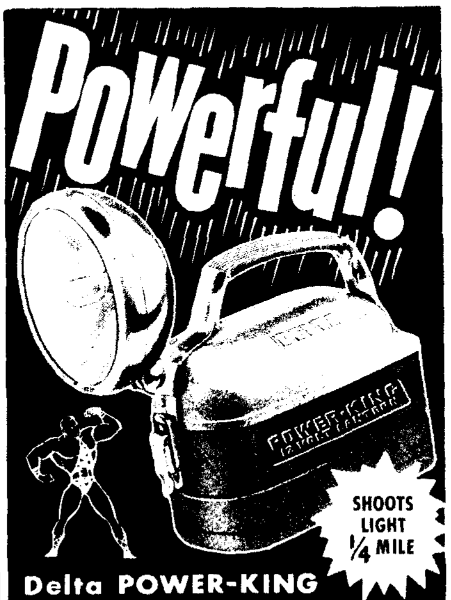
The successful Indian does not know how many *hassels* he has survived, but he well knows that a hassel is any sort of fracas involving a number of people who do not appear to understand one another and seem, consequently, to be pulling frantically in opposite directions. He further knows that all hassels must be satisfactorily resolved, regardless of their effects on the human nervous system. After a few months in Target A, the realization comes to him, always with a shock, that he is acquiring a *Pentagon pallor*, the exact shade of which is somewhere between beige and putty, and is to be found on Pentagon office walls.

He *takes a reading* on the situation, considers every angle, and comes up with the *Manchu Law:* after four years of this, he will have completed his tour and be ordered to the field. Meanwhile, there are still numerous situations demanding the Indian treatment.

His phone rings and a secretary says, "The general wants to speak to you."

Instantly, he is alert and military. "Yes, sir, General!" he says briskly.

"Will you come into my office? And bring the Y File. It looks as if we have a flap on our hands—" THE END



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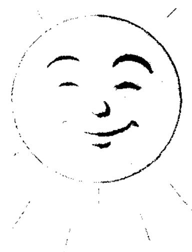

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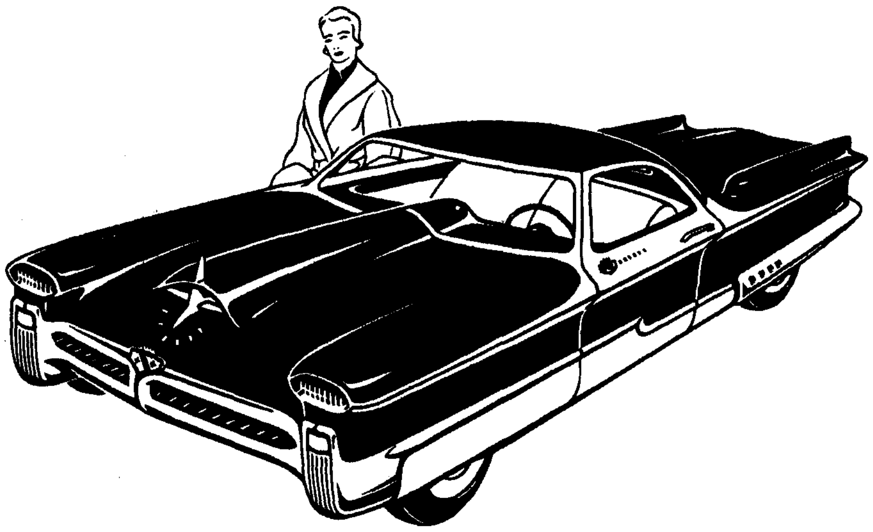

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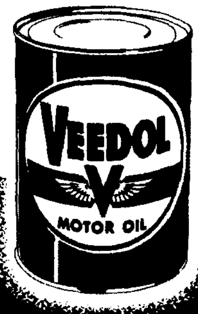

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What You Should Know about Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

society and let men be the Wise and the Strong, and to depend on a man for security.

Yet, women seem to react emotionally rather than rationally to many situations. Why do they? From the time a little girl first begins to have to manage affairs to get her own way in kindergarten, she learns that a few tears at the right moment are far more effective than logical arguments or fast-flying fists. Arguments can be answered; and even if she can win the round in fisticuffs, she loses because "it isn't nice for girls to fight." But nice little girls *can* cry, and even scream and stamp their feet and throw things.

So it goes, all through life. Women learn to take advantage of such subtle weapons and make the most of them.

Glandular Imbalance Studied

But there is more that underlies the emotional behavior of women. The authorities, Johnson and Terman, quoted previously, also concluded from their studies that "the endocrine balance is more precarious in women than in men. Glandular imbalance is several times greater in women . . . The results of all research studies agree that there is less emotional balance in females."

Scientists recognize that emotional balance and endocrine functioning are related. The cyclical changes through which every woman goes each month are accompanied by definite swings in emotional mood and balance. Husbands soon learn (or suffer if they don't learn) that on some days they can behave about as they please and be loved anyway. But on other days they had better step warily, because almost any chance word or action can provoke tears or fireworks.

Biologists can't yet give exact formulas that will chart the emotional swings accompanying endocrine functioning; if they could, women and men might then simply consult the charts, behave accordingly and live in joy and peace. One difficulty is that feminine swings in emotional balance are not standardized; the phase of the cycle that brings stability and poise in one woman's life may be the time that makes another woman feel like tears and temper. Many women learn to recognize their own swings in mood and to discount them, or to keep busy and avoid provocative situations at the times when they know it will be hard to be rational and poised among other people. Even so, it is demanding a great deal to expect anyone, especially a woman, to be rational about being emotional.

Are women, then, the weaker sex? Are men justified in claiming that women seem to have a lot of aches and pains that call for pampering?

The truth is that, physically, women are hardier than men. It is true from the moment of conception all through life. Biologists tell us that at least 120 males are conceived to every 100 females, yet the sex ratio at birth is reduced to 105.5 boys to 100 girls because more females than males conceived survive to be born. And women live longer than men do. Their life expectancy, according to insurance company statistics, is five years longer than for men. Look about you. How many more widowed old ladies do you see for every one old gentleman who has outlived his wife?

Yet, doctors know that women consult them more often than men do. Women do have more minor illnesses and complaints, such as headaches, backaches and just plain "tiredness." An uncharitable critic (male) might say that it is because many women have too much time to think about their aches and pains, and that one good "cure" would be plenty of work to do.

True, work and varied interests would help many of these women, but some of the responsibility must rightly go to endocrine functioning. The female reproductive system is extremely complex. Variations in functioning are frequent enough to cause discomfort and complaints, leading to a visit to the doctor. These variations in functioning are usually reflected in a woman's sense of well-being—and show up in her disposition. They may worry her husband and make her hard to live with, but they don't affect her ability to resist and survive serious illness.

Emotionally, the story is the same. Women do get upset more than men do. A woman may get excited and carry on over trifles. But when a real catastrophe hits, the chances are that after her husband is ready to call it quits, she will still be in there pitching.

Frank D. Long, a British medical authority, writing in an official British bulletin after the last war, reported, "It may be true that women are more emotional than men in romance, but they are less so in air raids. They perform the job in hand with calmer deliberation than men . . . Women also recover under psychological treatment quicker than men do."

Another evidence that women, in spite of superficial emotional ups and downs, can "take it" when really serious trouble comes is to be found in the statistics on suicides. Year after year in the United States, more than three times as many men as women commit suicide. Further, records of mental institutions show that women are less likely than men to become mental patients.

All the facts suggest, in general, that women make good use of built-in shock absorbers—they express their feelings by tears or talk, or even by breaking a few dishes on occasion. But they aren't likely to worry themselves into stomach ulcers, or escape into mental illness or commit suicide. They know when to control and when to "let go."

All of this may shed a little light on some of the puzzles about women and their attitudes toward sex.

In another research project, 409 Midwestern couples who had been married successfully for an average of 20 years cooperated with us by supplying information about all phases of marital adjustment.

When Husbands Are Puzzled

In reporting upon sexual adjustment in marriage, one of the comments that came most frequently from the men was, "I can't understand my wife's reactions about sex. Her interests in sex and her responses seem to depend on a lot of other unrelated matters." One husband said, "My wife is responsive to me in proportion to how her job is going, whether the children are well and getting along all right in school and whether we've been having any arguments about money."

Some husbands complained bitterly in this view: "She withholds response to punish me, if we've quarreled or if things aren't going well with life in general." The female's sex response does depend upon a number of apparently unrelated factors. The young wife who is passive to her husband's sexual advances when they are not getting along well in other areas of experience is not necessarily being willful, for circumstances affect her ability to respond.

In a woman, sexual response has been controlled, directed and conditioned by many factors in her life since early childhood. Girls are surrounded with taboos and impressed that they must be careful in their associations with boys and men. They accumulate a pattern of inhibitions and restraints, and their ability to control or redirect their normal sex desires becomes fixed and operates almost automatically.

So, if a woman withholds response, often

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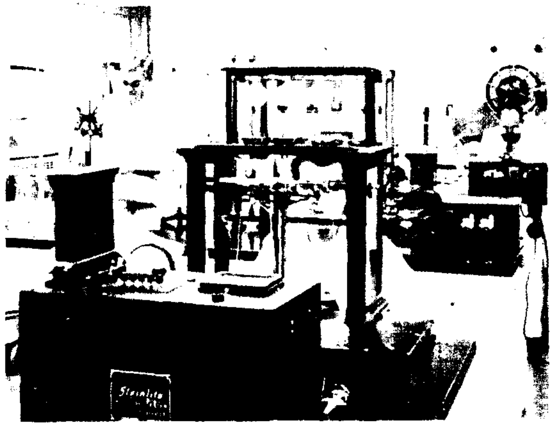

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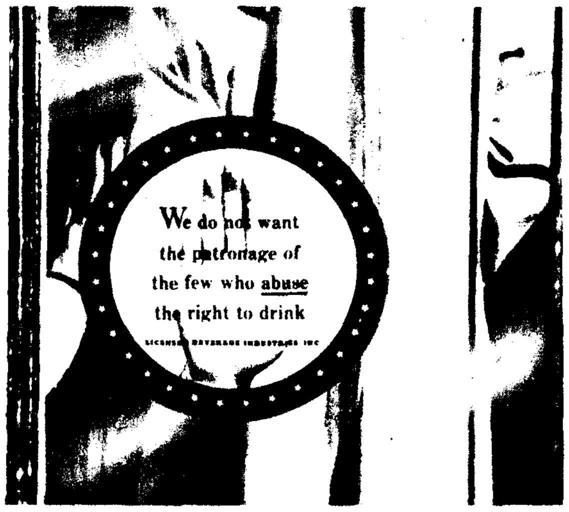

THIS EMBLEM IDENTIFIES a liquor package store or tavern operator who believes in moderation, the licensing of only orderly places of business, and the strict observance and enforcement of the law. Look for it when you buy.

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"I saw it happen, in the state Capitol at Salt Lake City. Indeed, as President of the Utah Constitutional Convention, which convened especially for the purpose, I actually helped *make* it happen!

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"That had been the Prohibition record for 14 years. It was inevitably a shameful record because Prohibition *itself* was wrong; it denied one of the most cherished of American rights . . . that of personal liberty.

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* * * * *

Ray L. Olson, widely known Denver newspaper executive, is a native of Idaho and was a Utah businessman when he was elected president of the historic Utah Ratification Convention. Long prominent in American Legion activities, he is immediate past president of The American Legion Press Association and a former department commander and national executive committeeman. Mr. Olson's message is sponsored by **LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.**, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., in behalf of the legal producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages.

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8:30	Renfro Valley **V**
9:00	CBS News of America **N**
9:15	Barnyard Follies **V**
10:00	Arthur Godfrey Time **V**
11:30	Grand Slam **G**
11:45	Rosemary **DD**
12:00	Wendy Warren **DD**
12:15 pm	Aunt Jenny **DD**
12:30	Romance of Helen Trent **DD**
12:45	Our Gal Sunday **DD**
1:00	Big Sister **DD**
1:15	Ma Perkins **DD**
1:30	Young Dr. Malone **DD**
1:45	Guiding Light **DD**
2:00	The Second Mrs. Burton **DD**
2:15	Perry Mason **DD**
2:30	This is Nora Drake **DD**
2:45	Brighter Day **DD**
3:00	Hilltop House **DD**
3:30	House Party, Cedric Adams **DI-V**
4:30	Treasury Bandstand **M**
4:55	News **N**
5:00	Music You Know **M**
5:30	Top Tune Time **M**
5:45	Curt Massey Time **M**
6:00	Allan Jackson & the News **N**
6:15	You and the World **DI**
6:45	Lowell Thomas **N**
7:00	Beulah **C**
7:15	Jack Smith—Dinah Shore **M**
7:30	Bob Crosby's Club 15 **M**
7:45	Ed Murrow with the News **N**
8:00	People Are Funny **C**
8:30	Mr. and Mrs. North **D**
9:00	Life With Luigi **C**
9:30	Pursuit **D**
10:00	Meet Millie **C**
10:30	Robert Q.'s Waxworks **M-V**
11:00	World Tonight, Eric Sevareid **N**
11:10	News Analysis, Sevareid **N**
11:15	Dance Orchestras **M**
12:00	News **N**
12:05 am	Dance Orchestras **M**
1:00	News **N**

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C-comedy
N-news
G-games
S-sports
M-music
D-drama
DD-daytime drama
DI-discussion
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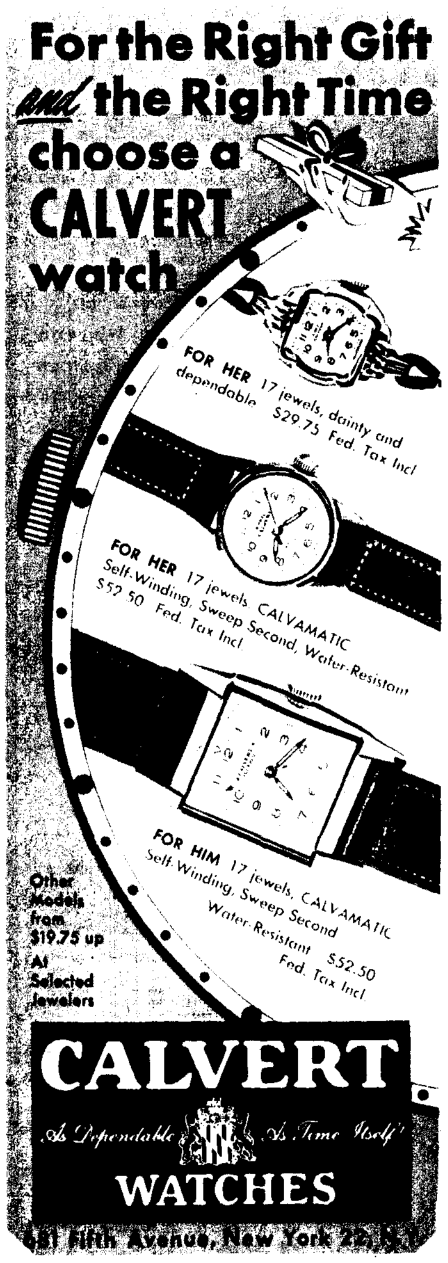
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she doesn't even know she's withholding it; control or suppression of desire have become second nature. Under certain circumstances, she simply feels no desire. Her social conditioning is stronger than her biological impulse. This means, too, the level at which a woman habitually responds sexually may have little relation to her actual biological capacity.

Doctor Alfred Kinsey and his associates have concluded from their sex studies of both men and women that the sex desire and capacity of women varies more and has a wider range than that of men. That is, some women have a greater capacity for sex response than the most responsive of men. But most women function according to their training and habits (or what psychologists call "conditioning") as much as according to natural sexual capacity.

A woman's interest in sex is also definitely associated with glandular functioning. Her sex desire goes in cycles, and it may differ each day of the 24- or 28-day cycle. In a study of 792 married couples in California, which Lewis Terman and associates of Stanford University completed a few years ago, half of the women reported that they recognized greater desire just before or just after menstruation—and of that group, about twice as many after as before.

Only a small percentage of women recognize an upsurge in sex response at the time of ovulation, in the middle of their cycle. The period of time when physical conditions are best for conception to take place is usually the time of least desire. This fact has confused men and women for generations, for logically it should be otherwise. The fact that women's sex interest is cyclical or periodic, rather than more even and regular—as it is in men—is responsible for a great deal of misunderstanding between men and women.

Young Man with Wife Problem

Women who think they have figured themselves out and understand their desires may grow confused again when they become pregnant. Not long ago, a young man went to a counselor for help. He said, "Betty and I have been married for three years and we've got along well until just lately. Now, all at once she's changed. She avoids my lovemaking and is not responsive at all. She insists that she still loves me, but I can only think that she has found someone else she cares for. I've been watching her with all our friends, trying to figure out who the other man could be. She's accusing me of being jealous and claims there's no reason for it.

"Things have come to the point where we're hardly speaking to each other. I can't understand how our marriage could blow up in our faces this way. I'm about ready to quit trying and get out. I can't take this frustration and misunderstanding." As an afterthought, he added, "One thing that makes me take it harder, I suppose, is that we're expecting a baby in a few months."

Marriage counselors and, unfortunately, divorce lawyers get many cases just like Betty's and her husband's. There was nothing at all wrong with Betty. She was reacting according to a pattern that is common during pregnancy, especially first pregnancies.

The trouble was that it had not occurred to her or to her husband that her sex interest was related to glandular functioning, and that changes coming with pregnancy had temporarily short-circuited her usual responses.

Our research among young married couples showed that regardless of how much sex interest has been present earlier, there is a general pattern of decreased sex response in women during first pregnancy. Of course, this is not true of all women. In some, the glandular changes of pregnancy have increased sex responsiveness.

And this raises another important point. What complicates the picture when it comes to women and sex is that for every statement that can be made, there is usually an opposite fact that is equally true. So, after saying that women's sex functioning depends a great deal on physical factors, it is necessary also to make clear—as we have already suggested—that women are strongly influenced by social conditioning in their *attitudes* toward sex.

During courtship, the average woman considers sex as a useful spur to bring the man to the point of marriage. She will withhold or grant liberties according to which policy she believes will be most effective in getting the man to the altar. The majority of women still believe that the surest method is to lead the man on, but draw the line at a point which will frustrate him into a violent case of romantic love.

This is not to say that women are cold and calculating about love. Far from it. They are merely being consistent. Since they look upon their personal relationships as the most important part of life, and on marriage as essential, they use their heads and are not completely ruled by blind emotion. A woman's marriage is her vocation and her all-absorbing job (even if she is a career woman), so she keeps sex in what she considers its place and pays attention to other considerations as well. Evidence of this has come out of researches that have dealt with honeymoons.

In one study, conducted by Dr. Stanley Brav, in which women reported upon their honeymoons, 75 per cent considered that their honeymoons had been satisfactory; yet 50 per cent of this same group reported that sexual union had not been satisfactory. But they still felt that the honeymoon had been a complete success!

For many women, sex is a means rather than an end in itself. That is a basic difference between men and women in attitudes toward sex. For women, sex is inevitably tied up with results or effects. It is useful in accomplishing marriage, and later for expressing affection for a husband. It is inevitably associated with possible pregnancy and motherhood. It cannot be looked upon just as a pleasant part of life, with no strings attached.

The psychological and social considerations involved in sexual activity for a woman have at least as strong an effect on her reactions as does biological sexual capacity. This is especially true in young women. The research of Kinsey and others reveals that, on an average, a woman does not develop her greatest responsiveness in sex until her late twenties or after.

With changes in training and in expectations for girls, women of the future may come to function differently; but we are talking about here and now, not about the hypothetical future.

Feminine Behavior Patterns

It isn't possible to put the facts about women in a nutshell, but roughly it is safe to say that:

A woman values her security—economic as well as emotional. She protects both by using whatever means are at hand and seem to be effective at the moment—tears if necessary, charm, sex, a sharp tongue, energetic action or apparent helplessness, and so on.

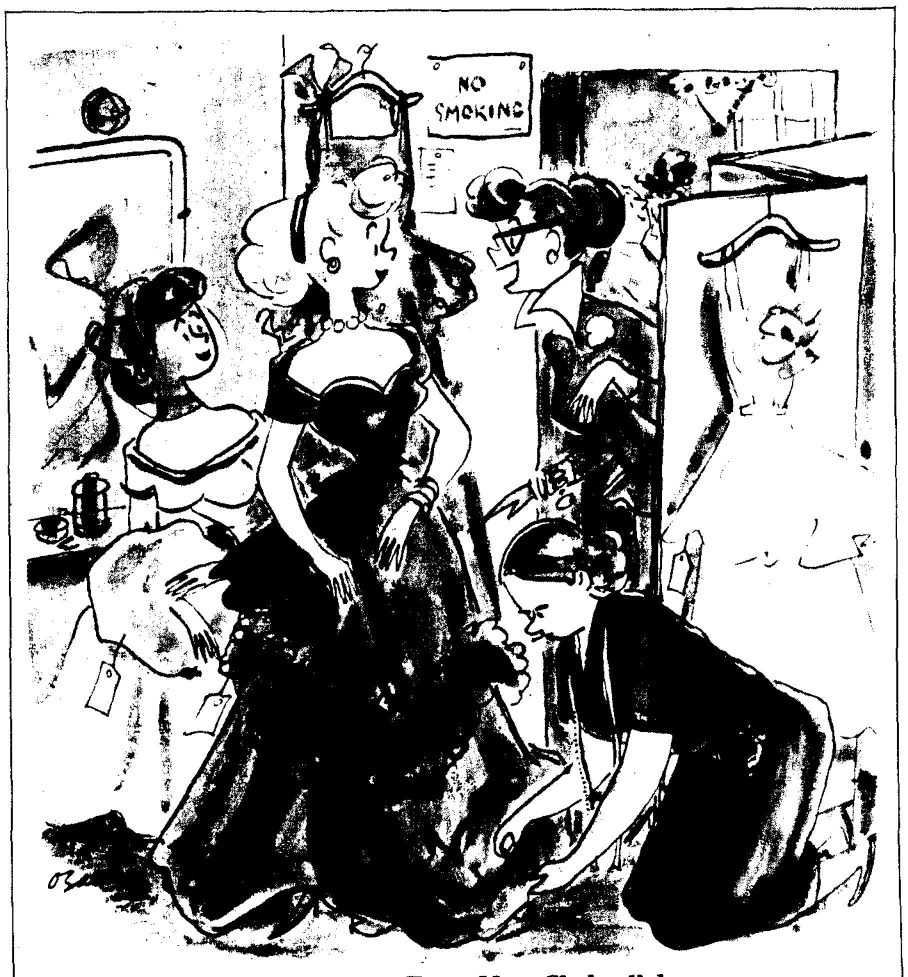
She will probably resent her mother-in-law, no matter if the lady is an angel—until she herself becomes a mother-in-law, and then she will resent her daughter-in-law, no matter what the girl is like.

She will have emotional ups and downs on a perfectly sound biological basis.

She will have aches and pains and not be able to do a number of unpleasant things that she would have to do if she were huskier, but in case of emergency she will rise up to meet almost any challenge better than her husband. And she will outlive him by several years. When she is left a widow, she will gather up the tag ends of her life, reorganize it and go on living quite contentedly—in contrast to the widower, who is a lost soul until he remarries or dies.

Sexually she will tend to be inhibited in early marriage, but her husband may find a few years later that his capacity for sexual enjoyment is barely a match for hers.

If he learns to consider her as an individual, not just as an adjunct to himself, he will find his marriage to her grows better and better as they go into middle age. But if he doesn't learn that, she will probably bestir herself to get a divorce—while he nurses his stomach ulcers. THE END



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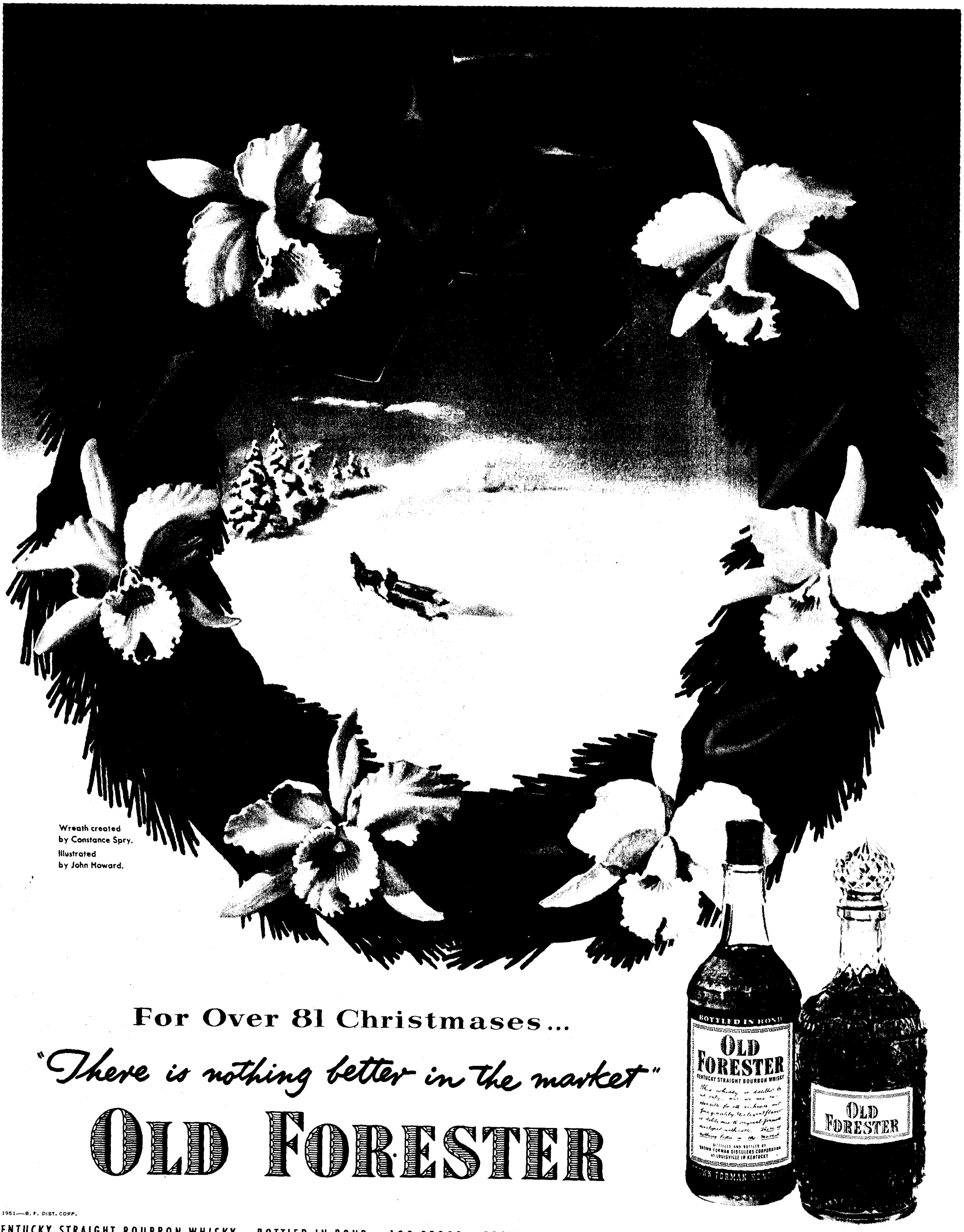
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Is This the Man to Beat McCarthy?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

a stubborn unwillingness to learn orthodox procedure from the professionals.

In turn, the professionals are hard put to explain why his deviations have proved so successful. There was that day in June, 1950, when he came to Milwaukee to try for the gubernatorial endorsement from the Republican state convention. The situation arose because Governor Oscar Rennebohm had announced on May 24, 1950, that he would not run for re-election. That night one of Kohler's friends had called him on the phone and broken the news. "What are you going to do, Wallie?" he asked.

"I guess it's now or never, if I'm going to do something about it," Kohler answered quietly. He added he would run in the fall Republican primary only if he won the endorsement from the Republican state convention.

Except for the excellent good will in his father's name, his hearty handshake, warm smile, and his ideas about independent voters, Kohler came unprepared to the convention. The professionals guffawed upon learning he planned to lure delegates to his hotel headquarters with soft drinks, hard chairs and a list of good intentions.

Kohler calmly opened his campaign at the dime store, where he purchased yards of wide ribbon. Then came a long search for a printer who would stay open all night stamping "Win with Kohler" on the material, so that his forces would be recognizable the next morning, Friday, the first of the two convention days.

Next, he invited the leaders of the Young Republicans to drop in and try his soft drinks and hard chairs—although, in politics, the support-winning formula customarily calls for the reverse. "I must have looked young that day," he recalls now, smiling. In any case, they were easily convinced he was the man for the post. Several had heard him speak before and they were taken with his idea of going after the independent vote. They fanned out on a big ear-bending job in his behalf.

Delegates Liked His Answers

Then began a long round of effective visits to the numerous delegations. Kohler dropped in for a handshake and a few friendly words about his program. The delegates clustered around him, listened, asked questions, liked the answers they heard.

Saturday afternoon came the balloting, and Kohler's political fortunes were rising, although he still lacked a majority of the 2,500 delegates. As a final touch, convention leaders gave the candidates five minutes apiece to state their cases to the floor.

First on the program was State Senator Gordon A. Bubolz. He was followed by Harvey Higley, former chairman of the state G.O.P. organization, who pounded the lectern so hard that the gavel fell on the floor at the point when he told the delegates he was himself really another Joe McCarthy. And when he was finished, the Marinette, Wisconsin, band paraded through the auditorium.

Then came Kohler. He started slowly on specific state problems that had to be settled, and when he ended on his independent theme—"We should be Americans first and Republicans second"—the delegates rose almost in a body, cheering wildly. The endorsement went to Kohler on the first ballot.

"It was right then we realized," says Claude Jasper, one of Kohler's convention aides and a friend, "that he won because he was different. And he has been going straight on up ever since because he *is* so darned unorthodox and full of purpose."

His unorthodoxies show up in many ways. One that leaves the professionals especially numb is his fetish for fairness. One of Kohler's close associates explains it this way: "He argues every issue on the basis of fairness. And what lout wants to be caught defending the unfair side?"

By this technique, Kohler has easily managed the passage of measures providing for higher salaries for state employees, supported by farmer-legislators; an extensive Bang's dairy-cattle disease-eradication program, backed by city representatives; better care for the aged and the mentally ill, endorsed by economy-minded politicians; and the transfer of corporation dividends to a higher tax bracket, agreed to by well-to-do legislators. (And this last measure cost Kohler personally more than $4,000 a year.)

W.C.T.U. Halo Didn't Fit

Then there is undeniable attraction in his personal honesty. When the W.C.T.U. praised him for not serving hard liquor at the state convention, he could have accepted the encomium gracefully and pocketed the halo. Instead, he answered that he hadn't served it because so many young people had been there, but that he himself was fond of an occasional Martini or highball. Another time, when he was asked to have his picture taken milking a cow, in the interest of the farm vote, he told a group of admiring farmers, "I don't know how to milk a cow and I won't pretend that I do."

Kohler is always frank, seemingly a calamitous trait in the professional's book. He came out against a soldier's bonus at a time when he had nothing to gain from expressing his opinion. He expressed himself as favoring a step-up in the state's safety inspection program, with industry paying the entire cost, even though his principal financial backers opposed an inspection program.

Kohler also has a predilection for tackling supposedly insoluble problems. For instance, the state legislature some 10 years ago appropriated money for a mental diagnostic center. When a bitter squabble flared up about selecting a site, governor after governor washed his hands of the mess.

By the time Kohler came to Capital Square in Madison, the side issues had buried the main objective. Innocently, he called in all the warring factions and simply asked them to get together and bring in an agreed site. First, they gaped incredulously at his naïveté. Then they filed out and went at it hammer and tongs. When no progress was reported after a period of time, he called them back and repeated his request. Again the arguments raged. But the governor's endurance was apparently greater than their personal animosities. At any rate, after 25 meetings, in which every member of the group had plenty to say, they settled on a compromise site.

Kohler is dead set against building a tight, loyal machine—as did former Governor Philip La Follette—or winning headlines by engaging in spectacular rows with the state legislature—as did former Governor Walter Goodland, who vetoed almost every bill sent his way. Kohler's political recipe calls for working closely with the legislature, and no pay-offs, handouts or catering to special interests.

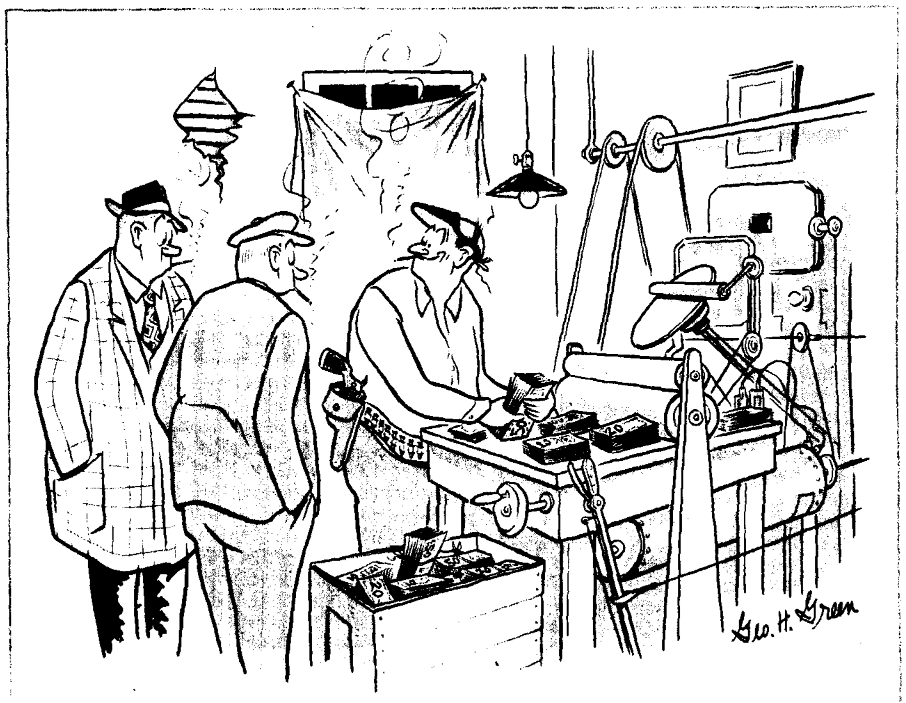
For example, he has retained the staff of former Governor Rennebohm, even though Rennebohm opposed his candidacy. As would be his good fortune, that staff has come to regard Kohler with an embarrassing, almost apostolic respect. He has yet to make a political reward, even to those who worked hard for him during his campaign. But he is not averse to letting local Republican leaders announce the appointments he himself makes—if the men selected happen to live in their districts.

And he is not afraid to work closely with Democrats. Despite a preponderance of Republicans in the state legislature, part of Kohler's program would have failed had he been orthodox enough to believe that the separation of the two parties was more important than his program. He has said: "I know there is a lot of common ground upon which people stand regardless of party."

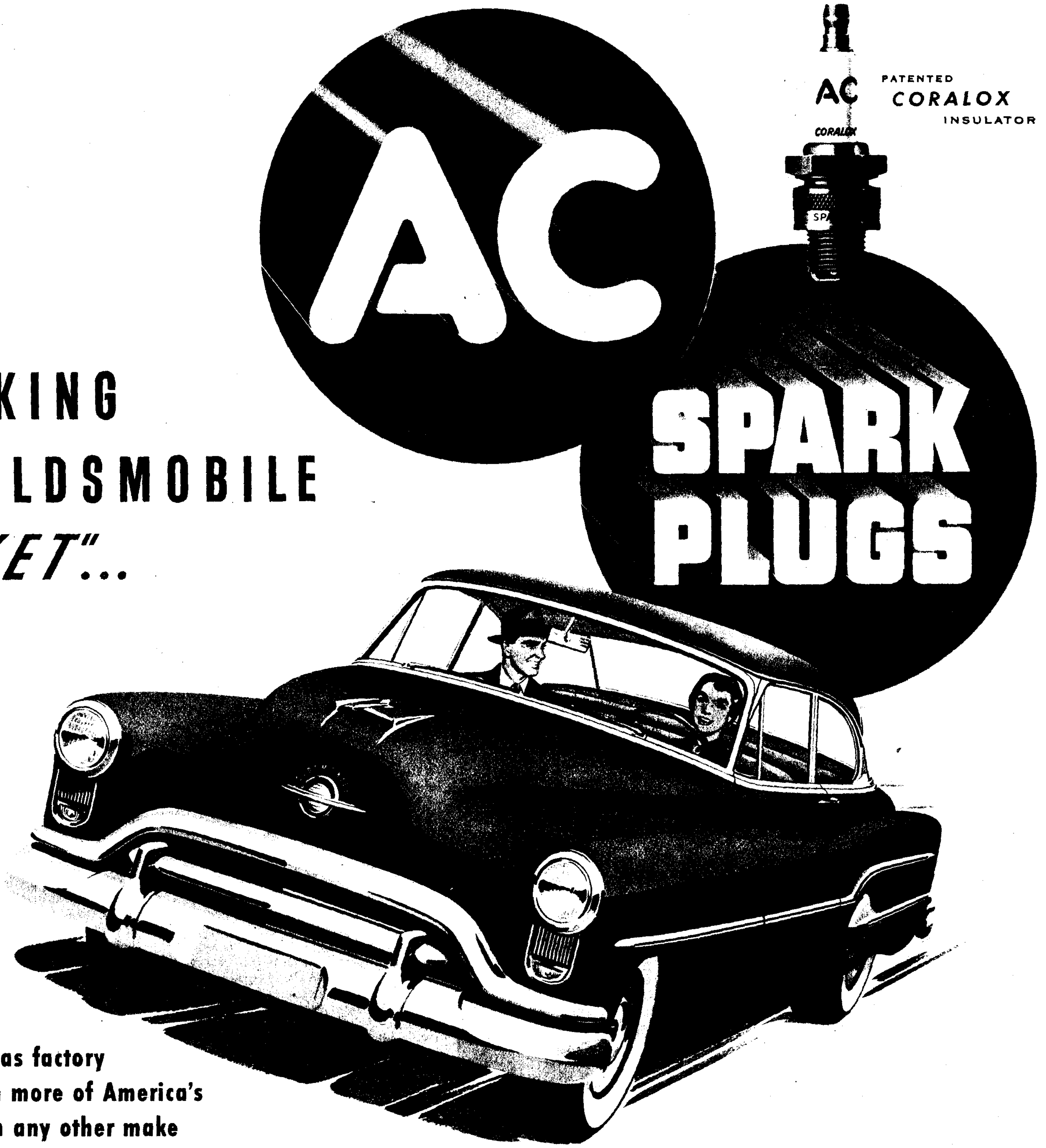
Barnstorming Bids Declined

Professional politicians are also aghast at his unwillingness to barnstorm the state to help raise the prestige of his party locally. During the legislative session, whenever local politicians asked him to speak at their home-town affairs, he wrote back, "I am faced with the choice of being either a good public speaker or a good governor, and given that choice, I am sure you will agree that it is more important for me to perform properly the duties for which I was elected."

In a sense, the governor has been fulfilling what may be a family compulsion to strike out on one's own sooner or later. His great-grandfather left the Austrian Tyrol in a huff when the government would not let him dam a river to erect a mill. Grandfather John Kohler deserted Chicago right after the great fire to travel up Lake Michigan to a less incendiary place called Sheboygan, Wisconsin. There he became a first-class producer of drinking fountains



COLLIER'S "Aw, making money is a cinch. Gettin' rid of it is what's tough." GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



SPARKING THE OLDSMOBILE *"ROCKET"...*

. . . and used as factory equipment on more of America's new cars than any other make

What have AC Plugs for Oldsmobile got that other plugs haven't? They have *CORALOX*, AC's patented Insulator, which has set the engineering world a-buzzing.

Oldsmobile was quick to see the advantages of this revolutionary invention—and to cooperate with AC in selecting a plug type exactly suited to the famous "Rocket" engine.

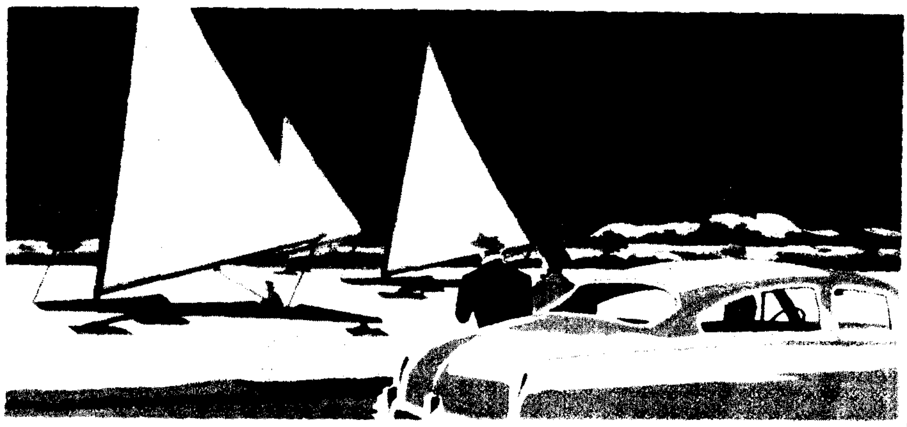
Necessity was the mother of *CORALOX*. This rugged insulator simply *had* to be invented, because previous types of spark plug insulators couldn't stand up under the operating conditions imposed by modern high-compression engines and modern fuels. They cracked and blistered under the extreme heat—they fouled and misfired under heavy load, when the engine's power was needed most. *CORALOX* ended all that—brought spark plug performance to an all-time pinnacle of efficiency.

AC Spark Plugs with patented *CORALOX* Insulator are therefore standard, not only on the Oldsmobile "Rocket," but on more of America's new cars than any other make. That's how good the newest AC Spark Plugs are. They are helping thousands of Oldsmobile owners to preserve top engine performance—and they'll do the same for you.

• • •

IF YOUR CAR ISN'T AN OLDSMOBILE you, too, can have the superior performance ensured by CORALOX. AC's engineering staff has worked with engineers of most American cars. Therefore, there is an AC Spark Plug type, with patented CORALOX Insulator, engineered for your engine.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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Only U. S. I. gives this 4-Way Protection!

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for horses, and windmills and grave memorials, as well as mayor of the city and owner of the local opera house.

It took the governor's father, Walter J. Kohler, Sr., however, to put the family on the map literally. He established the built-to-plan show-place village of Kohler, Wisconsin, to house the family's growing plumbing-supplies manufacturing company and several hundred employees.

Father Planned Sons' Lives

Walter Jodok Kohler, Jr.—"Jodok," he says, "is a Tyrolean name with no special significance"—was born on April 4, 1904. He was the second of four sons, and their father made it clear from the start that they were to devote their lives to the Kohler Company.

After a carefree childhood that emphasized activities like riding horseback and boxing with his father who, as a devotee of Teddy Roosevelt, believed in the strenuous life, young Walter left the Sheboygan public schools in 1917 for Phillips Andover Academy in Massachusetts. This was his reward for having spent the summer in the Kohler plant core room. The core room offered the dirtiest job in the firm, where rye-flour paste, kerosene and lampblack were sloshed together in the construction of cores for World War I sea mines. The workers in the core room spat tobacco on Walter's shoes to initiate him into the company.

Each summer he returned to Kohler to work in another part of the plant. By the time he finished at the academy, his father was president of the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin and a champion of the higher education he himself lacked. (Kohler, Sr., had quit school at the age of fifteen.) He was counting on Walter to study engineering at the state university. But after a week at Wisconsin, where he was embarrassed by special attentions that seemed to stem from being his father's son, Walter went off instead to Yale to take an academic course.

Each summer vacation he returned to the plant. Upon graduating from Yale in 1925, he thought of skipping the plumbing business and becoming a composer. "But I played the piano so poorly," he admits now, "that I irritated myself. So I went back to Kohler."

After that, he learned still more about the company and served as a youthful companion to his father. In 1928, when his father campaigned successfully for governor of Wisconsin, Walter helped write press releases and speeches.

With his father settled in the governor's mansion at Madison, Walter was shipped East to the Trenton, New Jersey, plant for a year and then to the Philadelphia office of the company. In 1930, when his father was defeated for re-election, Walter advanced into selling and advertising, and traveled throughout the country. This assignment continued through the dreary years of the depression when the Kohler Company, hard hit by the virtual disappearance of the construction industry, fell upon temporary bad times.

Meanwhile, Walter married Celeste Holden in 1932, became the father of two children—a boy, Terry, now seventeen, and a girl, Charlotte, now fifteen—and advanced to secretary of the company by 1936. He joined the Sheboygan Country Club, where members recall him as the fellow who rarely came out for golf, but always to try to solve the club's financial problems. And his poker was excellent, though he refused to play for more than modest stakes. Apparently he was set for a lifetime in the business without creating an identity for himself. But all this changed when, first, his father died suddenly, in 1940, making his Uncle Herbert boss of the company; and second, when it became obvious that war was imminent.

The day after Pearl Harbor, he enlisted in naval aviation. (He had learned to fly in 1928.) In April, 1942, Kohler was commissioned a lieutenant and, early in 1943, he went as an intelligence officer to Tulagi in the Solomons. Coast-watchers, hidden throughout Japanese-held islands, radioed word to Kohler about American fliers shot down behind enemy lines. Part of Kohler's job was to arrange rendezvous and go along in the PBY flying boats to rescue the downed fliers.

Later that year, Kohler joined the aircraft carrier Hancock as air combat intelligence officer and participated in the Leyte, Mindoro and Luzon invasions, the battle for Leyte Gulf, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and in the powerful slugging raids against the Chinese coast and Japan.

As the carrier went battling on its way, men came to Kohler to discuss the war and their future. There was talk about the kind of world they wanted; they felt they had earned the right to participate in public affairs. Yet most of the talk reflected the cynicism of helplessness, as if they did not expect to be able to do anything about it personally.

Five times kamikaze planes exploded on the Hancock, but each time Kohler escaped unharmed. It was after the costliest explosion that Kohler made up his mind to go into politics, if he got out alive.

"I decided then," he says, "that if I got back safely, I had a big debt to pay—especially since America had been better to me than to most."

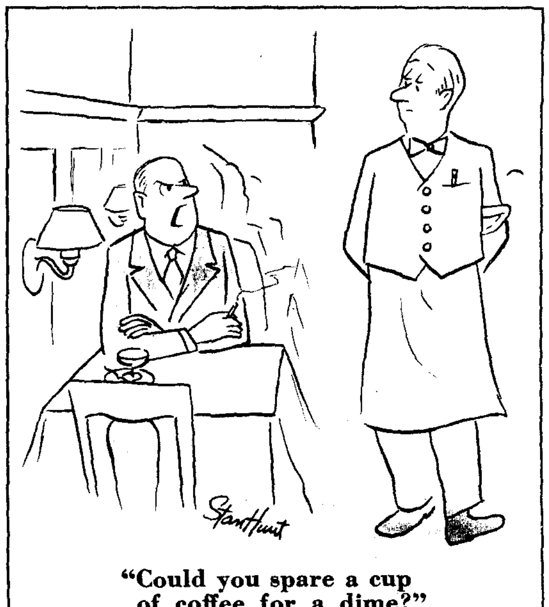
Tragedy on the Flight Deck

But he almost did not come out alive. An American plane, returning to the ship one day, landed on the flight deck, and two bombs dropped out of its bomb bay. Fifty men died and 100 were injured in a few seconds. All the men in the compartment next to Kohler disappeared without trace. What saved Kohler was that, by chance, he happened to be standing on the far side of a bulkhead.

When he was finally returned to inactive duty as a lieutenant commander, late in 1945, he was badly in need of a rest. Shortly after he returned home, he and his wife agreed to a divorce. The children were to stay in private schools, but would divide their vacation time between their parents.

And at the Kohler Company, he discovered that future plans would not give him as much to do as he would like. Strangely, however, this situation actually gave him a lift. It came over him that, even before the war, he had wearied of being introduced as "the young Mr. Kohler of KOHLER OF KOHLER of Kohler."

He began collecting a file on state and



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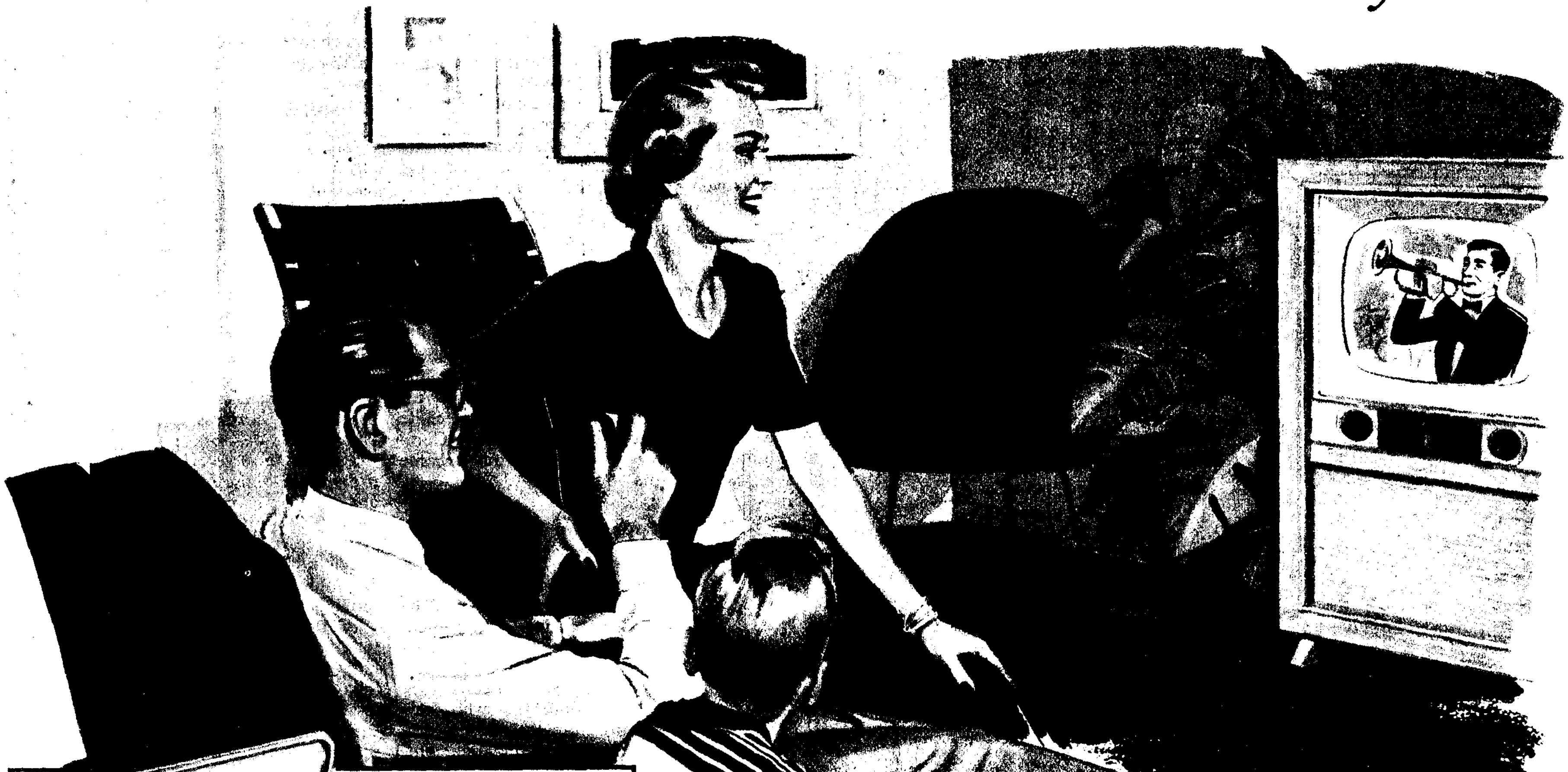

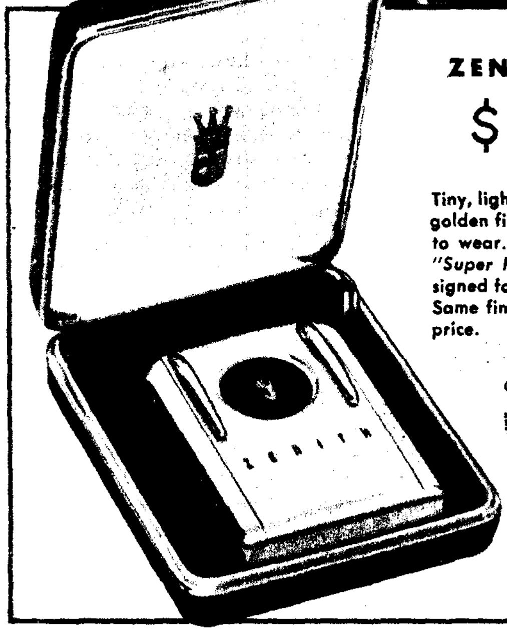

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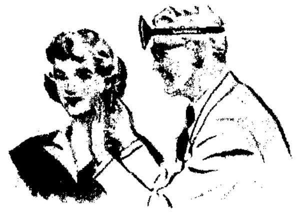

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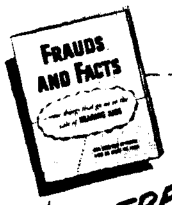

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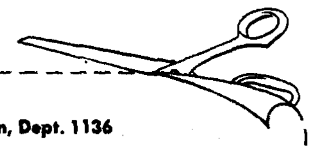

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Knowing hosts serve Park & Tilford *Reserve* proudly . . . and knowing guests appreciate the compliment. Wherever a premium is placed on quality, there Park & Tilford *Reserve* receives a warm welcome.

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national politics. And there was the Vollrath Company of Sheboygan, founded by a great-grandfather, which manufactured stainless-steel hospital and restaurant equipment. It was in poor shape, despite a high postwar demand.

Here was a real challenge. Kohler pumped his available funds into the company, got $200,000 more at the bank and, with a large interest in the business, took over Vollrath as its president.

On a business trip to Philadelphia, early in 1947, he met Charlotte McAleer, a slim brunette, who ran a steel-cabinet manufacturing business and also a housewares jobbing company which handled Vollrath products. Kohler kept returning East and in November, 1948, they were married.

With the Vollrath Company on the upgrade, Kohler finally began picking up political momentum. He ran the Wisconsin fund campaign for the nonpolitical American Cancer Society in 1947, and in 1948 he outran all others, including Senator McCarthy, for delegate at large to the Republican National Convention. He served as chairman of the Stassen delegation, having first met Stassen when both were on Admiral Halsey's staff. In 1949, he became chairman of the Wisconsin Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report and became an expert on its contents.

Strong Opposition in Primary

Then came Governor Rennebohm's retirement statement of May 24, 1950, giving Kohler, at long last, the opportunity he was seeking. The exciting endorsement fight at the convention followed. But even after he won endorsement, Kohler still had a primary fight against Leonard F. Schmitt, a seasoned campaigner who drew most of his support from the old Progressive party elements, which at one time dominated Wisconsin politics. Kohler won handily though it was a lively campaign.

Later Schmitt asked his supporters to vote for Carl W. Thompson, a young attorney who was Kohler's Democratic opponent in the final election, in November, 1950. Despite that, Kohler defeated Thompson 605,649 to 525,319.

Political observers guessed that his father's name was worth at least 50,000 votes. This was brought home to him forcefully one day when he met a ninety-five-year-old man at a country crossroads. "I knew your father," the old man said, "and if you're as good as him, you'll be a good governor."

"If I'm half as good," Kohler replied modestly, "I'll be a good governor."

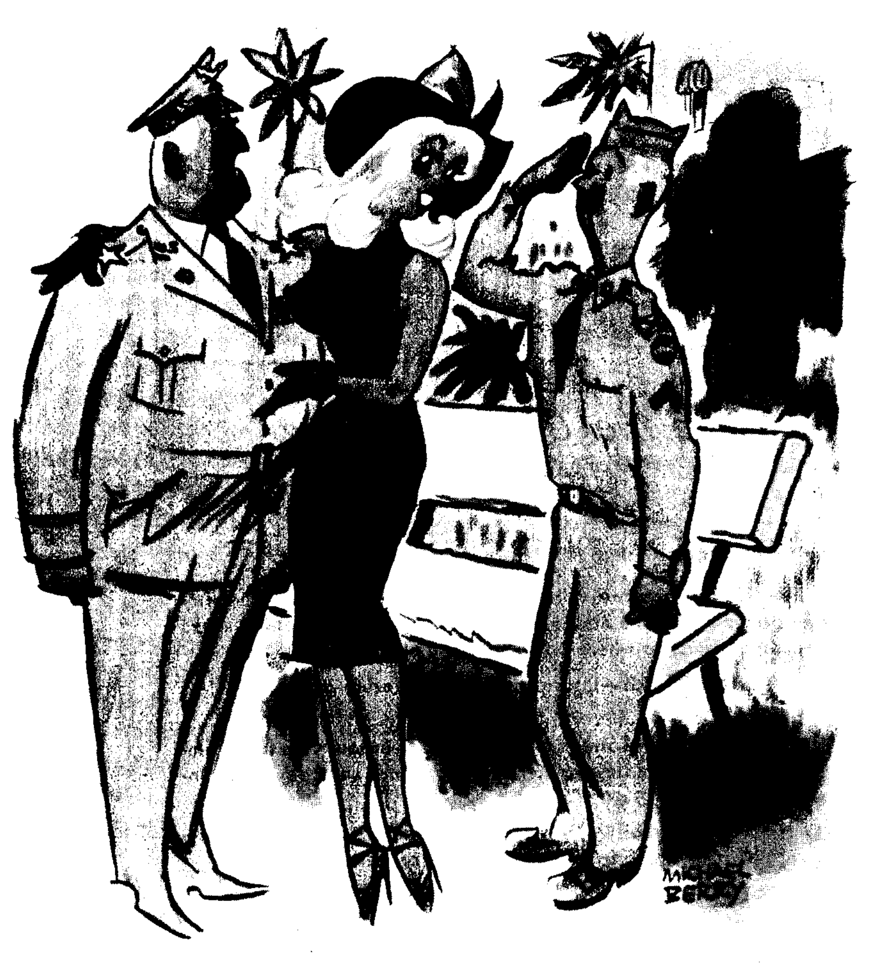
The old man stuck his tongue in his cheek and thought a while. Finally he said, "Got to be better than half, sonny."

Many Shirt-Sleeve Confabs

The governor works long hours, generally in his shirt sleeves, chain-smoking his way through endless informal conferences with legislators and his staff. He also does a great deal of homework because he tries to reserve week ends, when possible, for the Vollrath Company. He dislikes working by schedule and never bothers with protocol. A large, stern portrait of his father, who once sat in the same room and in the same chair, hangs on the wall under the clock in the governor's office. Kohler seldom works at his uncluttered desk; he does most of his business at a long conference table.

He has no close advisers, but relies entirely upon himself for his political tactics and his views on Wisconsin and the nation. It is commonly known that the filing system he began when he returned from the war is now heavily weighted with national and international data. And his mind keeps mulling over McCarthyism.

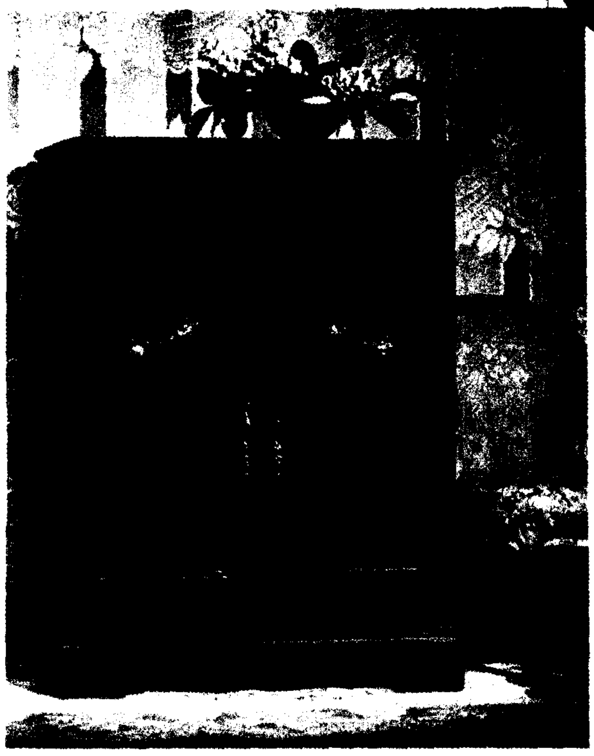
All things considered, it is remarkable that Kohler, only last year a political nobody, appears to have such a large future today. Just how large this will be depends to a great extent on whether he believes the Republican party is being fair to itself. Political experts read much about his final destiny in his recent talk to Republican leaders, when he said, "The success of the Republican party hinges upon our ability to attract the independent voter, and to do so we must stand for very specific things. We have not done so recently. I would call your attention to the fact that the circumstances which existed in 1948 are not too unlike those which exist today." THE END



COLLIER'S "Jack, this is George" MICHAEL BERRY

Arvin TV

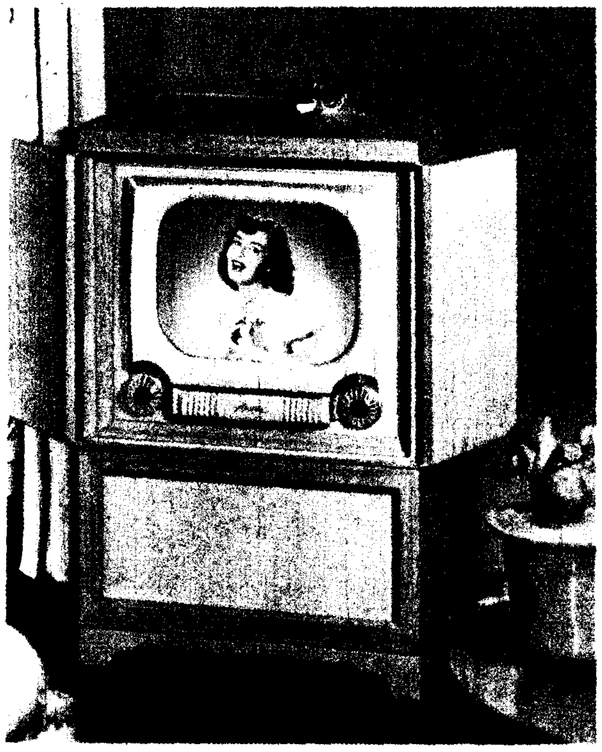
Visible Value — *You can see the difference!*



ENUINE FINE CHERRY in French Provincial styling at its agnificent best! The finest in furniture, housing the nest in TV—with 21-inch Perma-Focus picture powred by the famous Arvin Dual Power Custom Chassis. lanted safety glass over picture tube is glare-proof, reovable! Oversize casters roll easily over thickest rugs. ruly a TV to treasure for years. Model 5212CFP.

WHAT A CHRISTMAS GIFT for the whole family! Beautiful bisque blond oak, with a big-as-life 21-inch Perma-Focus picture, protected by glare-proof, removable safety glass. Local-Distance Switch assures finest reception from all stations, near or far. True fine-furniture construction. Oversize, easy-rolling casters. In blond (Model 5210CB) or mahogany (Model 5210CM).

A MASTERPIECE OF MODERN STYLING, this superb console is at home in the most luxurious surroundings. 20-inch Perma-Focus picture and exclusive Arvin Velvet Voice tone system will delight your whole family for years to come. Arvin's mighty Dual Power Chassis assures finest reception even from stations you never hoped to reach. Moves easily on oversize casters. (Model 5206CB).



LUXURIOUS MODERN WHEAT BLOND or the conservative ichness of imported mahogany—whatever your home alls for, this master-styled Arvin will fit in perfectly. Generous 17-inch Perma-Focus picture; Dual Power Chassis; all the famous Arvin controls to insure perfect erformance. Two-thirds doors. In blond limed oak nish (Model 5172CB) or mahogany (Model 5172CM).

THIS SMARTLY-STYLED ARVIN table model has exactly the same great Dual Power Chassis, the same superlative construction you'll find in the biggest and most luxurious Arvin consoles. 17-inch Perma-Focus picture; Local-Distance Switch; brightness and contrast control. In either mahogany (Model 5171TM) or blond (Model 5171TB). Matching tables at slight extra cost.

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yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

*"I know that dental plates that feel hot and sticky are a warning sign . . . so I soak my plate in Polident to avoid Denture Breath."
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When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

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Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

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LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

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Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

Reclining Figure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"I'm on my way to Weldon's now, Bonner. Meet me there."

Weldon's studio was deserted and his car was gone. While he was waiting for Bonner, Ives telephoned to Molly Dann. She denied having seen Weldon, but told him what had happened the night before.

When Bonner came in, Ives left the sergeant to post a guard at the studio. He himself drove downtown to the Kenneth Lurie Gallery and was promptly taken inside.

"Molly embarrassed me last night," Lurie said. "She made it appear that I was somehow responsible for Weldon's behavior." He shrugged his shoulders. "I was annoyed when he came to Kullman's house and tried to make another scene. I hit him, finally. Then my chauffeur and I took him home. After that"—he shrugged—"I'm afraid I can't help you."

"Just how jealous would you say he could get?" Ives asked.

"He's an odd type," Lurie said, "and not easy to classify. Take the girl, Molly Dann, for instance. A big, loud, flashy beauty, but she's the only girl that ever got under his skin. Last night I thought he was crazy."

"Any idea where he might be?"

Lurie shook his head. "I don't actually know much about him."

"Your chauffeur around?" Ives asked, and Lurie promptly summoned Sully. The chauffeur appeared, in neat whipcord, cap in hand.

"Lieutenant Ives wants to ask you some questions about Mr. Weldon," Lurie told him, then turned to a stack of correspondence, as if what was to follow didn't interest him. Sully said that he drove the car to the studio, then took Weldon upstairs while Mr. Lurie drove home in the car. Having seen the painter safely to bed, he left, taking a taxi back to the house.

Ives left after this recital, and Sully jumped up to open the door for him. Then he turned to face his employer.

"You blundering ape," Lurie said.

Sully hung his head, abject shame incongruous in his scarred, ugly face. "Better watch the girl's place," Lurie said finally. "Take your own car, and get out of that uniform."

VICTOR GRANDI had stretched the Degas nude. He was pleased with the result, and now was making certain that it hung at precisely eye level in the gallery.

Cassy strolled in the open door. "A little to the left," she said. "Not so much. There, that's got it."

Grandi stepped away. He picked up some bits of wire severed in the operation of replacing the Degas.

"Victor, how much do you think of the great Renoir forgery tempest Ellis Blaise has whipped up in our teapot?" Cassy asked.

"Why?"

"It's interesting," she said casually. "Won't it be a sensation in the art business?"

"If it's true." The technician smiled. "Do you think Blaise is risking his reputation?"

"It's his to risk, isn't it?"

"Cassy!" he said reproachfully. "My eyes are trained to observe."

A blush colored her cheeks. "Does it show on me?"

"It's very becoming."

"Imagine my falling for the first city slicker that came whistling down the pike." And then she went on earnestly, "He isn't just making a fool of himself, is he?"

"He's a clever man," Grandi mused. "In the matter of the Renoirs, I believe he will be vindicated."

She brightened. "Now show me some books on forgery. I want to be able to defend him. What the hell, Portia did it and she didn't even go to Vassar."

Grandi pulled a ladder along the stack of books, taking out a few titles. As he started out, Cassy said, "I haven't announced anything yet. Not even," she added, "to Blaise. I want to surprise Uncle Lucas."

"He will be overjoyed, I'm sure." He went out, as Cassy sat down at the desk.

She was deep in a maze of pigments, characteristics of brushwork, chemical analyses of paint and other such snappy subjects, when the telephone rang. It was the gateman, who told her that a Mr. Paul Weldon was at the gate, asking for Blaise.

"Send him up," Cassy said. "He can wait here. Mr. Blaise is due soon."

Weldon mumbled a greeting to Cassy, when he came, and looked around with only a flicker of interest.

"You look awful," she said with her characteristic candor. "Did you go right on fighting last night?"

"I guess so. I'm not too sure."

"Want a drink?" she asked, and he nodded gratefully. While she was pouring a drink at the cupboard, she said, "What do you want with Blaise?"

"I've got something he can use," Weldon said. He drained the glass, a formidable drink, with one prolonged swallow. Then he glanced at his watch.

"He'll be along," Cassy said. "Relax."

Weldon sat down and glanced around. "I've never been here before. It's quite a place."

"Want to look around?"

"Not today." He was in such a state of nervousness as to seem to be all but foaming. He crossed and recrossed his legs and, from time to time, licked his dry lips.

"Is it about the Renoir?" Cassy asked.

Weldon's head came up slowly. "Renoir? The painter?"

Cassy smiled. "No. Max Renoir, who runs a general store in Azusa."

"In a way," Weldon said, "that is what I want to talk to Mr. Blaise about. I heard that he was checking on some Renoirs, and I picked up some news yesterday about something like that. It's secondhand information," he explained elaborately, "but it may be useful to him." He was fiddling with a pencil from the holder on the desk. "Naturally, if it helps him, he might be able to do something for me."

"Naturally," Cassy said.

"I've been thinking," the painter went on, "that I'd like to go away somewhere. Just take it easy." Weldon was making idle sketching movements on the pad near the telephone. They were automatic, aimless motions of the hand; he barely glanced down at the pad. "I'm too emotional," he said. "People take advantage of me."

He dropped the pencil, looked at his watch, and got up to peer out the window. "You're sure he's coming?"

"He'll be along," Cassy promised. "I'll get you another drink." Quite accidentally, she glanced down at the pad on which Weldon had been doodling, and, as she moved on, her footsteps faltered and slowed. She turned to look again. On the pad were several tiny, lovely heads of women and children, and each was a perfect, soft, tender Renoir. She looked up at Weldon, who was still at the window, but he was just turning.

CASSY went on to the cupboard and poured the drink, trying to steady the trembling of her hand, then brought it back to Weldon at the desk.

"Thanks," he said. He was staring down at the drawings before him, but was completely unaware of them or of their significance. "Paris would be nice again," he mused. The pencil was in his hand again; the automatic sketching resumed. "I lived there for years."

Cassy was trying desperately to avoid looking at the pad on which he was sketching. She cocked her head toward the window. "Is that a car?"

Weldon got up at once, and Cassy darted to the desk, flicked off the top page on the pad, and took her seat again, the paper stuffed in the pocket of her skirt.

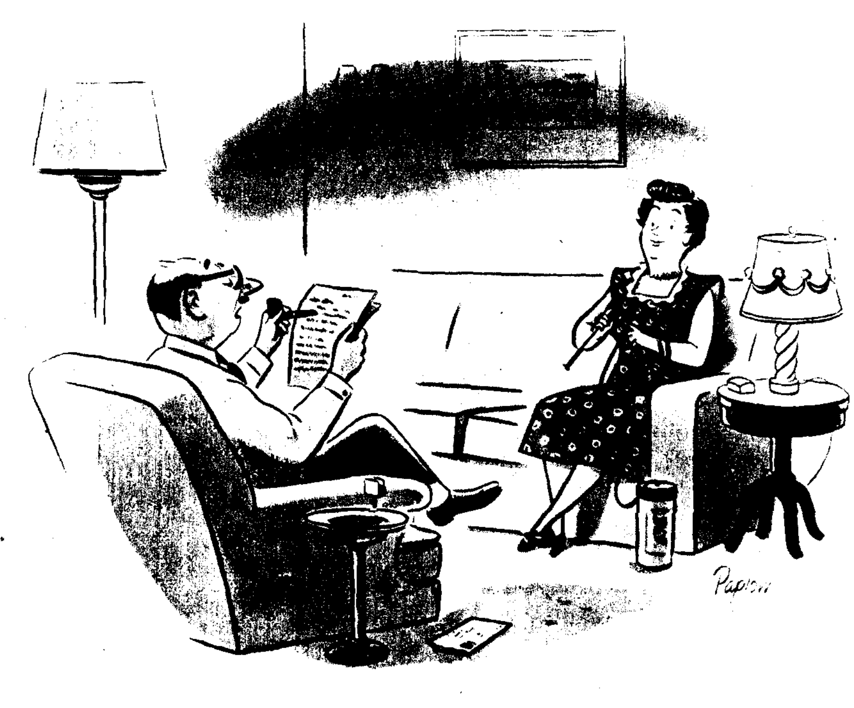
Weldon turned from the window. "Nothing," he said. He sat down again, picked up his whisky with one hand and instinctively reached for the pencil.

"Where did you live in Paris?" Cassy asked.

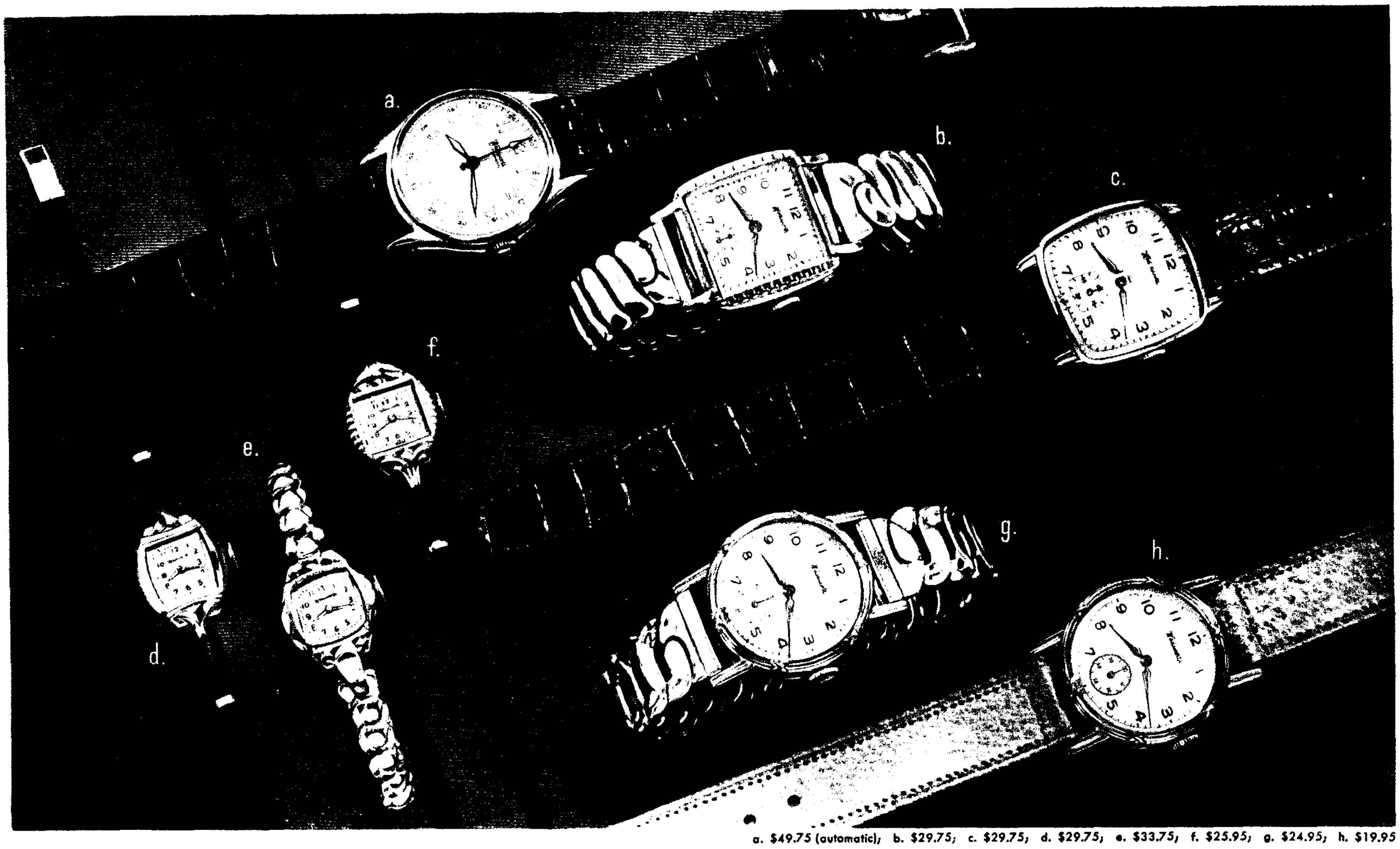
"I had a little house in Neuilly. Nice little place, with a pretty garden." His hand had resumed the idle sketching motions on the clean page, but the movements slowed little by little and then stopped. Weldon's eyes searched the top of the desk. He lifted the pad and turned it over. She could see the muscles around his mouth twitching. His expression was pained.

"What's the matter?" Cassy asked, her voice faltering.

"Now you know," Weldon said softly. "So now you know," he repeated, pushing the chair back as his right hand dropped



COLLIER'S "College has certainly improved his English! He used to say: 'I need twenty bucks!' Now he says: 'Would it be convenient for you to send me fifty dollars?'" BOB PAPLOW



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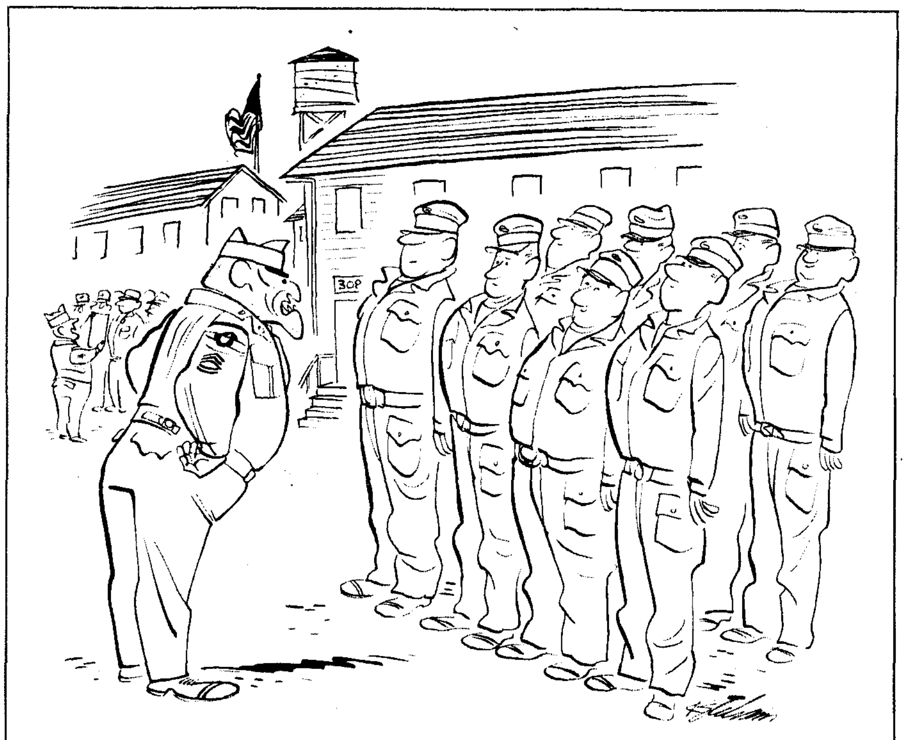


"If it's the last thing I do, I'll find out which one of you guys is the ventriloquist . . ."

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

into his pocket. His hand came slowly out of the pocket and she saw the gleam of the gun. He extended his free hand, palm up. "Give me the paper."

"That won't solve anything," Cassy said, but as he gestured impatiently with the gun, she produced the paper from her skirt. He looked past Cassy to the gallery and motioned that way with the gun. "Get in there."

Cassy backed into the gallery, Weldon following. He forced her up to the open door of the vault, then stepped around her to look at the spring lock.

"Downstairs!" Weldon said.

Cassy faced him defiantly. Weldon reversed the gun, holding it by the barrel, like a club. "Downstairs," he said again. "I'm in a hurry." There was a raving quality in his speech, and Cassy moved reluctantly to the door.

"Please! I won't say anything—"

Weldon pushed her and she caught at the railing on the dark stairs to keep from falling. Then the door slammed shut and the lock clicked. She knew it was futile, that neither her cries for help nor the drumming of her fists on the door would penetrate the steel and concrete enough to be heard more than a few feet away, but she couldn't help making the effort. Then, exhausted and frightened, she groped along the staircase, hoping to locate some sort of emergency switch or alarm. At the bottom step, having found nothing, she sank down on the rough, cold stone and started to cry.

IN THE total, impenetrable dark of the vault, Cassy sniffled away her last tear. She sat up very straight on the bottom step, and tried to recall the image of the unfamiliar maze of stacks and shelving. It was not a wide room, and at the other end, she recalled, was a desk which might conceivably hold any number of useful articles.

She stood up and carefully groped her way to the clear space at the other end. She found the desk abruptly when she backed away from the shelves and into the sharp point. Rubbing herself, she inched around it and into the chair. She probed every inch of the middle drawer without coming on anything more useful than some scraps of paper and a stub of pencil. Her first thought, that she might scribble her last words and impressions like Scott of the Antarctic, she put firmly from her. The drawer on the right was bare of anything but a layer of dust, but she tackled the one on the left and heaved a sigh of thanksgiving as her hand closed on a crushed package of cigarettes and a little paper book of matches. There was nothing else useful and she sat back to think.

She remembered a movie in which the hero, immured in something like this vault, had simply gathered paper and wood, set fire to the joint, and, in so doing, touched off the sprinkler system and the fire alarm. In the vicinity of fine art, however, sprinklers were taboo, being capable of as much damage as the fire itself. But even here some form of thermostatic switch must exist to warn the household and the brave fire laddies of sharply rising temperatures.

If I were a thermostatic switch, she asked herself, where would I be? After some reflection, she came to the conclusion that if she were a thermostatic switch with an ounce of intelligence she would certainly be close to the paintings. What better place than the bins themselves?

She took a cigarette from the pack on the desk and, with the matches in her hand, fumbled her way to the closest stack. She struck the match and, as it flared up, lighted the cigarette in one quick inhalation, promptly holding the match up to scan the outside surface of the shelving. She held the match until it burned down almost to her nail polish, then groped her way back to the desk. The cigarette made a bright beacon in the blackness. It was comforting and a source of much hope. She finished the cigarette slowly; then, mindful that what she needed was not a roaring blaze but a planned, orderly little fire, she crushed it carefully on the stone floor. . . .

Lucas Edgerton was in fine voice again. Going up the staircase, Blaise could hear the booming vibrations of Edgerton's tirade, and an occasional splutter as the luckless Lieutenant Ives raised a mild objection.

"—you're wallowing in the taxpayers' money," Edgerton was raging. "Sitting back in your office, or joy-riding up and down the beach. You'll look pretty foolish, Lieutenant, if I have to send East for a detective. Stop hiding back of trees and billboards to catch speeders. I want action!"

Blaise had the door open. Miriam Wayne was standing by the window, and Ives, red-faced and angry, was holding his temper down with both hands.

Edgerton now switched to a gentle, withering sarcasm. "I realize, of course, Lieutenant, that you're busy with desperate men and women who keep unlicensed spaniels, lawless scoundrels peddling Good Humors in restricted areas, and—"

"Just a minute," Ives said heavily. "I may not be handling this the way you like, but I'm handling it. You can bring in anybody you like. I know you hot-stove crusaders," he went on bitterly. "You'll holler uncle and scramble to hush it up or buy me off the minute I step on one of your sensitive toes."

"Attaboy," Blaise said.

Edgerton looked at him, a quick, searing glance, then turned back to Ives. "Now don't start jumping to conclusions, Lieutenant," he said soothingly. "After all, we're both out for the same thing." He stood up with Ives and shook the detective's hand. "I'm an ornery old cuss, but I mean well."

"Soft soap," Blaise said gently, "turneth away wrath."

"Now what the hell do you want?" roared Edgerton. "My niece isn't here, so that winds up your interest."

"I just dropped in to borrow some poetry books," Blaise said. "Mighty handy in the moonlight."

"Blubberhead," muttered Edgerton, as he went out.

Miriam Wayne sighed with relief. "I'm glad you finally let him have it, Lieutenant Ives. He was getting unbearable. I'll be in the gallery," she said as she left, "if you need me for anything at all."

Blaise stood aside to let her pass. "Nice girl," he said when the door was closed. "I don't really know much about her." Elaborately, he added, "Do you?"

"In a murder," Ives said, "I make it my business to find out about everybody. Right now I want to know why Paul Weldon is so eager to see you today."

"I don't know. I found a message at the hotel, but no number or any way to call him." Blaise listened thoughtfully as Ives told him of his new interest in the painter.

"And it was you he was waiting for," Ives said.

"I'm sorry," Blaise said. "I've never spoken to Weldon—never saw him until last night. I got the idea from Molly Dann that he was a sniveling sort of drunk without much backbone. What I saw last night just confirmed that."

"A lot of liquor and a little gun gives some types plenty of backbone. He lied to set up an alibi." Ives seemed to be thinking hard. "Well, if he wants to get to you, we'll help him. Go back to your hotel."

"Bait? Is that all I'm good for?" Blaise nodded sadly. "All right. You'll be somewhere around, ready to pounce?"

"I'll put a man in the hotel, and one outside. If Weldon calls, make a date and my man will tail you."

"Favor for favor," Blaise said, "what have you found out about Miriam Wayne?"

"Not a hell of a lot," Ives said. "When she got this job she told Edgerton all her experience had been as an artist, as a secretary, and briefly as a researcher for Dr. Wesley Corum. That's all true, but she also worked for dealers in Paris and New York. She says she thought Edgerton would be suspicious if he knew she had any background in the trade."

"That's perfectly true," Blaise said.

"I know," Ives said, "but I don't like it. Corum vouched for her when she came to work. Did he know she'd worked for dealers? If he didn't, then she lied to him, too. What's her reason for doing that?"

"A fair question," Blaise said. "I don't know the answer, but I'll give you odds that our Miss Wayne will make it sound plausible." He started out. "I'll have a look on the beach for Cass, and then I'll plant myself at the hotel."

He was halfway down the stairs when the shrill clamor of the alarm bell stopped him. Ives appeared on the landing, starting down swiftly, and the butler came running in from the back stairs in his shirt sleeves.

"What the hell is that?" demanded Ives.

"It's the fire alarm, sir," the butler said.

The entire household seemed to be racing for the gallery now. Miriam Wayne was outside, looking up at the roof, as if she were searching there for signs of the blaze.

Edgerton came puffing up, leading the way inside. He had his keys out and made directly for the vault. He flung the door wide, then stepped back as Cassy blinked at him in the sudden light.

"False alarm," she said, with a touch of hysterical laughter, "but I'm glad you came."

SHE was lying on the chaise longue in her own room, flushed and animated as she recounted the adventure. Ives had firmly cleared the room of everyone but himself and Blaise. Edgerton, finally assured that Cassy had suffered nothing more than a scare, had left reluctantly.

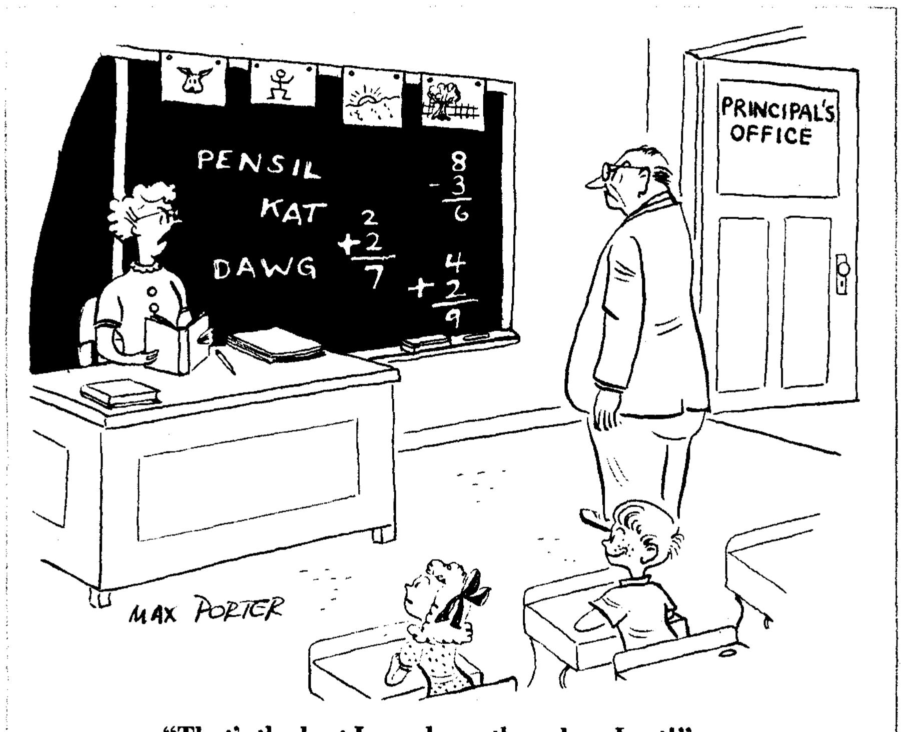
"I started past the desk to get him a drink," Cassy was saying. "Until then, I hadn't even been aware of his doodlings, but as I walked by, behind his chair, I looked down and there were all these Renoirs—more Renoirs than you could shake a stick at. I did my darnedest not to look at what he was doing, and he went on mumbling about wanting to get away. Then I engineered my bonehead play. I pretended I heard a car, and snatched the top page of the drawings while his back was turned. It worked like a charm, except that he sensed something the minute he sat down again, and before you could say Fantin-latour, he was waving a gun and the jig was up."

"Would you know what kind of a gun, Miss Edgerton?"

"No. My hobbies are more ladylike."

"Did Weldon say why he wanted to see me?" Blaise asked.

"No. I tried a hunch and mentioned Re-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noir. His head snapped right up, but then he got cautious. He had information, he said, and if it helped you he wanted you to help him." She turned to Ives. "I'm sorry, Lieutenant. I'm afraid that's the whole story of how one brave little girl broke up this ring of desperadoes singlehanded."

"You did fine, Cassy," Blaise said.

"You said before that Weldon locked you in the vault at ten forty," said Ives. "Are you sure that was the exact time?"

She nodded. "I remember seeing the clock while he maneuvered me to the vault. It was ten forty," she said. "On the nose."

"The gateman checked Weldon out at exactly five after eleven," Ives said. "He was on the place for twenty-five more minutes."

"That doesn't make any sense at all," Blaise said. "You'd think he would cut and run."

Ives stood up and beckoned to Blaise. "Come on. You're still the chief bait."

"Who'll read to me in the long, slow days of my convalescence?" Cassy asked plaintively.

Blaise bent over the chaise and kissed her lightly on the forehead while Lieutenant Ives moved delicately to the door.

"You think they're out to get me?" she asked.

"I, for one, am."

"Oh, you. I can handle you."

Lieutenant Ives was shuffling his feet impatiently. When Blaise joined him and they went down together, he gave Blaise a speculative glance. "Hit the jack pot, didn't you?"

"Don't be coarse, Lieutenant," Blaise said.

In the driveway, Ives held him back at the car. "You didn't seem to think much of Paul Weldon as a suspect a little while ago. How does he look to you now?"

"Much better. I just couldn't see him seething with sufficient jealousy. Besides, killing all the men Molly Dann played around with would be a full-time job in itself."

Ives nodded. "Probably."

"If he's capable of killing," Blaise said, "why was he content to lock Cassy in the vault? He knew she'd be out and talking in a few hours."

"I've thought of that," the detective said. "For one thing, he was sober today. All he wanted was time for a getaway."

"So he spends twenty-five minutes of the time looking at paintings?"

"We don't really know what he did," Ives said. "He may still have waited for you, or for some contact on the place. He's on the run. I know that much. Now I've got to know what's driving him. By the way," he said, "I have a hunch you were right all along about the forgeries, of course."

Blaise smiled. "You'll turn my head with such extravagant compliments."

"Located one," Ives said. "Nathan Ordmann, a San Francisco merchant, bought one of the Renoirs your friend Astorg imported. I'll have it here tonight."

"Lieutenant, you astonish me. I was sure you thought I was the village idiot. I didn't even think you were listening."

"I've been reading some books," Ives said. "Can't say I understood them, but one thing juts out all over: a really slick forgery is a big technical operation."

"Just so," Blaise said.

"Well, it starts me thinking about technicians." He stepped away from the car. "Bonner has orders to stick to you and he knows how to get me if Weldon shows up." Blaise watched him turn in at Victor Grandi's house. By the time he drove past, Grandi was in the doorway, greeting Ives with a cordial smile.

KENNETH LURIE and Jonas Astorg were talking in Astorg's bedroom at the Ocean Inn. Astorg was looking somewhat the worse for wear. Unshaven, his face looked slack, and new lines of care seemed to have appeared around his features.

"I'd leave town if I were you, Jonas," Lurie said.

Astorg shook his head stubbornly.

"Well, then," continued Lurie, "pull yourself together. You look as if you're about to burst into tears."

"You fool!" Astorg said thickly. "You did this to me."

Lurie hunched his shoulders in a pained expression of helplessness. "How was I to know this would happen? The boy outsmarted me."

"The police have been in touch with Nathan Ordmann. The Renoir is on its way to them," Astorg said.

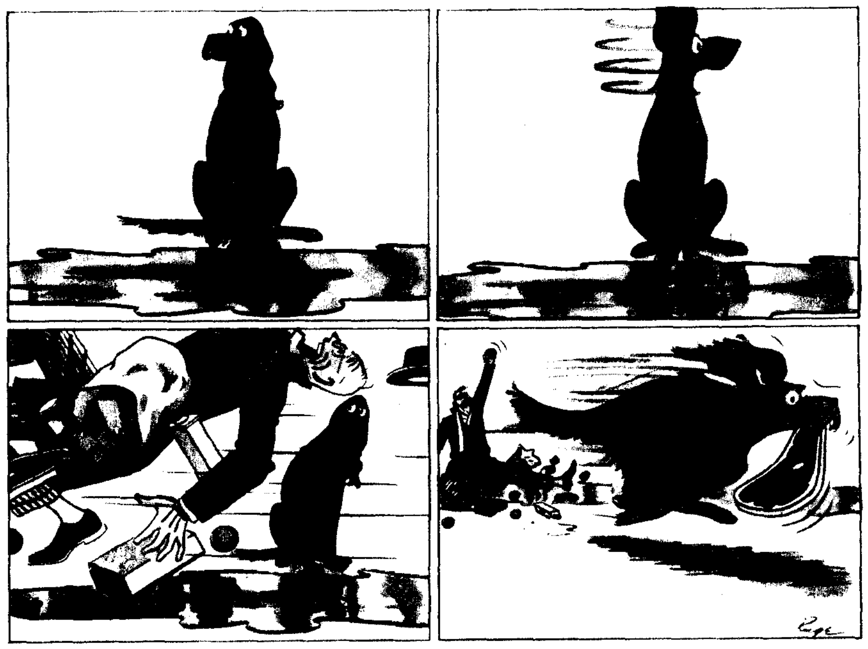
Lurie chuckled. "Their troubles are just beginning. Think, man," he went on. "You accepted it as a Renoir and so did Wesley Corum. Lucas Edgerton, one of the greatest authorities in the world, saw the painting and accepted it as genuine. Naturally, he didn't 'recognize' it as his own—it wasn't."

"The eye is one thing, the laboratory another. The test comes when they turn the instruments on it."

Lurie nodded. "I know." He walked to the window and glanced out onto the balcony. "Are we going to run this out together?" he demanded.

"Of course. What else can I do? It won't help me any to tell the police I thought the

CLANCY



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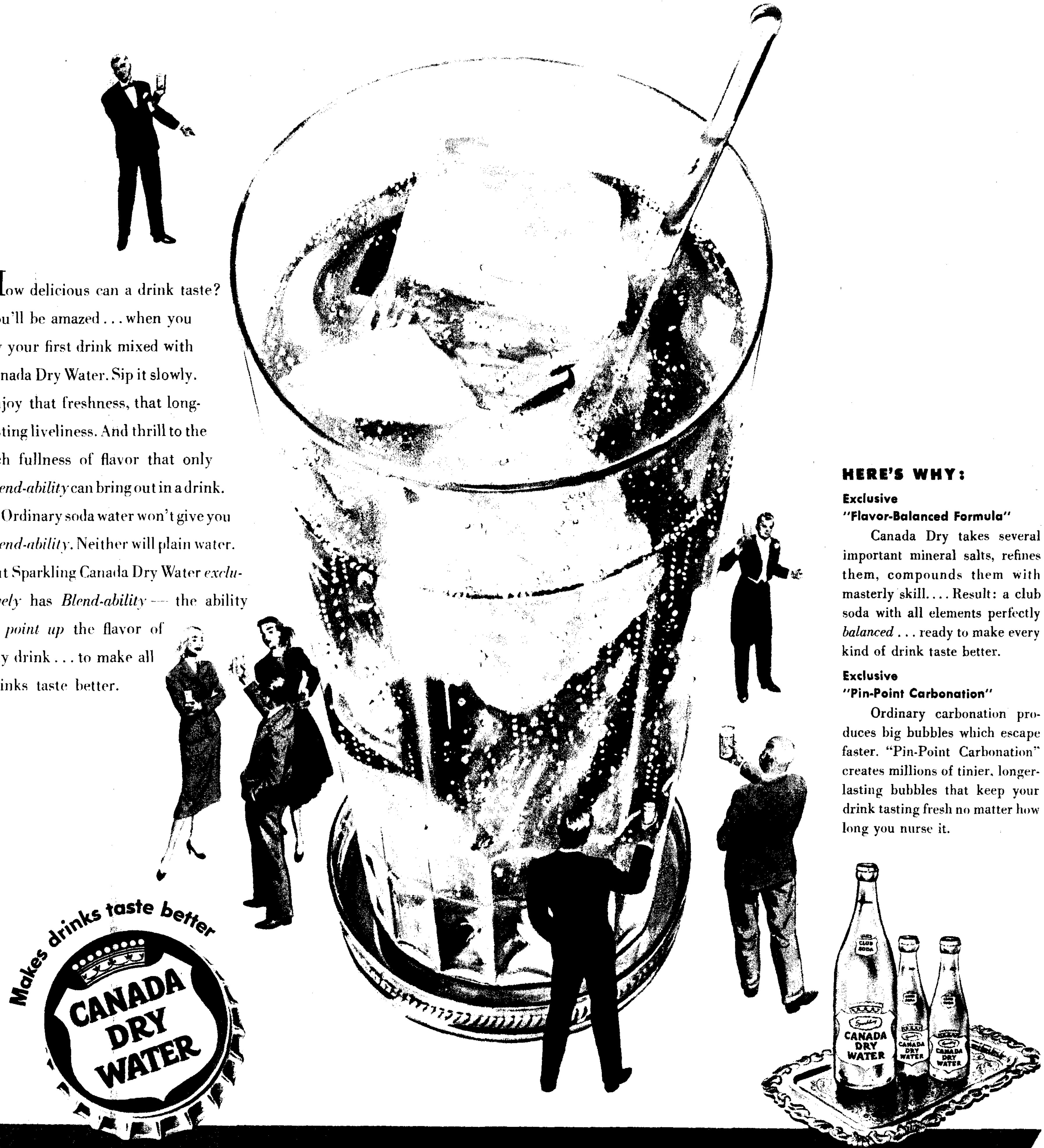

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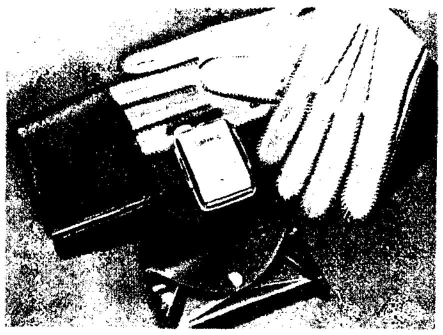

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paintings were just stolen, not forged."

"Good. I'm going to tell you exactly how the Renoirs were made. I handle Paul Weldon, you know. I got him a commission once to do a poster for a movie company—some foolish story along the lines of Camille, I think. He astonished me with a canvas amazingly like Renoir. Then I had him do some sketches—a few in oils—right before my eyes. He banged them out, one after another. It seems he lived in Paris and for a long time could not afford proper study. He made up for it by copying all day, imitating the work of the great painters he loved. The one he loved the most, as it developed, was Renoir."

"I still say," Astorg said, "that this painting is going to be subjected to every test in the laboratory."

"You admit that on the surface it is foolproof?" Lurie asked.

"Unquestionably."

"Then listen to what's underneath. The original canvas was a damaged still life by Jean Frederic Bazille. You see, Jonas, we didn't stint on anything. We used a genuine impressionist canvas. They can test until they run out of instruments—the canvas is seventy-five years old and everything about it is consistent with Renoir in that period."

Astorg was sitting up straight now, and the glazed look had left his eyes.

"The Bazille painting was stripped away," continued Lurie, "leaving the original surface of the canvas intact, in case the experts got to it. Now, the painting. Weldon didn't merely mix the paints—they were ground by hand to match every chemical component of the original colors. Let the laboratories have it!" His voice went up triumphantly. "Let the whole damn' United States Bureau of Standards have it. I'll bet Blaise doesn't have the nerve to tell Ordmann it's not a Renoir because you or Ordmann could sue him for damages."

ASTORG said bitterly, "Perfect. Except that Weldon is running around with God knows how many Renoir drawings, all probably done in Los Angeles High School copybooks."

"I doubt it," Lurie said.

"Or else," sneered Astorg, "he can sit down any time and paint some more Renoirs, just to show the police how they're done."

"You've put your big finger," Lurie said, "on the one undeniable weakness in our little scheme. I do think, though," he added, "that our talented friend can be persuaded to go away."

"For his health?"

"For *our* health," said Lurie, with a smile. "But you do see that the situation is not without its bright spots, don't you? It would be so wrong to fly into a panic."

"You have nothing to fear from me, Lurie. I don't say that as a friend, but I say it."

"Some resentment is quite understandable," Lurie said. "I simply want to be sure that we will remain partners—to the very end." He emphasized the last words, and Astorg nodded patiently. "I would have preferred to operate alone," Lurie said. "I don't mind the risks, and all the profit is better than half the profit. You were quite eager to participate, Jonas. You pointed out very convincingly that I didn't have the resources, reputation and standing for a solo credit on such an involved operation. Remember?"

"You didn't tell me the paintings were forgeries."

Lurie smiled. "Only that they were stolen. The exact degree of dishonesty is unimportant."

"You also didn't tell me," Astorg said, "that the end of it would be a murder."

"The end of it?" repeated Lurie mildly. "How I wish that were true! At any rate, partner, until you can explain your presence on the Edgerton estate when Simon was killed—"

"You went for tea and cake, I suppose." Astorg's voice rose to a strident pitch. "I was suspicious of you. I was beginning to suspect the paintings. I wanted to talk to Simon alone. That's why I went."

"By an odd coincidence," Lurie said, smiling broadly, "that is the exact explanation I myself had prepared. The police might believe one such story; two of them would be ridiculous." He picked up his hat. "You see, Jonas, an orgy of confession would be pointless. Even if you were hoping to shift the burden of guilt."

"Don't worry. I don't know how."

Lurie laughed. "I didn't think you did."

IN THE bleak back room of the Santa Monica police station, Ordmann's painting was incongruous. It stood on an easel improvised from two chairs, with powerful spotlights focused on it.

It was a three-quarter portrait of a young woman in a feathered negligee, the collar drawn up to frame the lovely, fragile face.

Lieutenant Ives stood off in one corner of the room, leaving the main target area free for Blaise, Lucas Edgerton and Wesley Corum. Edgerton was standing away from the portrait while Dr. Corum held a powerful magnifying glass to one section after another. Blaise, on his knees, was examining the back of the canvas. In another chair sat Victor Grandi, looking very cheerful, as if he enjoyed the floundering perplexity of the others.

Edgerton was the first to speak. "That's a Renoir." As Blaise straightened up, shaking his head, Edgerton shouted, "Damn it, Blaise, I'll buy the painting just as it stands."

"That would be foolish," Grandi said quietly.

"Do you think it's a fake, Mr. Grandi?" asked Ives.

"In my opinion, it is a great work of art. Unfortunately, such a work of art, if it is by Paul Weldon, is worth only a few hundred dollars; if by Auguste Renoir, many, many thousands."

"Well, which is it?" Ives asked.

"In my opinion," replied Grandi, "this painting is a genuine Paul Weldon."

"What's wrong with it?" demanded Edgerton.

"Very little," Grandi said, with a smile. "It is *perfect*. Perhaps too perfect."

"What do you think, Dr. Corum?" asked Ives.

"I agree with Grandi," Corum said slowly. "Something about it is wrong."

"Is this the first time you've seen the painting, Dr. Corum?" Blaise asked suddenly.

Corum flushed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Just asking."

"I don't think it's any of your business," said the critic. He was about to turn away, when Ives stepped up. "In that event," Ives said harshly, "I'll ask the question."

Corum wavered, then said firmly, "I have never before seen that painting."

"When we talked about the forgeries," Blaise said, "you marveled that there should be a painter around with skill enough to fake a Renoir portrait. You definitely said 'portrait,' though at that time none of us knew whether the forgeries were portraits, still lifes, landscapes or murals."

"I knew of the painting," Corum admitted. "I had not seen it, but I knew that Nathan Ordmann was buying it."

"You didn't think it was worth mentioning?" asked Blaise.

"I did not."

Ives changed the subject. "Well, there doesn't seem to be any way to prove just what that painting really represents."

"Not without Paul Weldon," Blaise said.

"I'm going home," Lucas Edgerton said. "The rest of you can chase your tails around in a circle. Come on, Corum," he said, almost in the manner of giving an order. "You coming, Victor?" he asked Grandi.

"If these gentlemen have no further questions," Grandi said politely.

"I'd like you to make some analyses of the paint and canvas," Blaise said, but Edgerton cut him off at once.

"Victor is busy. He works for me and he's got my work to do. So, if I'm not mistaken, Blaise, have you." He slammed the

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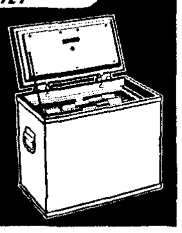

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door, and Lieutenant Ives wearily snapped off the lights focused on the painting.

"For a while there," Ives said, "Edgerton was hot and eager to run down the forgeries, no matter whose property or reputation was jeopardized. Now he seems to have gone over to the opposition."

"Probably only because he's had a chance to think about it," Blaise said. "He owns more than a hundred Renoirs. A few fakes like this one on the market and—bingo!—no market."

The telephone rang and Ives picked it up. "Ives talking," he said, and then, "Yes, Bonner. Go on."

Blaise moved over to the desk. Ives's aide, Sergeant Bonner, had been left in Blaise's room at the Ocean Inn to handle the incoming calls, since Weldon and Blaise did not know each other's voices. "Good work," said Ives. "Now stay in the room until Blaise gets there." He put the telephone down. "Well, we're in business," he said to Blaise. "Weldon called. He wants you to meet him on the pier in Venice. He has two of the drawings and he'll give them to you, with a statement, for five thousand dollars."

"That's fair. Do I pay it?"

"Just meet him," Ives said. "Leave the rest to me."

BLAISE drove to the pier, conspicuously alone, left his car in the lot, and climbed back up to the garish boardwalk. The clattering rides, the strident voices of barkers and pitchmen, and the sharp explosions from the shooting galleries all blended into shattering dissonance.

He took up a post near the entrance to the pier, flanked by a man guessing ladies' weights in mildly lascivious fashion, and, on the right, a barker extolling an educational and thrilling exhibit of the horrors of dope with living models. A bored girl in a wrapper, obviously Exhibit A or B, helped out with encouraging smiles. Across the way was Screamo, two tiny cages attached to an enormous swinging and revolving pole. Eager adolescents crowded into this to subject themselves, at twenty-five cents a head, to experiments which, if they had been conducted in Germany under the Nazis, would have put the operator into the dock at Nürnberg.

There was no sign of the fugitive painter. Without conspicuously searching for them, Blaise was able to pick out Lieutenant Ives among the bingo players opposite, and Sergeant Bonner at the frankfurter stand nearby.

As the minutes crept by, Blaise found himself wondering if Weldon could have been somehow alerted by the telephone conversation. He found comfort in Bonner's report that Weldon was drunk, only intermittently coherent, and had completely accepted Bonner for Blaise. At any rate, Weldon was only a few minutes past due. Blaise saw Ives leave his place and stroll down to the entrance to the pier. Then he came back, passing Blaise, continuing on out to the ocean end. He made the fruitless round trip, then returned to his post.

It was the amusement center's peak hour. The rides, some of them nightmare contraptions, swooped, dived, rolled and swayed, battering their patrons to an ecstatic pulp.

It was Blaise who first saw the knot of people at the beach end of the pier, huddled at the rail, peering down into the darkness. Then he suddenly heard a scream that was not prompted by twenty-five cents' worth of mechanized excitement. This one was the real thing. A long, shrieking, chilling sound. He was running at once, as was Ives.

Ives pushed through the crowd. Fifteen feet below was a small car, and beside it a boy in a flowered open shirt and a pretty, brassy girl in slacks and a sweater. "It's a dead man," she shrieked. "It's a dead man! In there! He's dead!"

Ives instantly swung himself over the rail. Blaise made the same leap and ran to the car. Ives looked into the car, then opened the door, using a handkerchief on the handle. Paul Weldon was slumped over the wheel, the right side of his head all but shot away. The fingers of his right hand were curled around the butt of a revolver. What was left of his face, in the broken pose over the wheel, was oddly peaceful.

"He was right on time," Ives said bitterly.

"Suicide?" Blaise asked.

Ives sat down on the running board. Bonner could be heard giving orders for the dispatch of all the necessary agencies dealing with violent death. "Best-looking damn' suicide I've seen in years," said Ives.

IN MATTERS of death by shooting, Lieutenant Ives had highly acute and sensitive critical faculties, tuned to detect the slightest deviation from absolute pitch. His first comment on the death of Paul Weldon was verified by the technical evidence and by what was discovered on Weldon's person and in the car.

In the trunk, loosely rolled in brown paper, were the nine paintings missing from the Edgerton collection, and in Weldon's pockets, with the small change, keys to the gallery and the vault. Also the gun in his hand was a .38 Colt. Simon Edgerton, too, had been killed with a .38.

As these facts were brought to light, Ives announced them without apparent emotion. Blaise sat in a corner of the lieutenant's shabby office, ignored by Ives and by the stream of aides and technicians who came and went. Finally Bonner brought in a sleepy, elderly man, only partly dressed.

While Ives apologized for disturbing the newcomer's rest, Bonner speedily assembled an intricate, powerful comparison microscope.

When it was ready, Ives gave the technician, Dr. Vollmer, the bullet recovered from Paul Weldon's head, and, when this was in perfect focus on one side of the microscope, another bullet, with which Dr. Vollmer similarly occupied himself.

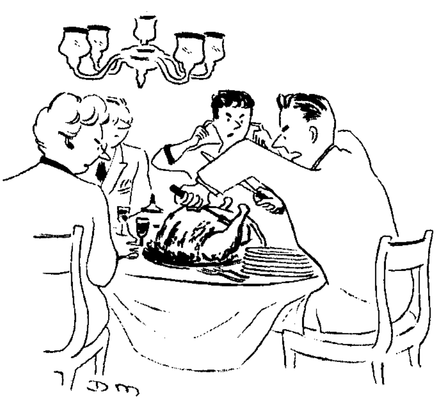
When the old man straightened up at last, Ives said, "What's the score, Doc?"

"Dead heat. Have a look."

Ives peered through the eyepieces, then beckoned to Blaise. "The one on the left," he said, "is the bullet that killed Weldon. The other one is the slug we took out of Simon Edgerton."

Blaise bent over the microscope. When he looked through both eyepieces, Dr. Vollmer slowly brought both bullets together until the

DORIS MATTHEWS



Cursory Remarks

When trying to carve the holiday bird
The man of the house
should be seen, not heard!

—HELEN R. LEWIS

"Blackie"
HELPS A LADY IN DISTRESS!
the CAT'S PAW cat
OH! OH!
SKREEK!
HEY! WATCH OUT!
YOU SAVED MY LIFE! GUESS I WAS IN A FOG... I WAS WONDERING HOW I COULD BUY NEW SHOES FOR MY FAMILY WITH THE LITTLE MONEY I HAVE!
SAVING LIVES ISN'T MY LINE...
..BUT SAVING SHOES IS! YOU DON'T HAVE NINE LIVES BUT YOUR SHOES DO! LADY, I'VE GOT MEWS FOR YOU.. YOUR FAMILY'S OLD SHOES CAN LOOK LIKE THE CAT'S MEOW! WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT MODERN METHODS AND MATERIALS CAN DO!
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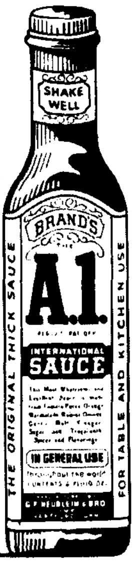

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view merged into one picture, then separated them.

When Blaise straightened up, Dr. Vollmer began to struggle into his coat. "Well, you solved yourself a murder."

"Looks like it," Ives said.

Bonner was at the door, with the equipment packed, and Vollmer moved that way. "Well, good night, Ives."

"Good night, Doc," Ives said. "Thanks for coming out."

Ives sat silently behind his desk. His normally calm, intelligent features now seemed to reflect some difficult conflict.

"Something's wrong," he said at last.

"Weldon's suicide fits, doesn't it?" Blaise said.

"Custom-tailored," Ives agreed. "It fits all right, it wraps up everything. Still, I don't like it."

"Don't buy it."

"I've got to buy it. We run a business. An unsolved crime—that's a loss. One we wrap up—that's profit. End of the year, if the losses outnumber the profits the boss starts looking for a new man to run the store."

"Yours is an interesting dilemma," murmured Blaise.

"I like yours, too," Ives said. "How do you prove your stand on the Renoirs? Wait for Weldon to communicate with you from the spirit world?"

"I've been thinking of that. My neck is pretty far out. Edgerton is just about all the business I've got, and he's bounced other dealers for a lot less than a juicy boner like mine."

Ives smiled. "Welcome to the glue factory."

"I take it," Blaise said, "that the medical report on Weldon is suicide all the way."

"Everything. The wound, the burns, the time—the works."

"Any traces of a second party in the car?"

Ives shook his head. "That damn' pair of juvenile delinquents trampled the sand all around the car. Inside, no traces yet of any prints but Weldon's. No prints but his on the gun. There was one empty pint bottle in the car, but he must have had a lot more than that to keep going for twelve hours." As Blaise was about to speak, he said, "Save your breath. The bottle had his fingerprints and nobody else's."

"Tell me something," Blaise said. "It's right, it fits, it works—why don't you chime in with the others and wrap up the case?"

Ives smiled, but his eyes were glacially cold. "Some smart murderer is home now, maybe sipping a drink, preening himself, ready for a good night's sleep. He's riding high; nobody can touch him. Well, in a couple of months, maybe a couple of years, I'll be standing by a little plate-glass window looking into a little room, watching for a puff of smoke that comes when they explode the cylinder of gas."

Blaise shivered. "Don't ever let me cross you up, Lieutenant," he said. "I think I like it better on your side."

"Go on home," said Ives. "Get some sleep."

IN THE morning papers, Blaise found that Lieutenant Ives was tentatively accepting Weldon's suicide and guilt. He winced at the next paragraph, which specifically handed him the credit for discovering the conspiracy to forge certain "Renoir" paintings. He abandoned his coffee, which until then had tasted very good. He was dressing when Andrew Kullman telephoned from downstairs, and Blaise invited him to come up.

The producer shook hands gravely. "Have some coffee," Blaise said. "I lost my appetite reading the papers."

"Did you say the painting Nathan Ordmann bought from Astorg is a fake?" Kullman asked.

"Never," said Blaise. "I'm not that much of a fool, or maybe I am, but I didn't say it."

"According to Ordmann, the police confiscated the painting because you said it was a fake. Ordmann is a good friend of mine. A nice man. He knows nothing about paintings and since he knows nothing, he's very sensitive."

"I've got an idea," Blaise said, "that this is not going to be one of my good days."

"Ordmann came to my house last night," Kullman said. "He was sizzling. He was all set to wake up his lawyers and file all kinds of suits then and there, but when he got the news about Paul Weldon I persuaded him to hold off." Blaise nodded. "So there you are," said Kullman.

"Just where would you say I am?"

"You've seen the painting, haven't you?"

"Went all over it. Edgerton, Grandi, Wesley Corum and I. It's perfect. Quite candidly, Mr. Kullman, with Weldon out of the way, unless I can pick up a sample like the drawing I had, I don't think I've got a chance."

Kullman listened gravely. "I understand. I'm trying to convince Ordmann that what you're doing is actually a great service to collectors." The telephone was ringing, and Kullman left Blaise alone to answer it.

CASSY was on the telephone. "I'm not allowed to see you or talk to you," she announced cheerfully, "and the butler and the gateman have orders to shoot to kill—on sight, that is."

"Uncle has the wind up, has he?"

"At breakfast, the nicest thing he called you was 'a troublemaking sneak.' Then he wanted to know how far things had gone with us. I told him my defenses were crumbling and he almost bit through a Georgian candlestick. Anyway, we'll have to meet secretly, in dark, secluded places."

"Well, that's something," Blaise said. "I think I may be in trouble, Cassy."

"I know," she said soberly. "I'm sorry."

"Want to help me?"

"Of course! I love you, you big clod!" There was no immediate reply, and she said plaintively, "Aren't you glad?"

"Very glad, Cassy. I didn't answer right away because I was so impressed."

She heaved a sigh of relief. "Good. Now, what do you want me to do?"

"I have the beginnings of an idea, and I may need your help. You think I ought to stay away from Casa Edgerton today?"

"It would be prudent."

Blaise considered this. "To hell with prudence! I'll be out after lunch. If I'm turned away at the front door, I'll swim in from the ocean side—"

"Call waiting for you, Mr. Blaise," the hotel operator interrupted.

"I'll see you later," he promised, and hung up. The telephone rang again at once. It was Lieutenant Ives, calling from Paul Weldon's studio. Blaise dressed and got the car, then drove down into Hollywood.

In the studio, two men in plain clothes were methodically taking the room apart. One of them indicated the open bedroom door. Molly Dann was sitting on the bed and Lieutenant Ives was staring at Weldon's secret cupboard in the night table, which was wide open now.

"I located this last night," Ives told him. He sniffed at the opening. "Paint, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Blaise. "He had to use some extraordinary stuff, and that's probably where he kept it."

"There was this, too," Ives said, exhibiting a narrow band of paper with the words, "Inland Bank & Trust" poorly printed, and in a neat, clerical hand, "$1,000" written in pencil. "The girl says he told her he had some money."

Blaise turned to Molly, and she said, "That's what he told me. He wanted me to go away with him and he said he had money. More than I thought he had—that was what he said." She looked at Blaise. "I guess you think I'm rough on boy friends. A date with me is a short cut to Forest Lawn Cemetery."

"I'm sorry, Molly," Blaise said.

"He tells me"—she pointed to Ives—"that Paul left a will. I get all he had. How do you like that?"

"I'm glad," Blaise said, and then Ives cut in with. "Molly, did Weldon always work here in the studio?"

"Mostly. Sometimes he sketched up in he hills."

"You say he was frightened of Kenneth Lurie?" Ives asked.

She nodded emphatically. "No doubt about it. Lurie had some kind of an Indian sign on Paul. And yesterday that thug he uses for a driver was watching my house. I figured they must be hunting for Paul."

"Thanks," Ives said. "Thanks a lot, Molly."

She stood up, giving them a flash of her bare thighs, then tugged the dress down. "Damn' thing rides up on me."

"It was a pleasure," Blaise said gallantly.

"Stop in," said Molly. "We'll talk about it." She went out, both men looking after her provocative, rolling gait.

"Nice girl," said Blaise. "I hope you find Weldon's money. I'd like to see her get it."

Ives sank down on the bed. "I'll do what I can."

"What about Hugh Norden?" Blaise asked. "Have you dropped the man hunt?"

"Not entirely. The shabby little crook should be about ready to creep out of hiding. Weldon's death—whatever it was—probably puts him in the clear. He'll turn up now with some idiotic yarn—amnesia, or something like that."

"I still think the whole thing flared up when he gave Simon that fake drawing."

Ives nodded. "He was probably blackmailing one of them. Maybe Simon, maybe Lurie or Astorg. Which of them do you think commissioned Weldon to make the forgeries?"

"My guess is Lurie," Blaise said. "I think Astorg believed he was buying genuine paintings stolen by Simon from the Edgerton collection."

"Either way," Ives said thoughtfully, "Weldon's death is a great break for them. They got rid of one unreliable confederate when Simon died—now Weldon's suicide makes it perfect. When people get that lucky—two in a row—I think maybe they're helping their luck along a little."

"Nicely put," Blaise said. "Is there anything you can do about it?"

"It's just an idea I had."

There was a quiet moment, broken by Blaise. "Those keys you found on Weldon, Lieutenant—to the gallery and the vault—what's become of them?"

Ives tapped his breast pocket. "Why?"

"If I had those keys," Blaise said, "I could try an idea of my own."

"You've got a hell of a nerve!"

Blaise sighed. "I know. Want to hear my idea?"

"Edgerton's sore at you, isn't he?"

"Barred me from the premises," Blaise said. "I may be left high and dry. With nothing," he added temptingly, "but my idea."

"Must be one hell of an idea," muttered Ives.

"I had the proof of the forgery in my hands once," Blaise said, "and because I was a bigmouthed idiot, I lost it and I'm in trouble. The drawing Molly Dann gave me was the key to the whole thing. If I had a few more of those drawings, I could put Lurie and Astorg through a wringer."

"Sure," Ives said promptly. "But you haven't got them."

"True. That's what makes mine such a good idea. If I had a few real drawings—not fake, but authentic drawings from the same period—our friends wouldn't know the difference. They know I've had one—how would they be sure I didn't get others? The thing is," he went on delicately, "drawings like that are damn' scarce. Edgerton has a few, but it would take weeks to get them anywhere else."

"You could get killed monkeying around with a crazy stunt like that," Ives said.

"In a way," said Blaise, "I'm fighting for my life."

IVES took a fresh package of cigarettes from an inside pocket and Blaise saw an envelope fall on the bed. Ives ignored it elaborately. "Too damn' risky," he said. "I could get broken right the hell off the force for something like that. And you'd be taking a big chance."

Blaise smiled. "You're right. Forget it."

Ives went to the door to consult the two men who were searching the studio. Blaise reached out for the envelope, saw the two keys inside it, and put it in his pocket.

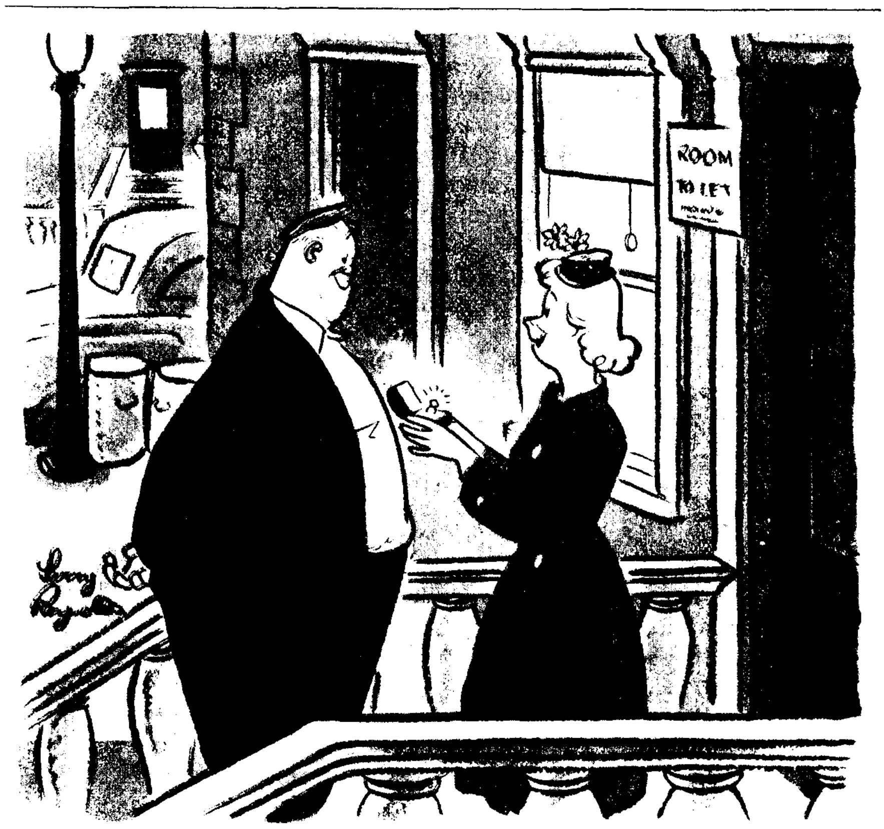
Ives turned slowly. "No reason for you to stick around here," he said.

"I've got some things to do," Blaise said. "I'll be in touch with you later on."

"Do that," Ives said sharply. "See that you do that."

(To be concluded next week)

BUTCH



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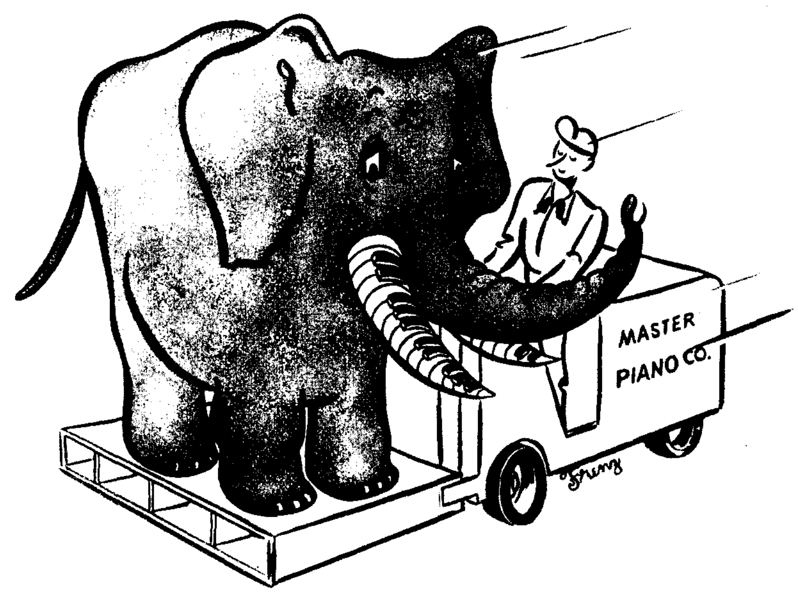
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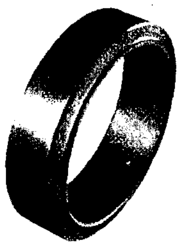

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HARRY DEVLIN

Why Shell-Game Ourselves?

IF YOU HAVE BEEN SHOPPING for sewing machines recently, you may have seen some bearing such brand names as Admiral, Eureka, Hoover, Majestic and Zenith. And you may have decided that some of our radio, television and vacuum-cleaner companies are branching out into new fields of manufacturing. But if you thought so, you were wrong. For those machines were made in Japan—though you probably would have had a tough time seeing any label to that effect.

Their appearance in the American market gives a new twist to the prewar complaint of American firms about the competition of low-priced Japanese goods. And quite naturally the domestic sewing-machine makers are complaining again. Now, however, the principal beef is against importers, distributors and retailers in this country. We think the beef is legitimate. So, apparently, does the Federal Trade Commission, which has several hearings on the matter under way.

Workers in the Japanese sewing-machine industry get less than one fifteenth the salary of similar workers in the United States, so the result is a cheap but sometimes very good product. The import duty is low and the retailer's markup is consequently high. All of which would seem to be legitimate enough. But the misleading and obviously unaccidental brand names are definitely dirty pool. And even that isn't the whole story. The Japanese make only the machine "heads"—that is, the sewing mechanism itself. These are stamped, as they are required to be, with the "Made in Occupied Japan" label. The stands and motors are added in this country. And in many cases the identifying label is conveniently hidden in the process of assembly. So the prospective buyer may see two identical-appearing machines, one a standard make and the other bearing as familiar an American name as Singer or White. He—or more probably she—may wonder why the standard make is almost twice as expensive as the other. But in almost a third of the cases, according to estimates of the current year's sales, she will not let her wonderment interfere with her buying the less expensive product.

All this may seem to be an isolated, single-industry situation which is nothing to get into an editorial lather about. But if this cute idea catches on in other lines where Japanese goods are underselling American, it might create some new and unnecessary difficulties. For one thing, it could bring a demand for "protective tariff," and probably get the demand a sympathetic hearing in Congress. That quite obviously wouldn't be the ideal solution. The need is to stimulate world trade, not retard it, and to help foreign countries make up their dollar shortages through such trade rather than through outright grants from American citizens' pockets.

The competition of low-pay foreign labor is nothing new to American industry. We believe that our manufacturers are still willing and able to meet that competition through efficiency of methods, mass production and the superiority of the finished article, without repressive tariffs. We believe that most of them want to see international trade develop and flourish. But the business of trying to camouflage foreign products as American goods is a cheap trick that will do nobody any good in the long run. We hope the FTC throws the book at the phony labelers, if they can't be stopped in any other way.

Comfort Isn't the Main Point

WE ARE SORRY that it is necessary for any Americans to be in the armed forces except by their own choice. But since the state of world affairs makes the necessity inevitable, we are also sorry to read of the low morale that seems to exist among American troops in France.

Not long ago a New York Times correspondent, Edward A. Morrow, reported on a tour which he had made of Army installations overseas. He found that men below the grade of senior officers were in agreement that being assigned to France was not as pleasant as duty in Germany.

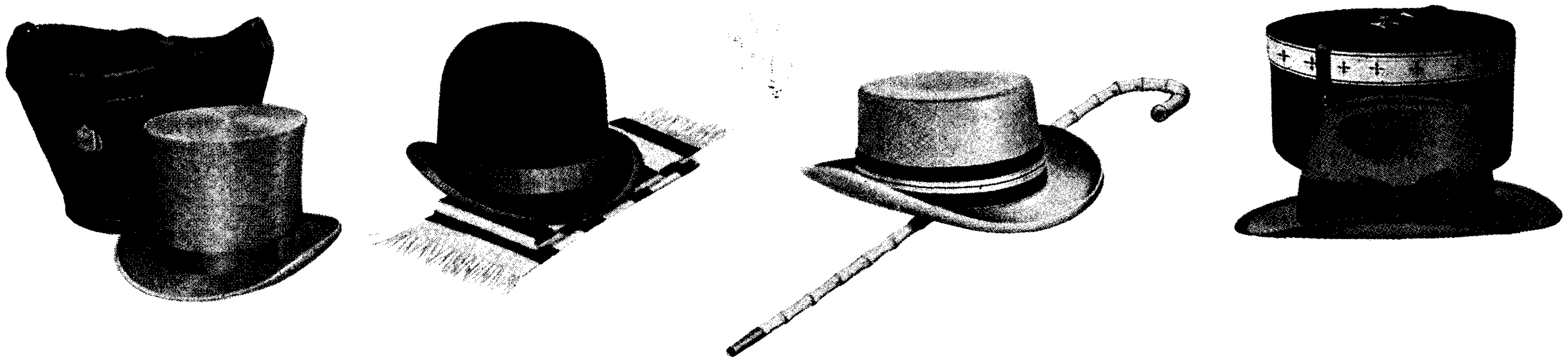
Among other things, Mr. Morrow wrote, "It is difficult for a junior officer or a noncom to readjust himself to the inadequate housing and plumbing facilities of the small French cities after having had many creature comforts in Germany." Those with dependents found that living costs were making them lose money or were putting them into debt. Laundries, dry cleaning and shoe repairing were inadequate.

"Most enlisted reserves," the Times correspondent observed, "are bitter because they do not have the shiny post exchanges, bowling alleys and theaters available in Germany and a friendlier reception by the French."

Well, it is too bad, as we have said, that young men have to be called away from their jobs or their families and exchange the comforts of home for the comparatively primitive life of some European communities. But at least they're not being shot at. They aren't sleeping in the open. They can keep clean and dry and warm. They get their three hot meals a day. Many of them have their wives and children with them. In short, they're not in Korea.

It seems to us that there may be something wrong with Army training and indoctrination if peacetime duty in a country as civilized as France—even if the plumbing isn't always so good—is regarded as something corresponding to banishment to Siberia. Those men have an important job to do. They are facing a numerically superior force of tough, trained troops whose leaders hold the world under constant threat of a general shooting war.

The fire in the Far East could break out in Europe any day. And if that should happen, there would be little time for chocolate-soldiering or for thoughts of bowling alleys. Perhaps, then, it would be well if American officers impressed upon their men a little more of the seriousness of their assignment, and suggest to them that there are probably some men up on the line in Korea who would gladly change places with those who are suffering the hardships and privations of peaceful life in rural France.



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